

Collected Adventure/Fantasy

The TOMB RAIDER

COMPENDIUM
VOLUME I

There's nothing like going back to the beginning and reading it all over again! For the first time ever, get *Tomb Raider* issues #1-#50 in one giant trade paperback! See the video game come to life as some of the industry's biggest names bring the adventures of Lara Croft to comics!

Featuring the art of:

- Andy Park-
- Billy Tan-
- Tony Daniel-
- Adam Hughes-
- Michael Choi-
- Francis Manapul-
- Eric Basaldua-
- Greg Land-
- and more!

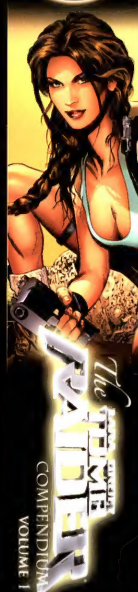
Lara Croft is a refined lady of wealth and privilege. That, however, has not stopped her from traveling the world, guns blazing, risking her life in the pursuit of rare artifacts. Born into a wealthy family, Lara was raised in the best schools with the finest teachers. It was during this time that she also developed a love of archaeology. Now, using her family fortune and her beloved twin 9mm pistols, Lara travels the world as an explorer, and adventurer.

She is the *Tomb Raider*.

www.topcow.com



Printed in Canada
ISBN #: 1-58240-637-5
US \$59.99 | CAN \$66.39



50 ISSUES
OVER \$100
worth of savings

TOP COW PRODUCTIONS, INC. PRESENTS...

The TOMB RAIDER

COMPENDIUM
VOLUME I



The LARA CROFT TOMB RAIDER

COMPENDIUM
VOLUME I



Lara Croft is a refined lady of wealth and privilege. That, however, has not stopped her from traveling the world, guns blazing, risking her life in the pursuit of rare artifacts. Born into a wealthy family, Lara was raised in the best schools with the finest teachers. It was during this time that she also developed a love of archaeology. Now, using her family fortune and her beloved twin 9mm pistols, Lara travels the world as an explorer, and adventurer.

She is the *Tomb Raider*.

The LARA CROFT **TOMB RAIDER** COMPENDIUM VOLUME 1



For Top Cow Productions, Inc.
 Marc Silvestri—chief executive officer
 Matt Hawkins—president and chief operating officer
 Renae Geerlings—editor in chief
 Rob Levin—managing editor
 Chaz Riggs—production manager
 Phil Smith—trade paperback editor
 Filip Sablik—vice president—marketing and sales
 Peter Lam—webmaster



EIDOS
INTERACTIVE



for Image Comics
Eric Larsen
 Publisher



for the comic shop
 nearest you call
 1-888-comicbook



For this edition,
 Book Design and Layout by:
Phil Smith



Tomb Raider™ Vol. 1 Compendium
November 2006. FIRST PRINTING.

Published by Image Comics Inc. Office of Publication: 1942 University Ave., Suite 305 Berkeley, CA 94704. \$59.99 US, \$66.99 CAN. Tomb Raider is © Eidos Pl.C. "Tomb Raider," "Lara Croft," the Tomb Raider logos, "Eidos INTERACTIVE," the Eidos INTERACTIVE logos and the likeness of all featured characters are trademarks of Eidos Pl.C. The contents of this book are © 2006 Top Cow Productions, Inc. All rights reserved. The characters, events and stories in this publication are entirely fictional. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this book may be reprinted in any form without the express written consent of Top Cow Productions, Inc.
PRINTED IN CANADA

Table of Contents



-SAGA OF THE MEDUSA MASK-

Issues #1-#4.....pg. 5

-MYSTIC ARTIFACTS-

Issues #5-#10.....pg. 101

-CHASING SHANGRI LA-

Issues #11-#15.....pg. 245

-PIECES OF ZERO-

Issues #16-#24.....pg. 367

-FROM THE DEAD-

Issues #25-#31.....pg. 583

-DESERT SANDS-

Issues #32-#39.....pg. 765

-VENDETTA-

Issues #40-#50.....pg. 957



**ALTERNATE COVER
AND PINUP GALLERY.....pg. 1220**

Tomb Raider issue #1

cover by: Andy Park, Jonathan Sibal and Jonathan D. Smith



written by:

Dan Jurgens

pencils by:

Andy Park

inks by:

Jonathan Sibal
with Danny Miki

colors by:

Jonathan D. Smith
with Steve Fitchow
and Liquid!

letters by: Dennis Heisler



STILL AN
INHOSPITABLE
PLACE FOR
WESTERNERS.

ESPECIALLY THOSE
THEY CONSIDER
THIEVES.



TAKE SOMETHING THEY
PERCEIVE AS THEIR
OWN AND THEY'LL
COME AFTER YOU.

HARD.



SHOULD YOU DIE
DURING THE ACTION,
SO MUCH THE BETTER.

IF ANYTHING
IT SIMPLIFIES
THEIR LIVES.



(LET NO
ONE GO
UNCHECKED)

(THE
WESTERNER
MUST BE
FOUND!)



(THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF WOMEN HERE)

(YOU'D)

(NO MATTER! EACH AND EVERY ONE IS TO BE ACCOUNTED FOR!)

(MAY BE... IS IT NOT A VIOLATION OF LAW TO EXPOSE MY FACE?)

TWENTY ARMED SOLDIERS AGAINST ONE, LONE WOMAN.

(THE APPREHENSION OF A WESTERNER THIEF FAR OUTWEIGHS THE NEED FOR...FOR...)

(ALLAH BE PRAISED! YOU... YOU'RE HERE!)

NOT AT ALL WHAT YOU'D CALL EVEN GODS...

— WHEN THE WOMAN
IN QUESTION IS
LARA CROFT.

THE
COMPLETE
PACKAGE.

GORGEOUS,
TALENTED, AND
DEADLY.

(HE)

SI, UM,
TOOK LIKE, A
WRONG TURN AT
CAIRO, Y'KNOW?
AND, LIKE, I ENDED
UP LIKE...
HERE?

(LIKE, UM...
ANY CHANCE
YOU COULD POINT
A LOST GIRL IN
THE RIGHT
DIRECTION?)

THE MEDUSA MASK

(AGENT OF SATAN! DEFILER OF THAT WHICH IS SACRED!)

(EASY, COWBOY. PULL THAT TRIGGER --)

(... AND YOU'LL MAKE ONE HELL OF A MESS OF THIS 2,200 YEAR OLD NECALAGE YOU'VE BEEN ORDERED TO RECOVER.)

(TAKE IT OFF! NOW!)

(ON OUR FIRST DATE?)

(REALLY, SUGAR)

(I'M NOT THAT KIND OF GIRL.)

SHE HAS MORE MONEY THAN SHE COULD SPEND IN A HUNDRED LIFETIMES, YET ISN'T SATISFIED.

LARA CROFT GRAVES THE EXCITEMENT AND THRILL THAT COMES WHEN LIFE HANGS IN THE BALANCE.

WHEN DANGER SURROUNDS HER.



HER FATHER, LORD HENSHINALLY CROFT, SAVED MY LIFE A NUMBER OF YEARS AGO --

-- AND I'VE FAITHFULLY SERVED THE FAMILY EVER SINCE.



NORMALLY, I HAVE EVERY CONFIDENCE IN HER ABILITY TO SURVIVE.

BUT, THIS TIME SHE'S DEPENDING ON ME TO HELP HER.



(NICE OF YOU TO BRING THE LIMO AROUND)

(WHO --?)



(DRIVE.)

(AS YOU WISH! DO NOT SHOOT!)

AND I'M AFRAID I WON'T MAKE IT IN TIME.



LARA EXPENDED EVERY EFFORT IN GETTING TO THE CLIFF, EXPECTING TO FIND ME THERE.





(FOOL!) PRAY
THE NECKLACE WAS
NOT DAMAGED OR
WE SHALL BE
BENEFITED!

(I THINK, MY
BROTHERS, THE
BENEFITING WILL
COME FOR A
DIFFERENT
REASON)

FORTUNATELY, I WAS
CLOSE ENOUGH, AND
SHE WAS ABLE TO
CATCH THE LADDER
ON THE WAY DOWN.

SURE AS MY NAME'S
HARTFORD COMPTON,
I WOULD'VE KILLED
MYSELF HAD SHE MISSED.

(SATAN
BE DAMNED!
SHE HAS AN
ALLY?)

(AND SINCE
WE'VE BEEN SO
CLOSE ALL THESE
YEARS)

(WITCH!)

FAP

(SOMETHING
TO REMEMBER
ME BY)

HOME,
MS. CROFT?

FIRST WE
GO TO ISRAEL,
COMPTON.
AFTER THAT--

--THE
MEDITERRANEAN



YES, MS. GROFT IS QUITE AWARE THAT YOUR MUSEUM IS ELATED TO ONCE AGAIN HAVE THE LOST NECKLACE OF SHARAHAM.

YOU'VE DEPOSITED THE DESIGNATED FUNDS INTO THE SPECIFIC SWISS BANK ACCOUNT?

EXCELLENT.

MS. GROFT LOOKS FORWARD TO DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU IN THE FUTURE.

THE ISRAELI EMERGENCY IS QUITE INDEBTED TO YOU, LARA.

AS THEY SHOULD BE. FUNDAMENTALISTS STOLE THAT TRINKET FROM THEM YEARS AGO.

I WAS HAPPY TO RETURN IT.

JUST AS I WILL BE WHEN THEY STEAL IT AGAIN.



WOULD YOU CARE FOR ANOTHER?

UH UH
TIME TO GET
DRESSED FOR MY
MEETING!

MEETING?
HERE?!



PARIS DARSEINE
WILL BE ARRIVING
SOON.

IT
SEEMS THERE'S
A UNIQUE AND
PRECIOUS OBJECT
HE WISHES ME TO
RECOVER



DARSEINE?

MS. GROOT!
HE IS A TERRIBLY
RUTHLESS AND
DANGEROUS MAN!
HE --

COMPTON.



YOU'VE BEEN AN
INVALUABLE FRIEND TO
MY FAMILY SINCE I CAN
REMEMBER, AND I VALUE
YOUR JUDGMENT.

BUT DARSEINE
HAS AN OFFER AND
IT NEVER HURTS
TO LISTEN.

...OF
COURSE



NOT
ANOTHER
WORD.



THEY'RE
HERE





I WATCH WITH A SENSE OF DREAD
AS THE PLANE GLIDES CLOSER.

THE FEW PEOPLE WHO KNOW
OF PROUDMAN'S
EXISTENCE AND AFFAIRS--



-- GO OUT OF
THEIR WAY TO
AVOID HIM

MISS
GROAT

I AM
ENCHANTED, NO
INDICATED WITH
DELIGHT AT FINALLY
MEETING ONE SO
ACCOMPLISHED AS
YOURSELF

MIGHT I
ADD THAT THOSE
ACCOMPLISHMENTS
ARE EXCEEDED ONLY
BY YOUR BEAUTY.

MIGHT I ALSO
CONGRATULATE YOU
ON YOUR SUCCESS
IN IRAN A FEW
HOURS AGO.



NEWS
TRAVELS
FAST



MY RESOURCES
BORDER ON THE
INFINITE, DEAR
LADY

IF
ANYTHING
TRANSPIRES
ANYWHERE, I
KNOW OF IT.



IF YOUR
RESOURCES
WERE AS
INFINITE AS
YOU SAY...

...YOU
WOULDN'T
NEED
ME





YOU HAVE THE SAME IMPUDENT NATURE YOUR FATHER POSSESSED WHEN HE WAS YOUNG.

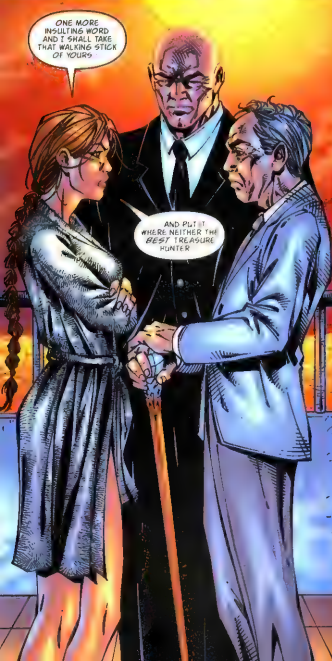


NOW, SEE HERE! NO ONE SPEAKS TO MS. CROFT IN SUCH A MANNER!



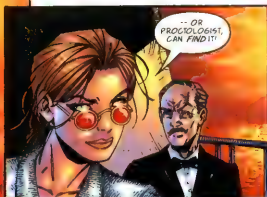
COMPTON?

WHY I WOULD HAVE EXPECTED A MAN OF YOUR INCOMPETENCE LONG DEAD BY NOW!

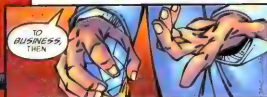


ONE MORE INSULTING WORD AND I SHALL TAKE THAT WALKING STICK OF YOURS.

AND PUT IT WHERE NEITHER THE BEST TREASURE HUNTER



-- OR PROCTOLOGIST, CAN FIND IT!



TO BUSINESS, THEN



I WANT YOU TO RECOVER A HIGHLY DESIRABLE ITEM FOR ME, MS. CROFT

THE MEDUSA MASK. I PRESUME YOU'VE HEARD OF IT?



YOU
BELIEVE
IT REALLY
EXISTED?



NEED

THE LAST
TIME THE MASK IS
THOUGHT TO HAVE
BEEN IN ANYONE'S
POSSESSION WAS
1506

ITS WEALTHY
OWNER CARRIED IT
ABOARD A SPANISH
GALLEON, COURSEING
THE ATLANTIC TO
THE AMERICAS

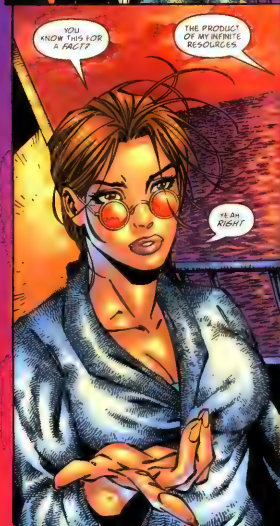
A VIOLENT
STORM SANK THE
SHIP, ITS FINAL RESTING
PLACE UNKNOWN
UNTIL NOW



IT WAS
FOUND? BY
WHOM?



UNKNOWN.
I ONLY KNOW
THAT THE WRECK WAS
LOCATED AND THE MASK
LIBERATED FROM ITS
WATERY GRAVE



YOU
KNOW THIS FOR
A FACT?

THE PRODUCT
OF MY INFINITE
RESOURCES

YES
RIGHT



FORGIVE MY
INTRUSION, MS.
CROFT, BUT WHAT,
EXACTLY, IS THIS
MEDUSA
MASK?



LEGEND HAS
IT THAT THE MASK WAS
CREATED CENTURIES AGO
AN AMALGAM OF GOLD
AND SORCERY WORN
BY MEDUSA
HERSELF



SUPPOSEDLY,
THE WEARER OF
THE MASK GAINS
GREAT POWERS,
SUCH AS THE
GAZE OF
DEATH.

IF IT DOES EXIST,
THEREBY AUTHENTICATING
MEDUSA AND GREEK MYTH,
IT IS ONE OF THE MOST
CHERISHED ARTIFACTS ONE
MIGHT POSSESS.

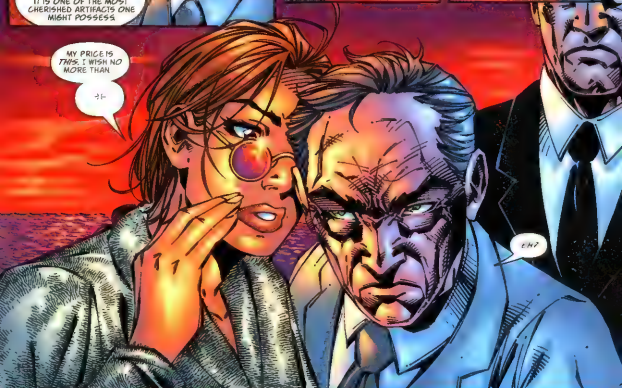


AND YOU
WANT ME TO
GET IT FOR
YOU



NAME
YOUR PRICE
A MILLION?

TWO?7
THREE?7



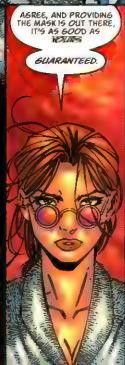
MY PRICE IS
THIS. I WISH NO
MORE THAN

21-

EN?7



THAT'S ALL?
THAT'S...YOUR
PRICE?

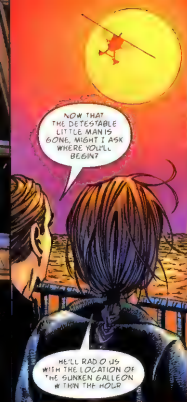


AGREE, AND PROVIDING
THE MASK IS OUT THERE,
IT'S AS GOOD AS
MINE.

GUARANTEED.



AGREED.



NOW THAT THE DETESTABLE LITTLE MAN IS GONE, MIGHT I ASK WHERE YOU'LL BEGIN?

HE'LL RADIO US WITH THE LOCATION OF "THE SUNKEN GALLEON" WITHIN THE HOUR



THOUGH I'M NO PSYCHOANALYST, HER LOSSES IN LIFE --



WAKE ME IN THE MORNING UNTIL THEN

"I'D LIKE TO REST"



REST?

AT TIMES SUCH AS THIS, IT BECOMES ABUNDANTLY CLEAR THAT LARA CROFT IS, PERHAPS, THE MOST RESTLESS YOUNG WOMAN ALIVE.



-- HER FATHER, MOTHER AND FIANCEE IN A PLANE CRASH --



-- DRIVE HER FOREVER FORWARD, IN SEARCH OF THAT WHICH CAN'T BE FOUND --



-- HER OWN PERSONAL PEACE INCLUDED.



WE'VE
ARRIVED

GOOD

YOU REALIZE I
DON'T FAVOR THE
NOTION OF YOU
DIVING ALONE
MS CROFT

ALL ALONE
OUT HERE WITHOUT
ANOTHER HUMAN
BEING ANYWHERE
IN SIGHT

I NEED
YOU ON
BOARD,
COMPTON
RESIDES

WHAT
COULD POSSIBLY
GO WRONG?

IT'S
BEAUTIFUL
DOWN HERE,
COMPTON
AS
PEACEFUL
AS IT
GETS

THE PEACE
THAT ELUDES
HER





I ONCE RESEARCHED THE VOYAGE OF THIS GALLEON, COMPTON. IF THIS IS THE SHIP, IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY IT WAS NEVER FOUND!

HOW SO?

IT'S ALMOST FOUR HUNDRED MILES SOUTH OF ITS REPORTED COURSE!

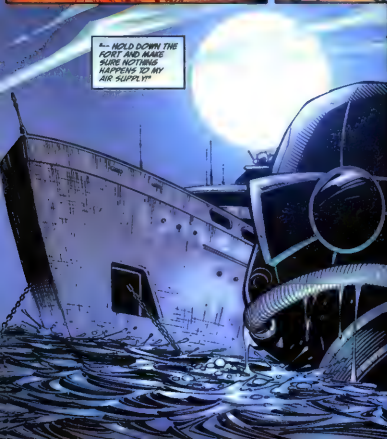


I'M CURIOUS, MS. CROFT, IF THE MASK HAS ALREADY BEEN RECOVERED



WHAT, EXACTLY, ARE YOU SEARCHING FOR?

I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN I FIND IT, UNTIL THEN

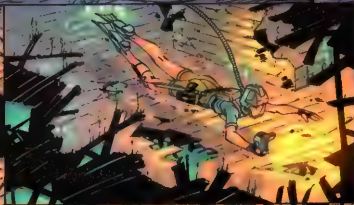


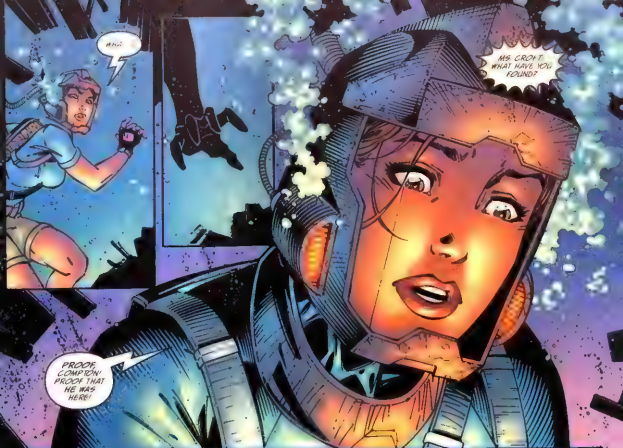
... HOLD DOWN THE FORT AND MAKE SURE NOTHING HAPPENS TO MY AIR SUPPLY!



THIS PARTICULAR SITUATION IS MAKING ME FEEL QUITE UNEASY, MS. CROFT.

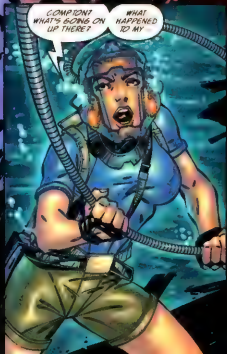
THAT MAKES TWO OF US I'LL HURRY







BTW-OOOOOOOO

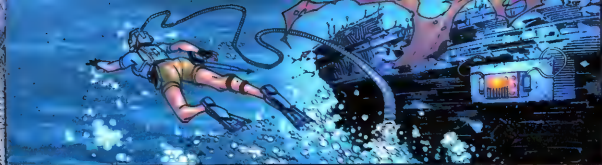


COMPONENT
WHAT'S GOING ON
UP THERE?

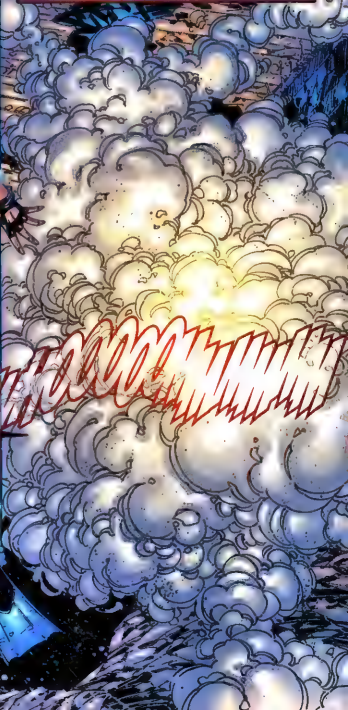
WHAT
HAPPENED
TO MY



DAMN.

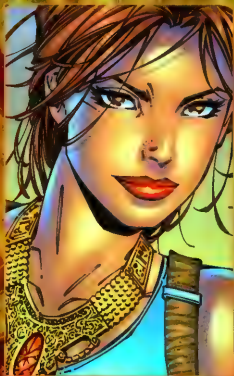


00:02





CONTINUED NEXT MONTH IN
TOMB RAIDER #2!!!
AT LEAST -- WE HOPE SO!!



Tomb Raider Issue #2

cover by: Andy Park, Jonathan Smith and Jonathan D. Smith



Paint by:

Andy Park

Colors by:

Jonathan D. Smith
with Danny M.

Letters by:

Jonathan D. Smith
with Steve Fitchner
and Liquid

Layout by: Robin Spiller and Dennis Henley



I'M LARA CROFT.
IF IT'S UNIQUE OR
EXCITING, I GO
AFTER IT.

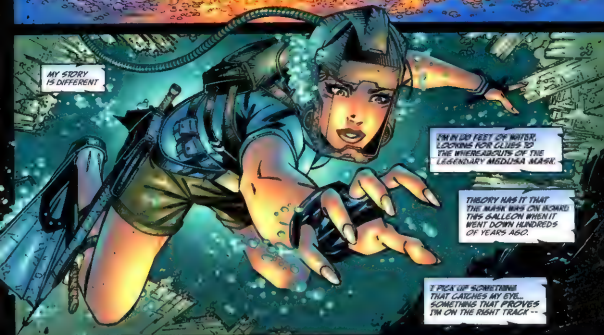
BUT, THIS IS ONE TIME I
SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO MY
AIDS AND ALL PURPOSE BACKSTOP,
HARTFORD COMPTON.

HE SAID ANYTHING
PARIS D'ARSEINE WAS
INVOLVED IN WAS TROUBLE
AND HE WAS RIGHT.

FORTUNATELY,
COMPTON IS SAFE
SCAPHIDE WHERE
NOTHING CAN
GO WRONG.



MY STORY
IS DIFFERENT.



I'M IN 120 FEET OF WATER,
LOOKING FOR CLUES TO
THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE
LEGENDARY MEDUSA MASK.

THEORY HAS IT THAT
THE MASK WAS ON BOARD
THIS BALLOON WHEN IT
WENT DOWN HUNDREDS
OF YEARS AGO.

I PICK UP SOMETHING
THAT CATCHES MY EYE.
SOMETHING THAT PROVES
I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK --

-- WHEN EVERYTHING
GOES TO HELL.

POOOOOWWW





COMPANY

PROBABLY THE ONES WHO
SET OFF THE EXPLOSIONS
AND CUT MY AIR HOSE.



THEY BETTER WORK
FAST OR THEY'LL
HAVE COMPETITION
FROM THE SHARKS!



THEY'RE AIR WILL
PLAY ALONG
AND SEE WHAT
THEY'RE AFTER



CHEAP
THRILL!



NO

THEY WANT
THE OBJECT
I GRABBED

AND THEY
WON'T
GET IT

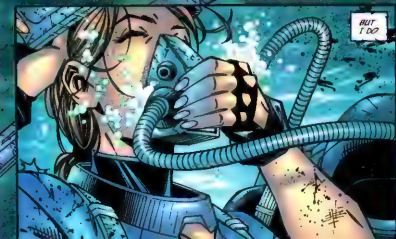
?



YOU WON'T
BE NEEDING
THIS ANYMORE

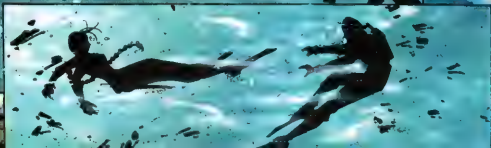
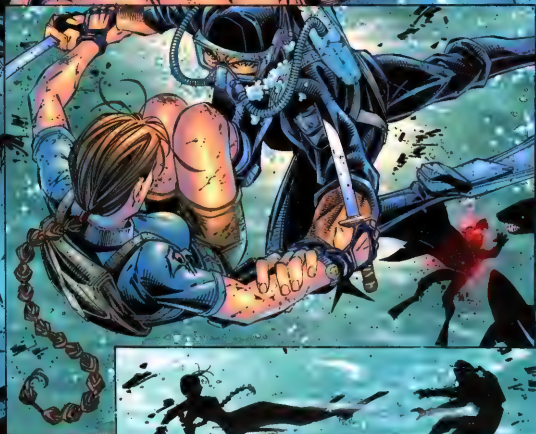


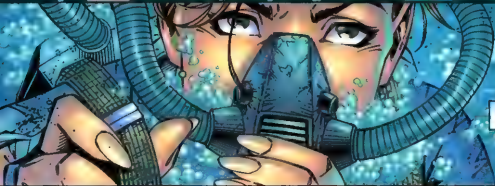
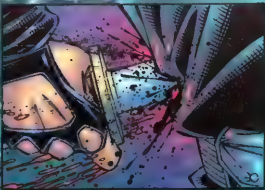
BUT
I DO



NOT OUT OF
THE WOODS
YET







WERE THEY ONLY
AFTER ME OR --?



COMPTON!



HUHU!

STILL
NOT OUT
OF THE
WOODS.



MEN
I CAN
HANDLE.



SHARKS?
ALMOST
AS DUMB --



-- AND A
LOT MORE
DANGEROUS

HEY!
WHAT'S THAT
OVER --?

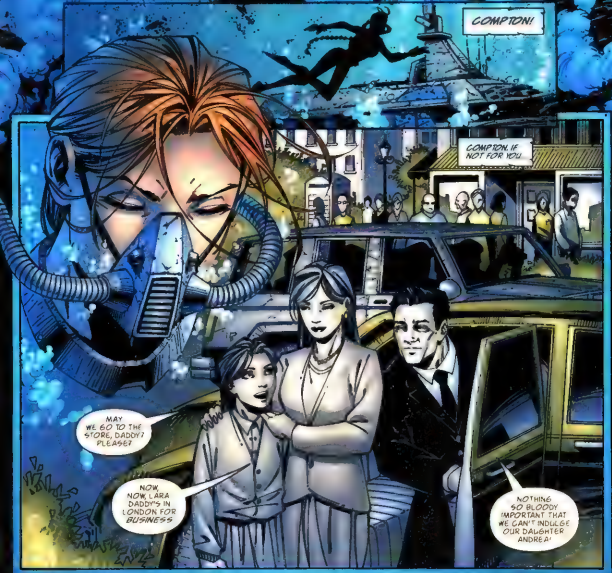
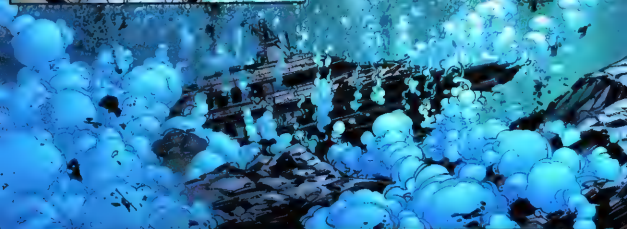


NO!



IT CAN'T BE!

MY YACHT!



COMPTON!

COMPTON, IF NOT FOR YOU

MAY WE GO TO THE STORE, DADDY? PLEASE?

NOW, LARA DADDY'S IN LONDON FOR BUSINESS

NOTHING SO BLOODY IMPORTANT THAT WE CAN'T INDULGE OUR DAUGHTER ANDREA!



YES, LORD CROMPTON

-- IF NOT FOR YOU



YOU'RE COWARDS! THE LOT OF YOU!



FOR A POLITICAL CAUSE YOU DON'T EVEN UNDERSTAND?

YOU'RE SICK!



UNTIL THEN, I MERELY
THOUGHT OF YOU AS
DADDY'S DRIVER



FROM THAT
DAY ON

-- A
GUARDIAN
ANGEL.

ADMIRABLE
SOB, COMPTON. VERY
PROFESSIONAL

THAT'S WHAT
YOU PAY ME FOR,
LORD GHOST

WOW!

I I
NEVER KNEW
YOU COULD
DO THAT
STUFF



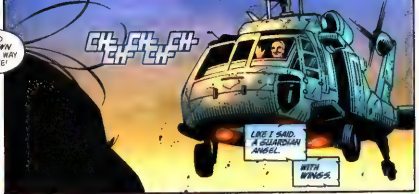
COMPTON IS
MUCH, MUCH MORE
THAN A CHAUFFEUR,
LARA. HE'S BEEN WITH
ME SINCE WE SERVED
IN THE FAUL KLANDS
WAR!

IT WAS THE FIRST
TIME I REALIZED
MY FAMILY HAD
BODYGUARDS.





I SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN
YOU'D FIND A WAY
TO SURVIVE!



CH CH CH

LIKE I SAID,
A GUARDIAN
ANGEL.

WITH
WINGS.



I MUST SAY
THAT MY APPRECIATION
FOR ATHENS IS SECOND
TO NO ONE'S, MR.
CROFT --

-- BUT I
CANNOT FATHOM
OUR PRESENCE
HERE!



THERE'S A
LOT I CAN'T
FIGURE OUT,
COMPTON.

SUCH AS
WHY SOMEONE
WOULD GO TO SUCH
EXTREMES TO
MURDER US?

EXACTLY.
WHICH IS WHY
WE'VE COME TO
GREECE.

HERE.
TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS.



FOUND IT ON
THE OCEAN FLOOR,
RIGHT NEXT TO THE
GALLEON.



GOOD LORD!
CARVER WAS
THERE?

APPARENTLY
SO WE'RE AFTER
THE SAME ITEM
ONCE AGAIN



CHASE
CARVER!
RARELY HAVE I
DESPISED A BLOKE
AS MUCH AS
I DO HIM!



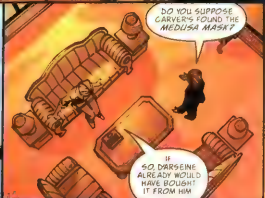
THAT MAKES
TWO OF US. HIS
EGO DEMANDS
THAT WHENEVER HE'S
IN PURSUIT OF
SOMETHING

-- HE LEAVES
A CALLING CARD
TO LET EVERYONE
ELSE KNOW HE'S
THE FRONT
RUNNER

STILL...
I DOUBT
HE'S THE ONE
WHO TRIED TO
KILL US



MORE LIKELY ANOTHER
PLAYER WE HAVEN'T
IDENTIFIED



DO YOU SUPPOSE
CARVER'S FOUND THE
MEDUSA MASK?

IF
SO, DARSEINE
ALREADY WOULD
HAVE BOUGHT
IT FROM HIM



YOU'RE
CERTAIN
THE MASK
EXISTS?

IF
DARSEINE
SAYS SO,
BET ON
IT



MIGHT I
INQUIRE AS
TO OUR NEXT
STEP?

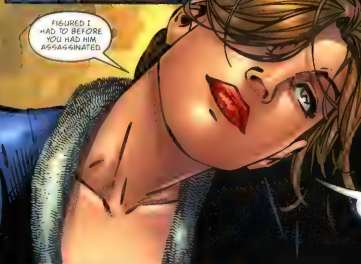
HACKING INTO
A GLOBAL FLIGHT
PLAN LIBRARY TO
ACCESS CARVER'S
PERSONAL LOGS

YOU
KNOW HIS
ACCESS
CODES?



I DATED THE MAN
FOR TWO MONTHS.
CAN I HELP IT IF I
NOTICED THINGS ON
HIS DESK?

YOU REALIZE I
WAS ELATED WHEN
YOU DROPPED THE
SCOUNDREL!



FIGURED I
HAD TO BEFORE
YOU HAD HIM
ASSASSINATED.

WHY
I

ADMIT IT!
YOU THOUGHT
ABOUT IT!

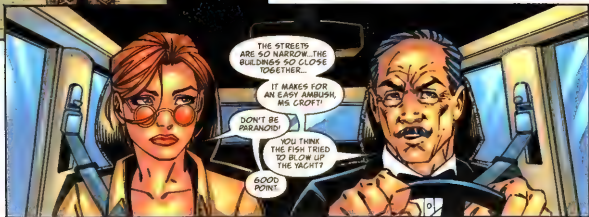
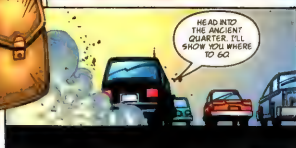
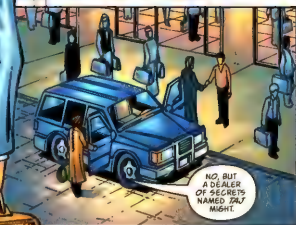
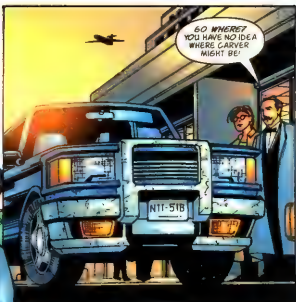
WELL, IT DID
CROSS MY MIND. HE
LACKS CIVILITY AND CLASS,
AND IS TOTALLY UNDESERVING
OF SOMEONE SO FINE
AS YOU!



BINGO!
CARVER FLEW
INTO KATMANDU
A FEW HOURS
AGO!

GRAB
YOUR COAT,
COMPTON.
NEXT
STOP.







SO LONG
AS WE KEEP
OUR EYES
PEELED...



AND
KEEP OUR
GUARD UP,
WE SHOULD
BE.



FINE?

MS.
CROFT!



(DEATH
TO THE
INFIDELS!)

BLOODY
DEVILS

DON'T
BRAKE!

STEP
ON IT!



THERE ARE TIMES
WHEN YOU HAVE
TO ACT FAST

WHEN A
SECOND'S
DELAY CAN
BE FATAL

TO LIVE, YOU DO
WHAT YOU MUST
AND HOPE FOR
THE BEST.

SUCH AS A HEAD-ON
COLLISION DOING MORE
TO HURT THE GUYS IN THE
BACK SEAT --



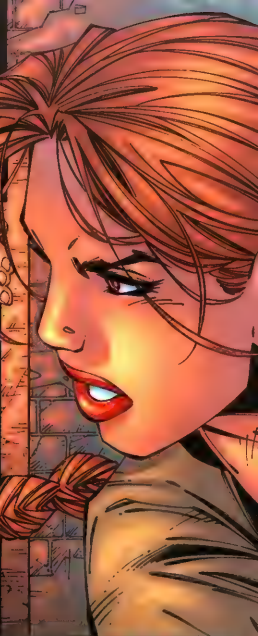
-- WHERE THEY
DON'T HAVE
AIR BAGS



CALL RIGHT
PARTY BOYS!



I WANT TO KNOW
WHO SENT YOU AND
I WANT TO KNOW
NOW!







COMPTON!

TIME
TO CLEAR
OUT!



THE DOOR-
WAY BEHIND YOU,
MRS. GROFT! SEEK
REFUGE THERE
BEFORE --



AAARGH!



COMPTON!



LET
ME GO OR
I'LL --

NOT
ANOTHER
WORD,
DARLIN'

NOT
ANOTHER,
BLESSED
WORD



CONTINUED
NEXT MONTH IN
TOMB RAIDER #3!
BE THERE!



Tomb Raider Issue #3

cover by: Andy Park, Jonathan Sibal and Jonathan D. Smith



Story by
Dan Jurgens

Art by
Andy Park

Colors by
Jonathan Sibal
with Danny Miki

Letters by
Jonathan D. Smith
with Steve Fitchner
and Liquidi

Letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heisler



I'M
LARA CROFT.
IF IT'S UNIQUE OR
EXCITING, I GO
AFTER IT.

AS MY AIDE, CONFIDANTE
AND SOUNDING BOARD,
HARTFORD COMPTON HAS
SAVED MY LIFE MORE TIMES
THAN I CAN COUNT.

PARIS D'ARSEINE IS PRYING
US TO RETRIEVE THE FABLED
OF THE
MUSKOGA NATION, ONE OF THE
GREATEST LOST TREASURES
IN ALL THE WORLD.



IT SHOULD HAVE
BEEN A RELATIVELY
SAFE JOB.

INSTEAD, WE FOUND
INTRIGUE, BETRAYAL
AND DEATH.

ALL OF IT CULMINATING
HERE IN A MOMENT.



HERE, IN A MURKY ALLEY
WHERE SECRETS ARE OF
GREATER WORTH THAN
ANY NATION'S CURRENCY...

— AN AMBULANCE HAS
TAKEN ITS TOLL.

COMPTON IS
DOWN AND IT
LOOKS FATAL.



ME?

I'M ABOUT
TWO SECONDS
BEHIND HIM.

NOT
ANOTHER
WORD,
DARLIN'.

NOT
ANOTHER
BLESSED
WORD.

FORTUNATELY



-- TWO SECONDS
IS ALL I NEED.



COMPTON!

HANG ON!
I'M ON MY
WAY!





THEN
AGAIN...



ARE
YOU BLEEDIN'
INSANE?

GET THAT
SWEET BEHIND
BACK HERE BEFORE
THEY MAKE YOU THE
BEST LOOKIN' PIN
CUSHION IN
KATMANDU!



THAT
VOICE...

ONCE IT MADE ME
MELT IN HIS ARMS



BUT THAT WAS
LONG AGO

A TIME I DISLIKE
ACKNOWLEDGING
TO ANYONE...EVEN
MYSELF

YOU!!

A full-page comic book illustration of Chase Carver. He is a man with blonde hair, wearing a dark blue jacket over a red and black plaid shirt. He is looking slightly to the right with a smug expression. His hands are in the foreground, wearing dark gloves. The background is a dark, smoky environment with a bright orange and yellow light source, possibly a fire or explosion, behind him. There are several speech bubbles and text boxes around him.

YEP, IT'S
ME, ALL RIGHT,
DARLIN'

CHASE
CARVER, AT
YOUR
SERVICE

59

WHAT'S A
NICE LITTLE GIRL
LIKE YOU DOING IN
A NASTY PLACE
LIKE THIS?

CHASE
CARVER

THE MOST IRRESPONSIBLE,
IRASCIBLE, EGOISTICAL MAN
EVER TO WALK THE EARTH.

AND ALSO THE ONLY PERSON
ALIVE REMOTELY EQUAL TO ME
WHEN IT COMES TO FINDING
THE UNFINDABLE.



LOOKING FOR YOU, CARVER!

WELL, RED IF YOU DON'T GET YOUR SOFT LITTLE TUSH IN HERE



YOU WON'T BE LOOKING FOR ANYTHING.

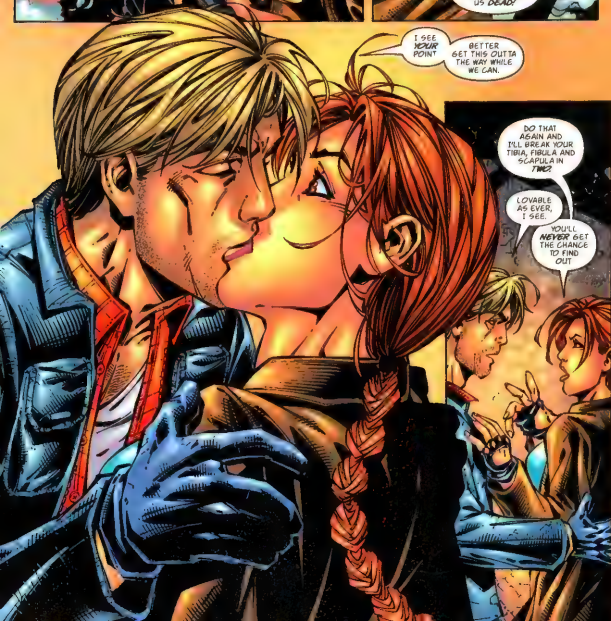
I SEE YOUR POINT



I'M ALWAYS ON TOP OF IT

COURSE, YOU ALREADY KNOW THAT, DON'T YOU, RED?

CHASE, THERE'S A BAND OF ASSASSINS OUT THERE WHO WANT US DEAD!



I SEE YOUR POINT

BETTER GET THIS OUTTA THE WAY WHILE WE CAN.

DO THAT AGAIN AND I'LL BREAK YOUR TIBIA, FIBULA AND SCAPULA IN TWO!

LOVABLE AS EVER, I SEE.

YOU'LL NEVER GET THE CHANCE TO FIND OUT



ANY IDEAS
TO SAVE US?
I DON'T WORK
WELL WITH AN
AUDIENCE.

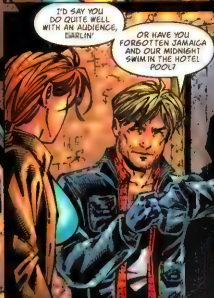
CONSIDERIN'
OUR FLIGHT

— YOU
MAY BE
RIGHT,
RED.



I'D SAY YOU
DO QUITE WELL
WITH AN AUDIENCE,
DWARLIN'

OR HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN JAMAICA
AND OUR MIDNIGHT
SWIM IN THE HOTEL
POOL?



DON'T
REMAND
ME.

SORRY RED
BUT I'LL TAKE THE
EXPRESSIONS ON THAT
BUS LOAD O' NUNS ALL
THE WAY TO THE GRAVE
WITH ME.



MENTION THAT
EPISODE AGAIN AND
THAT WILL COME
SOONER THAN YOU
THINK.

I'M IN!



HURRY?





THERE WERE ONLY TEN OR SO WHY NOT FIGHT OUR WAY OUT?

WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS? A COMIC BOOK?

RED, THOSE BLOWES ARE ASHED SO THE TEETH AND LOOKING TO KILL, AND YOU REMEMBER MY MOTTO

RUN AWAY RUN AWAY AND LIVE TO LOVE ANOTHER DAY









WHY?



THAT'S
KEROSENE!



Oh

ANY
OTHER
BRIGHT
IDEAS?



UM
NO

THE COMMITTEE'S
TAKEN A VOTE AND IS IN
UNANIMOUS AGREEMENT
THE NEXT CALL IS
YOURS!



UPSTAIRS!
IT'S OUR ONLY
CHANCE!

RIGHT IN
FRONT OF
YOU!

WHATEVER
HAPPENED
TO "LADIES
FIRST?"



I LIKE TO
THINK OF MYSELF
AS AN EQUAL
OPPORTUNITY
SURVIVOR.

THE FIRE'S
ALREADY
SPREAD UP
HERE!



HEAD FOR
THE FIRE
ESCAPE!

ISN'T
THAT A BIT
OBVIOUS?



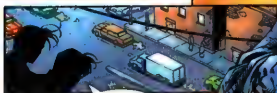
WOOPS!



THE
COMMITTEE
JUST PUT ME
BACK IN CHARGE!
THIS WAY!



THERE'S
OUR TICKET
OUT OF HERE,
RED!



BUT IT
ALWAYS WORKS
IN THE
MOVIES

AND I'D
RATHER DIE
FROM A FALL
THAN SCARED
LUNGS!

ALL WE
GOTTA DO IS RIDE
THIS TO THE OTHER
SIDE AND WE'RE
HOME FREE!

HAVE YOU
LOST YOUR
MIND?

MAYBE
SO



HANG
ON!



CHASE!

WHAT?

THIS NEVER
HAPPENS IN THE
MOVIES!

BLOODY
HE... YOU'RE
TOO HEAVY!



YOU BETTER
NOT BE CALLING
ME FAT!!



WHEN I WAS LITTLE,
I WANTED TO BE A
BALLERINA.

SINCE MY FATHER WAS TOTALLY
INDULGENT, I HAD PLENTY OF
DANCE AND GYMNASTIC LESSONS.

RY.
ME.

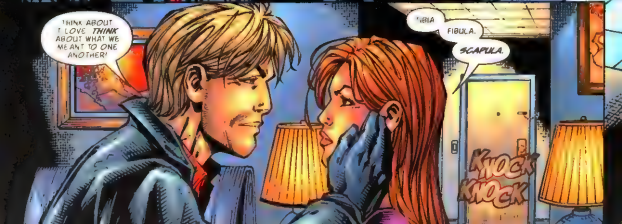
TOOOOF

GRUNNN!

GRUNNN!

I DIDN'T
REALIZE CHASE
BROUGHT THE REST
OF HIS FAMILY TO
TOWN.

GRUNNY!





MS. CROFT,
I AM CONSTABLE
AKHAM. MIGHT I
SPEAK WITH YOU
A MOMENT?

MY FRIEND'S
BODY HAVE YOU
RECOVERED??



STRANGELY ENOUGH,
WE HAVE FOUND NO EVIDENCE
OF HIM, THE INFAMOUS DUT OR
THOSE WHO ATTACKED YOU.

ALL THAT
REMAINS ARE THE
BURNED REMNANTS
OF A KEROSENE
WAREHOUSE.



THEN
THEY...WHOEVER
THEY ARE TOOK
COMPTON'S
BODY?



I'M SORRY
LOVE, I KNOW
HOW MUCH THE OLD
PUTTER MEANT TO
YOU.

IF I
LEARN
MORE, I'LL
CONTACT
YOU



HE
SAVED MY
LIFE,
CHASE!

SEVERAL
TIMES!

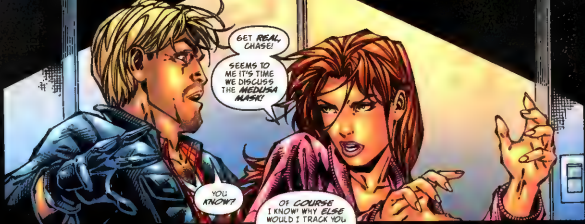
AFTER THE
PLANE CRASH
WHEN MOTHER
AND FATHER
DIED.

HE WAS
THE ONLY
FAMILY I HAD
LEFT.



WELL
UM...ANYTHING
I CAN DO TO
YOU KNOW

MAKE
YOU FEEL
BETTER?



GET REAL,
CHASE!

SEEMS TO
ME IT'S TIME
WE DISCUSS
THE MEDUSA
MASK!

YOU
KNOW?

OF COURSE
I KNOW! WHY ELSE
WOULD I TRACK YOU
DOWN IN THIS
GOD-FORSAKEN
COUNTRY?

I FOUND
YOUR CALLING
CARD IN THAT
SUNKEN GALLEON!
YOU HAVE THE
MASK!



MAYBE
MAYBE NOT

IF NOT
FOR YOU, COMPTON
WOULDN'T HAVE DIED
ON THESE HELLISH
STREETS!



I WANT
YOU TO LISTEN
VERY INTENTLY,
CHASE!

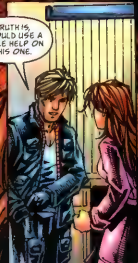
YOU ARE NOT
LEAVING THIS ROOM
WITHOUT TELLING ME
EVERYTHING --

-- AND I MEAN
EVERYTHING - YOU
KNOW ABOUT THE
MASK!



EASY LOVE
EASY

TRUTH IS,
I COULD USE A
LITTLE HELP ON
THIS ONE.



THE MASK
WASN'T IN THE
WRECKAGE, BUT
THIS WAS.

INTERESTING
STUFF EXPLAINS
A LOT

THIS
HAS THE CREW
TAKEN MAD. THIS
MUST
I ACT LEFT I END UP
HANGING FROM THE
MASTHOLMS

IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS
SAILING, SINCE WE DEPARTED
SPAIN, AND SIX DAYS FULL SINCE
THE MADNESS TOOK OVER

"SOME EVIL FORCE
DROVE THE REST OF
THE CREW TO MURDER
AND MURDER THE
CAPTAIN, CREW AND
PASSENGERS"


"TIS NO LESS THAN
A WOMAN IN HER
ITSELF, AND SUCH A
VOYAGE CAN HAVE
ONLY ONE ENDING

"IN CONSIDERATION
OF THE TREASON ON
BOARD, I HAVE DECIDED
TO ABANDON THIS VESSEL
FOR SOMETHING...

"SOME
UNPREDICTABLE
EVIL, COMPELS
US TO KILL ONE
ANOTHER

"EVEN THOUGH I'VE
DECIDED TO FLEE,
I'LL NOT DO SO."

"...WITHOUT
THE TREASURE"



"LET THIS NOTE MARK THE WATERY GRAVE
WHICH SURELY UNDOES THE BLACKGUARDS
AND MURDERERS I SAIL WITH, FOR THEIR
SOULS ARE MOST CERTAINLY CONFINED
TO HELL ETERNAL."



YOU MEAN THE
WRITER OF THAT
NOTE STOLE THE
MEDUSA MASK?

IT NEVER
WENT DOWN WITH
THE SHIP?

EXACTLY
FELLOW BY THE NAME
OF HENRI TRIPLETTE
WAS EVENTUALLY PLUCKED
FROM THE SEA BY AN
ENGLISH VESSEL.



HE
ENDED UP IN
AMERICA?

NOT
QUITE,
LOVE.

IT NEVER
ARRIVED.

I THOUGHT
THE TRAIL WAS
PERMANENTLY
COLD --



-- UNTIL I STUMBLED
ACROSS A WISPY LEGEND ABOUT
A SMALL, UNNAMED ENGLISH SHIP
THAT ARRIVED IN CHINA
MONTHS LATER.

WITH A
SINGLE FRENCH
SAILOR ON BOARD
IN SEARCH OF
THE KEY.



I THINK I KNOW WHERE
THAT KEY IS, RED. AND
THAT'S WHERE WE'LL
FIND THE MASK!

ACCORDING TO CHASE, THE MYSTERIOUS "KEY" WE'RE LOOKING FOR IS A MARKER OF ROCKS THAT WAS BUILT AROUND 600 A.D.

SUPPOSEDLY IT POINTED THE WAY TO ETERNAL PEACE, TRANQUILITY AND FREEDOM FROM THE EFFECTS OF EVIL.

IF ANY WESTERNERS HAVE EVER FOUND IT, IT'S A WELL KEPT SECRET, ALL OF WHICH PUTS OUR ODDS OF SUCCESS IN DUBT.

IMPRESSIVE, ISN'T IT, RED?

RED?

WHY'RE YOU SO QUIET? ALTITUDE GETTING TO YOU?

NO IT'S JUST...THE BEAUTY OF IT.

THE SOLITUDE



IT MAKES YOU THINK ABOUT OTHER THINGS.





SOON AS
THIS IS OVER YOU
CAN GIVE THE POOR
BLOKE A PROPER
BURIAL.

UMMM.
LET'S FIND
THAT KEY!

YOU MAKE IT
SOUND SO EASY!
AS THOUGH,
HEY!

THE KEY??
HOW DID YOU
KNOW IT WAS
HERE?

AND WHY
HASN'T ANYONE
FOUND IT UNTIL
NOW?

AN AVALANCHE
CLEARED THIS FACE
OF THE MOUNTAIN
JUST LAST WEEK

SOON AS
I HEARD THAT, I
SENT A GUIDE UP
HERE TO CHECK
IT OUT.

HE REPORTED
BACK TO ME
YESTERDAY.

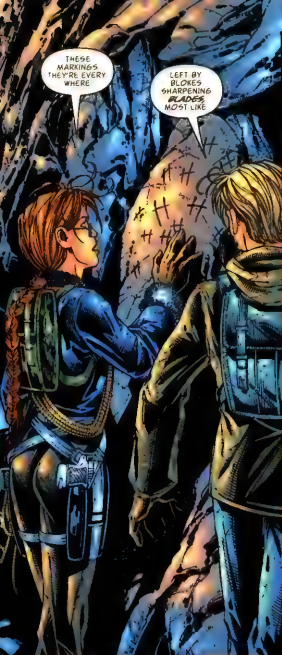
IF YOU SENT
SOMEONE UP HERE
HE'S PROBABLY ALREADY
FOUND THE MASK AND
TAKEN IT!

NOT LIKELY,
SWEETS. HE WAS TOO
ROCKED BY WHAT HE
CALLED "THE SPIRITS OF
EVIL" WHICH SURROUND
THIS PLACE.

THOSE SPIRITS
COULDN'T BOTHER
HIM ~~TOO~~ MUCH IF
HE'S WILLING TO
WORK FOR ME!!

YOU EVER
GOING TO CUT
ME SOME
SLACK?

NEVER.

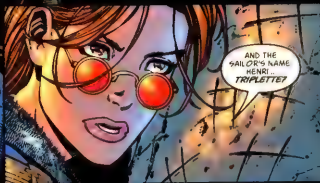


THESE
MARKINGS
THEY'RE EVERY
WHERE

LEFT BY
BLOCKS
SHARPENING
BLADES,
MOST LIKE



EACH ONE
SYMBOL CONSISTING
OF THREE LINES?



AND THE
SAILOR'S NAME
HENRI
TRIPLETTE?



HERE!

PUSH!

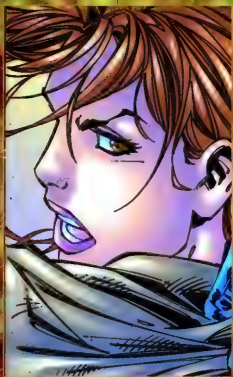
YOU
THINK?



YES!
IT'S THE ONLY
POSSIBLE
EXPLANATION!

I DON'T
KNOW, RED
THERE COULD
BE ANYTHING
BEHIND
THIS!





Tomb Raider Issue #4

cover by: Andy Park, Jonathan Sibal and Jonathan D. Smith



written by: Alan Jurgen

illustrated by: Andy Park

colored by: Jonathan Sibal
with Danny Miki

colored by: Jonathan D. Smith
with Steve Fincannon
and Liquid!

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heisler



I'M LARA CROFT.
IF IT'S UNIQUE OR
EXCITING, I GO
FIND IT.

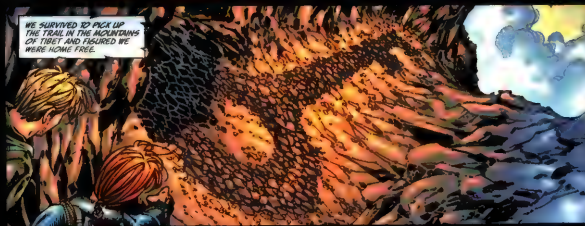
HARTFORD COMPTON
WAS MY LONGTIME BODY-
GUARD AND CONFIDANT.
UNFORTUNATELY, THIS
JOB GOT HIM KILLED.

PARIS D'ARSEINE
ALSO APPRECIATES UNIQUE
OBJECTS. HE DOESN'T LIKE
GETTING HIS HANDS DIRTY,
SO HE HIRED ME TO FIND
THE MANDUWA MASK.

CHASE CARVER IS A
TREASURE HUNTER. HE'S
ALSO A LIAR AND THIEF
WHO CHEATS AT POKER
AND LOVES. THOSE ARE
HIS GOOD POINTS.



WE THOUGHT WE WERE GETTING
CLOSE TO FINDING THE MASK
UNTIL WE WERE ATTACKED AND
NEARLY KIDNAPPED IN A BURNING
WAREHOUSE.



WE SURVIVED TO PICK UP
THE TRAIL IN THE MOUNTAINS
OF TIBET AND FIGURED WE
WERE HOME FREE.



IT'S IMPORTANT TO REMEMBER
THAT IN THIS BUSINESS, IF YOU
EVER BEGIN TO BELIEVE THAT

...YOU'RE AS
GOOD AS DEAD.

ANY IDEAS
DARKIN'?

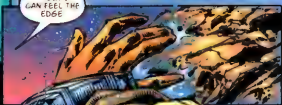
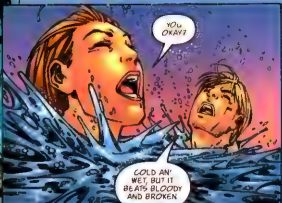
ONE
PRAY



I EXPECTED THE NEXT THING I
FELT TO BE A HIGH IMPACT KISS
FROM A ROCK STALASMITE.

INSTEAD, IT'S
WATER.

WE GET TO ROCKET
THE PRAYER FOR
ANOTHER DAY.





WANT TO
GET OUT OF THOSE
WET CLOTHES AND
DRY OFF?

NO! I WANT
TO PUSH AND GET
THIS OVER WITH

OH, WELL.
CAN'T BLAME
ME FOR
TRYING.

CHASE,
THERE'S A LOT
I CAN BLAME
YOU FOR



AMAZING THESE
ARE HUNDREDS OF
YEARS OLD BUT THE
WICKS ARE STILL WET
WITH OIL

UNLESS
SOMEONE FILLED
THEM MORE
RECENTLY



NO THEY'RE
AUTHENTIC

HOW
CAN YOU
BE SURE?



I CAN
FEEL IT

FOR ME,
THAT'S
ENOUGH

YOU
WON'T GET ANY
ARGUMENT FROM
ME BESIDES -



THOSE POOR
SOULS SAY YOU'RE
RIGHT.

PIRATES,
MONGOLIAN
WARRIORS.
THEY'VE BEEN
HERE FOR
CENTURIES.

WE
MUST BE
ON THE
RIGHT
TRACK.



C'MON
IF THEY GO
THAT FAR THEN
WE CAN TOO.

GETTIN'
THIS FAR ALONG
THE PROBLEM
RED.

GETTIN'
OUT ALIVE
IS.



GETTING
OUT WITH THE
MASK YOU
MEAN.

THAT'S
THE ONLY
THING ON MY
MIND.

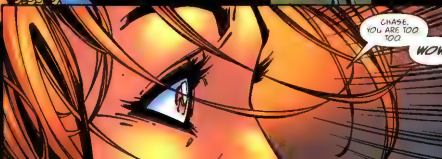


I COULD
SUGGEST A COUPLE
OF ITEMS TO ADD TO
THAT AGENDA.



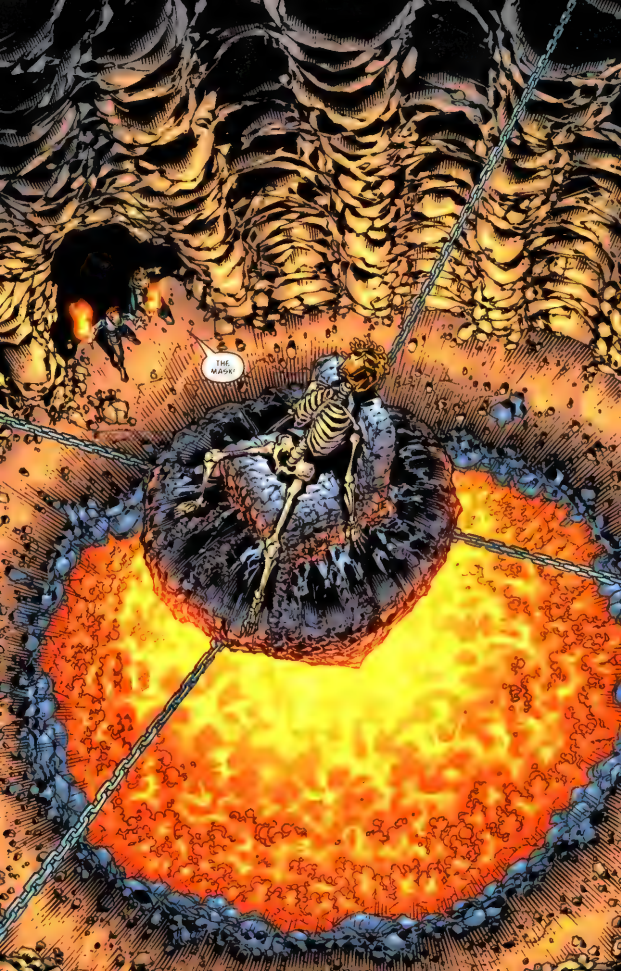
DON'T
YOU EVER
STOP?

GIVE ME
A CHANCE AND
I'LL PROVE I CAN
LAST A LONG
TIME.



CHASE,
YOU ARE TOO
TOO.

WOW.



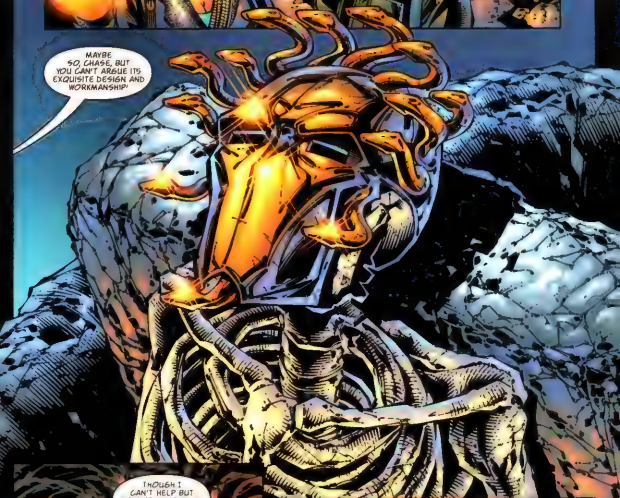
THE
MASK!



IT'S
GORGEOUS!

IF YOU
ASK ME, I SAY
IT REEKS OF
EVIL.

MAYBE
SO, CHASE, BUT
YOU CAN'T ARGUE ITS
EXQUISITE DESIGN AND
WORKMANSHIP



I THOUGHT I
CAN'T HELP BUT
WONDER WHAT KILLED
THOSE POOR GUYS
OUT THERE

SEE?
HOW'M I EVER
GONNA GET
UP THERE?

YOU AREN'T
I AM WATCH
MY BACK

ONE OF
MY FAVORITE
HOBBIES

I
MEAN

OH, YOU
KNOW WHAT
I MEAN



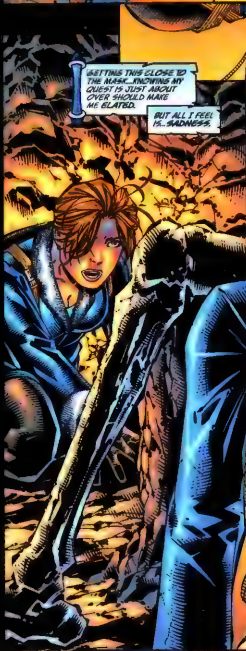


NOW WONDER
THESE TORCHES
STAYED WET.

YOU CAN
FEEL THE OIL
IN THE AIR.



MUST BE A
STEADY SUPPLY
OF IT TO KEEP THAT
FIRE BURNING.



GETTING THIS CLOSE TO
THE MASK... KNOWING MY
QUEST IS JUST ABOUT
OVER SHOULD MAKE
ME ELATED.

BUT ALL I FEEL
IS... SADNESS.



PEOPLE TRIED TO KILL
ME TO PREVENT ME
FROM GETTING HERE.

SEVERAL TIMES THOUGH
THEY MISSED ME. THEY
KILLED COMPROM.

THEN... AFTER I HOOKED
UP WITH CARVER... THE
ATTACKS STOPPED.




COULD IT
BE THAT--

LARA!!!

THAT
VOICE!



A large comic book panel showing a character in a blue suit hanging upside down from a heavy metal chain. The character's head is at the bottom, with a shocked expression. The background is a swirling, fiery orange and yellow. In the top left corner, there is a smaller inset panel showing a character on a small, rocky island in a sea of fire.

SUDDENLY, ALL I WANT TO
DO IS TAKE CHASE CARVER
APART AT THE SEAMS.

FOR EVERYTHING HE'S DONE
NOW...AND EVERYTHING HE
DID YEARS AGO.

I NEVER
SHOULD HAVE
TRUSTED HIM.

CAREFUL, LARA!
AFTER ALL, WE'VE
BEEN THROUGH,
I DON'T WANT
TO LOSE YOU
NOW!

HOW DID
YOU SURVIVE?
WHY DIDN'T YOU
LET ME KNOW
EARLIER?



TAKES MORE
THAN AN ARROW...EVEN
A WELL-AIMED ONE, TO
KEEP ME DOWN! NOW,
HURRY BEFORE --!



(THERE.)

TOO LATE!
CARVER'S GOONS
ARE HERE!



THOSE MEN
WHO BLEW UP MY
BOAT...WHO TRIED
TO KILL ME IN THAT
ALLEY?...

CARVER
SENT THEM?

CHASE
WANTED TO
KILL ME?

THAT'S WHY
I STAYED IN THE
SHADOWS! SO I
COULD PROTECT
YOU WITHOUT HIM
KNOWING!

GIVE ME
THE MASK! THEY'LL
FOLLOW ME SO YOU
CAN ESCAPE!





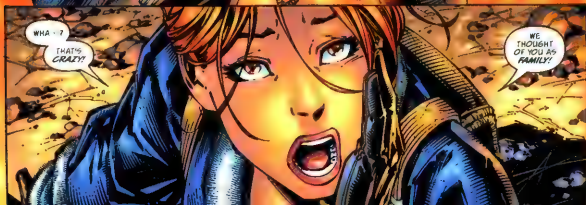
NO!
WE'RE LEAVING
TOGETHER!
I WON'T
LOSE YOU
AGAIN!

STUPID,
STUPID...



-- WITCH!

HAVEN'T YOU
REALIZED YOUR
ELITIST FAMILY
LOST ME LONG
AGO?



WHA...?
THAT'S
CRAZY?

WE
THOUGHT
OF YOU AS
FAMILY?





THAT
PLANE CRASH
-- WAS YOUR
DOING?



OF
COURSE
IT WAS, YOU
BRAT!

I CAN'T
BELIEVE
YOU NEVER
SUSPECTED!



YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO DIE AS
WELL! AND THANKS TO
THE FAKE *WILL* I HAD
DRAWN UP --

-- I WOULD
HAVE INHERITED
THE CROFT
FORTUNE!

BUT YOU
SURVIVED AND RUINED
EVERYTHING!

MONSTER!

YOU
HAVEN'T SEEN
ANYTHING YET.

NOW,
LARA, YOU
WILL DIE.

THE CROFT FUNDS
I WORKED SO HARD TO
PROTECT WILL PASS
ON TO ME --

-- AND I EVEN
GET *THIS* AS A
CONSOLATION
PRIZE!



COMPTON?

GO TO HELL!



FEISTY



THIS MASK IS SAID TO HAVE GREAT POWERS LARA.

SHALL WE FIND OUT IF IT'S TRUE?





AFTER ALL THESE
YEARS, A BODY HAS
COME TO ME...

...AND I AM
ALIVE ONCE
MORE!!!

COMPTON'S
GONE.

WHATEVER
YOU ARE NOW,
YOU'RE
TWISTED ...
... AND
YOU MUST BE
STOPPED.

BOHNN

SEMI



FOLLOW ME,
CHASE!

YOU
CAN'T BE
SERIOUS!



THE
CAVERN
IS CAVING
IN!

THIS
IS OUR
ONLY WAY
OUT!



FORTUNATELY --

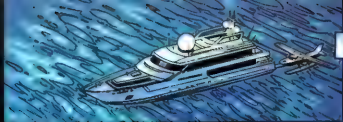


SURVIVING ON THE
EDGE IS IMPOSSIBLE.

COULD BE A POOL OF
PURE BURNING OIL WE'RE
DIVING INTO.

IF WE'RE LUCKY,
IT'S OIL ON TOP
OF WATER.

-- IT'S THE
LATTER.



D'ARSEINE IS SO ANXIOUS TO GET HIS HANDS ON THE MASK THAT ONCE I CALLED HIM --

-- HE DIDN'T WASTE A SECOND IN COMING.

FRANKLY I'M VERY BIT AS ANXIOUS AS HIM.

D'ARSEINE OWES ME.



I DON'T SEE THAT OVERBearing COMPTON FELLOW ABOUT, MS. CROFT.

AM I TO ASSUME YOU FINALLY GOT WISE AND DISCHARGED THE WANT?

MORE OR LESS.

I HAVE THE MASK, D'ARSEINE YOU HAVE MY FEET?

NATURALLY.



HOW MUCH DID YOU NAIL HIM FOR, RED? A COUPLE MIL?



STRANGELY ENOUGH, ~~NOT~~ MY MONEY DOESN'T INTEREST MS. CROFT.

TO COMMEMORATE
MY FONDNESS FOR HER
I EMPLOYED THE FINEST
MAKER OF MUSIC BOXES
IN ALL EUROPE TO
FASHION THIS.

LARA'S
MOTHER

WHEN SHE
JILTED ME FOR CROFT
I PUT IT IN STORAGE,
VOWING NEVER TO
VIEW IT AGAIN

THE
MAGNET

175 ALL
HOURS

PHENOMENAL!

BREATHTAKING!

PEOPLE HAVE
SPENT AN ETERNITY
SEARCHING FOR IT
AND FINALLY --

-- FINALLY --

-- IT'S
MINE!!

IT'S EVIL,
D'ARSEINE
WHATEVER
YOU DO --

-- DON'T
EVER PUT
IT ON.

MY DEAR,
I WOULDN'T
THINK OF IT.

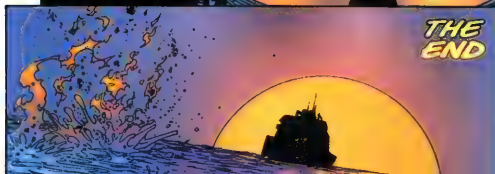
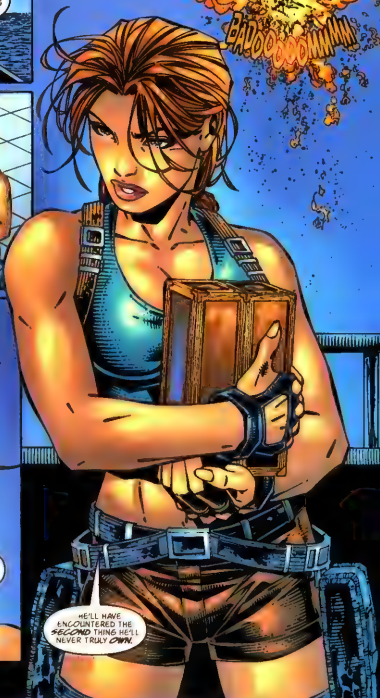
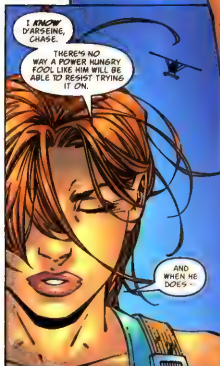
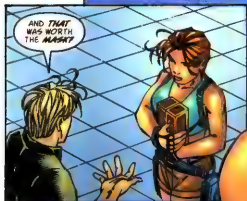
THAT OLD
HOUND AND YOUR
MOTHER?

HARD TO
PICTURE.

THEY WEREN'T
THE COUPLE HE
REMEMBERS,
CHASE.

ACCORDING TO
HER HE ADMURED HER
FROM AFAR, SAME AS
HE DOES ANYTHING
ELSE HE WANTS.

BUT HE
NEVER ACTUALLY
GOT HER.





Tomb Raider Issue #5

cover by: Andy Park, Jonathan Sibal and Jonathan D. Smith



scripted by:

Paul Jurgens

artwork by:

Andy Park

color by:

Jonathan Sibal
and Danny Mize

letters by:

Jonathan D. Smith
with Steve Finchner
and Liquor

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heisler

I'M LARA CROFT.
IF IT'S UNIQUE OR
EXCITING, I GO
AFTER IT.

CHASE CARVER IS A
TREASURE HUNTER. HE'S
ALSO A ROGUE WHO CHEATS
AT POKER AND LOVE. THOSE
ARE HIS GOOD POINTS.

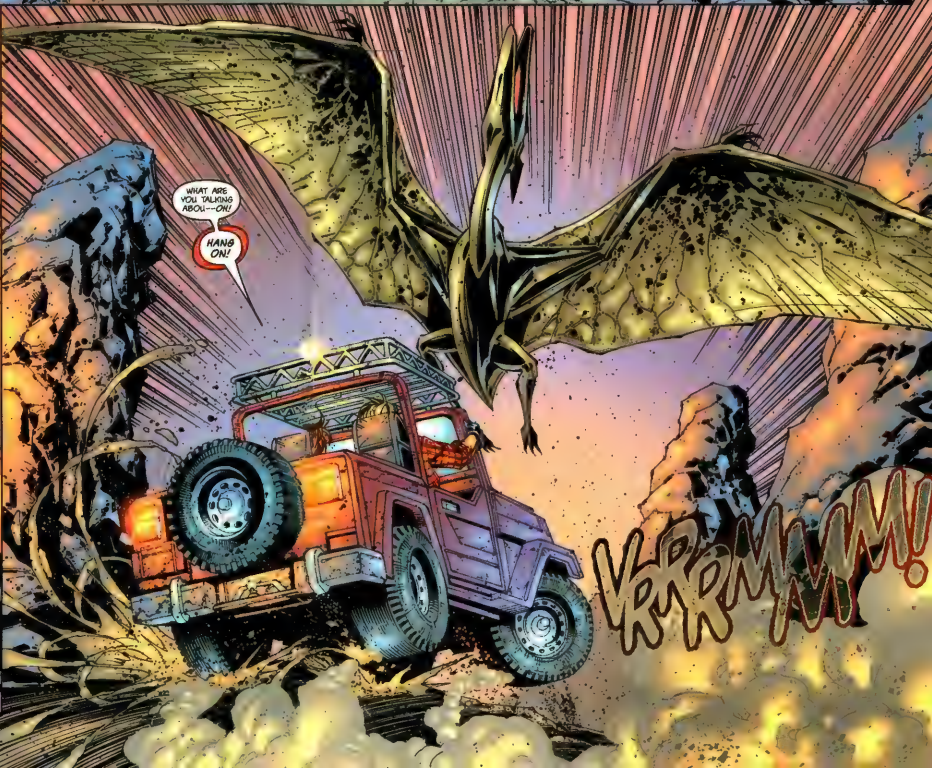
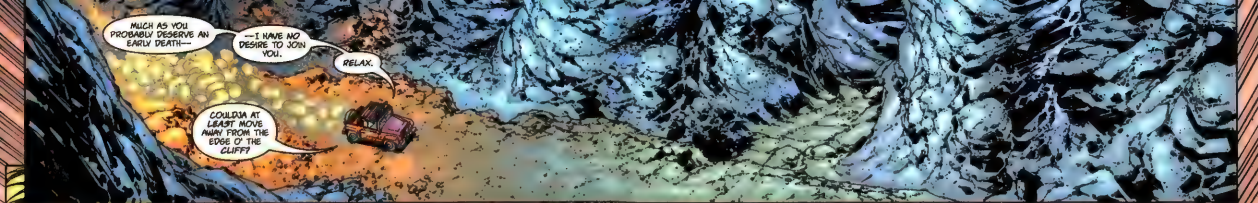
IF HE HAPPENS TO
SHATTER HIS SPINE
BY GETTING TOSSED
FROM MY JEEP—

—IT'S A
PUNISHMENT
HE PROBABLY
DESERVES.

WHAT'RE
YOU DOWN,
RED?

TRYIN'
TA KILL US
BOTH?







CHAAASE!

WAS THAT A
NOTE OF GENUINE
CONCERN IN YOUR
VOICE, RED?

NOW IS
NOT THE TIME
TO RAZZ ME,
MR. CARVER.

NOT IF
YOU WANT
A HAND UP,
THAT IS.

CONSIDERIN'
THE ALTERNATIVE,
I'LL TAKE YOU UP
ON YOUR OFFER.

FINE.

RIGHT
AFTER YOU
APOLOGIZE FOR
THAT NIGHT IN
MONACO.

YOU STILL
BLAME ME
FOR THAT?

DARLIN!
IT WAS THE
CHAMPAGNE!



THAT'S
NO EXCUSE.

APOLOGIZE.



ALL RIGHT,
ALL RIGHT!

I'M
SORRY!

IS THAT
ENOUGH OR
WOULDJA LIKE A
LITER O' BLOOD
TOO?



YOU LOST
\$325,000 OF MY
MONEY AT THE
BLACKJACK TABLE,
CHASE!

A LITER OF
BLOOD WILL MAKE
A SUITABLE DOWN
PAYMENT ON THE
DEBT.

I'LL PAY
YOU BACK! I
SWEAR IT!



ONLY
PROBLEM IS
THAT YOU KEEP
BEATING ME TO
THE BIG
PRIZARDS!

WOULDJA
CONSIDER
LETTING ME PAY
IT BACK IN A
MORE...PHYSICAL
WAY?



SO, WHAT
DO YOU
MAKE OF
THAT?

WHY'RE YOU
CHANGIN' THE
SUBJECT,
DARLIN'?

OKAY,
WE'LL IGNORE A RELIC OF
THE PAST--A PTERANODON--
WHILE YOU MAKE GOOFY
JOKES!

I S'POSE IT DOES BEAR
INVESTIGATION.

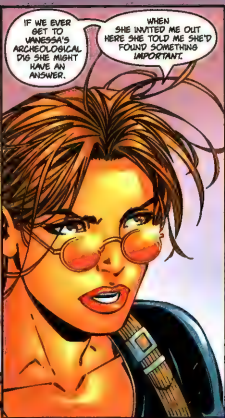
ONE HOUR
AND THREE
MILES LATER.

WHAT EVER
IT WAS, IT'S
LONG GONE
NOW.

YOU THINK
IT WAS AN
ILLUSION?
SOME KIND OF
TRICK?

IF WE EVER
GET TO
VANESSA'S
ARCHAEOLOGICAL
DIG, SHE MIGHT
HAVE AN
ANSWER.

WHEN
SHE WAITED ME OUT
HERE, SHE TOLD ME SHE'D
FOUND SOMETHING
IMPORTANT.



COULD IT HAVE BEEN A
50 MILLION-YEAR-OLD
DINOSAUR?

ALL I KNOW
IS THAT SHE
WAS THE BEST
STUDENT
HARVARD EVER
HAD.

IF SHE
SAYS IT'S
IMPORTANT--

--IT'S
LEGIT.
THERE
SHE IS
NOW.



WHAT'S THE DEAL, LARA?

DID YOU WALK ALL THE WAY FROM ALBUQUERQUE?

LET'S JUST SAY WE RAN INTO AN UNEXPECTED CASE OF ROAD RAGE.

IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

SAME HERE, ROOMIE. IT'S BEEN WAY TOO LONG.

WHO'S YOUR BEAU?

VANESSA FENWAY, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET CHASE CARVER.

THE CHASE CARVER?

THE ONE I'VE HEARD ABOUT FOR YEARS!!

UHM...IT'S NOT AS BAD AS IT SOUNDS. REALLY.

MISTER, IF EVEN HALF THE STUFF LARA TOLD ME ABOUT YOU IS TRUE--

--I'M AMAZED YOU'RE STILL BREATHING.

C'MON. JUMP IN THE CHARIOT AND LET ME SHOW YOU WHY I INVITED YOU HERE.



LOOK,
LARA. I DON'T MEAN
TO PRY--

--BUT YOU TWO
AREN'T TOGETHER
AGAIN, ARE YOU?

TOGETHER?

YOU KNOW, LIKE
IN KEN AND BARBIE
TOGETHER?

NO WAY!

WELL, YOU
CAN'T BLAME ME
FOR ASKING. WHEN
YOU ASKED TO BRING
A FRIEND I JUST
ASSUMED YOU
MEANT HARTFORD
COMPTON!

NO,
VANESSA.
COMPTON'S...
GONE.

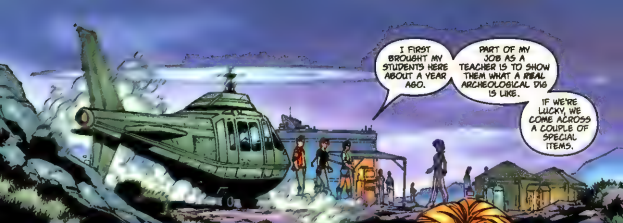
I'LL TELL YOU
ABOUT IT LATER,
VANESSA. FIRST I WANT
TO ASK YOU ABOUT
SOMETHING WE SAW.

SOMETHING
IMPOSSIBLE.

I HAVE AN IDEA
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT, LARA
HONEY...AND YOU
AIN'T SEEN
NOTHIN' YET.

DEAD?

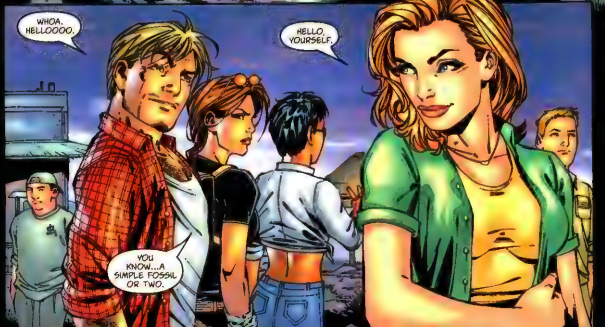
OH, I'M
SORRY!!



I FIRST BROUGHT MY STUDENTS HERE ABOUT A YEAR AGO.

PART OF MY JOB AS A TEACHER IS TO SHOW THEM WHAT A REAL ARCHEOLOGICAL DIG IS LIKE.

IF WE'RE LUCKY, WE COME ACROSS A COUPLE OF SPECIAL ITEMS.



WHOA. HELLOOOO.

HELLO, YOURSELF.

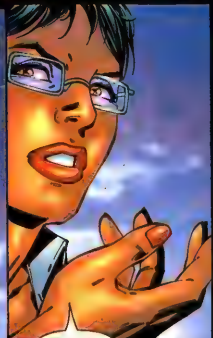
YOU KNOW...A SIMPLE FOSSIL OR TWO.



WHAT?!

EVERYTHING WAS NORMAL UNTIL LAST WEEK.

SUDDENLY, A SIMPLE DIG WITH RELATIVELY SIMPLE GOALS TURNED INTO SOMETHING FAR, FAR MORE.



IT'S BECOME A TRIP THROUGH TIME ITSELF.



NICE. I
S'POSE IT'S RARE
ENOUGH TO FIND A
TRICERATOPS
INTACT--

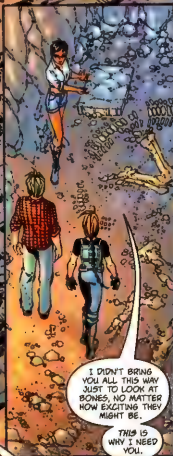
--BUT I
DON'T SEE THAT
IT QUALIFIES AS
TIME TRAVELING.

PTERANODON?

EASY, CHASE.
CONSIDERING THAT
PTERANODON WE SAW
EARLIER, I'M WILLING
TO BET THIS IS ONLY
THE TIP OF THE
ICEBERG.

WOW. SO
YOU KNOW
SOMETHING
UNUSUAL IS
HAPPENING
HERE.





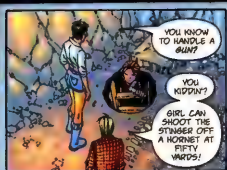


KA-CHOW

AND NOTHING SAYS PREPARED BETTER THAN COLD STEEL.

LET'S GO.

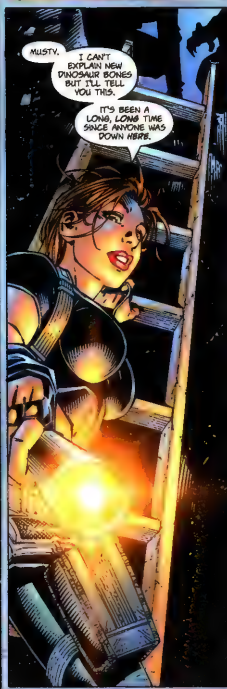




YOU KNOW
TO HANDLE A
GUN?

YOU
KIDDIN'?

GIRL CAN
SHOOT THE
STINGER OFF
A HORNET AT
FIFTY
YARDS!



MUSTY.

I CAN'T
EXPLAIN NEW
DINOSAUR BONES
BUT I'LL TELL
YOU THIS.

IT'S BEEN A
LONG, LONG TIME
SINCE ANYONE WAS
DOWN HERE.



THESE
MARKINGS!
EVIDENCE THAT
DINOSAURS AND
MAN
COEXISTED?

WHICH
WOULD CHANGE
VIRTUALLY
EVERYTHING WE'VE
KNOWN ABOUT
HISTORY!

FAR AS I'M
CONCERNED, OUR
KNOWLEDGE OF HISTORY
WENT OUT THE WINDOW
WHEN THAT OVERGROWN
CHICKEN ATTACKED US
A FEW HOURS AGO!



OUR PTERANODON
STORY DIDN'T SHOCK YOU
ONE BIT, VANESSA.

YOU MUST
HAVE SEEN IT
TOO.



NOT
AS CLEARLY
AS YOU.



BUT I'VE
HEARD UNHEARTHLY
SOUNDS AT NIGHT
THAT NO MODERN
ANIMAL CAN
MAKE.



WE COULD BE
ON THE VERGE OF
THE ULTIMATE
DISCOVERY, LARA!
JUST THINK
OF IT!

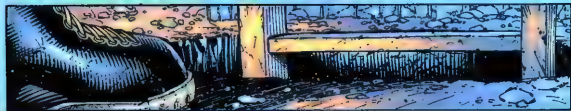
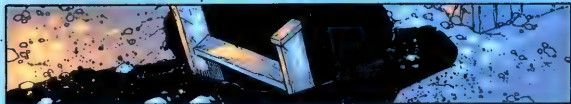
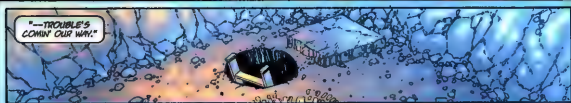


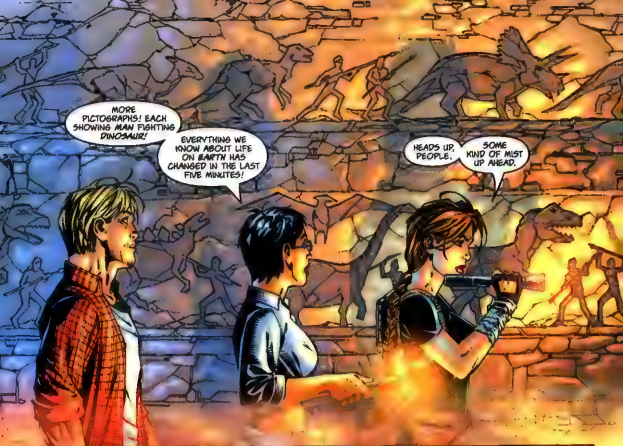
ME, I LIKE
THINKIN' ABOUT
THE COIN IT'LL
BRING ME!



WHAP!

WOULD
YOU STOP
HITTIN' ME?





MORE PICTOGRAPHS! EACH SHOWING MAN FIGHTING DINOSAUR!

EVERYTHING WE KNOW ABOUT LIFE ON EARTH HAS CHANGED IN THE LAST FIVE MINUTES!

HEADS UP, PEOPLE.

SOME KIND OF MIST UP AHEAD.



MIST?

RED, THIS STUFF IS THICKER THAN ANY LONDON FOG I EVER SAW!

I... I CAN'T SEE TWO FEET!

IT'S GETTING WORSE. HOLD HANDS SO WE DON'T GET SEPARATED!



LARA? IS THAT -- HEY! STOP IT! GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

CHASE? WHAT'S WRONG? CHASE?!



HELLP!

CHASE?!

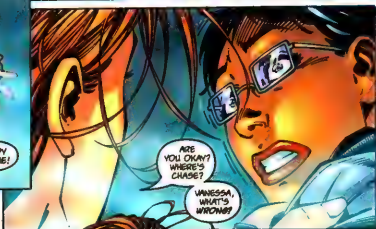


VANESSA!

SOMEBODY
TALK TO ME!



THANK
SOR



ARE
YOU OKAY?
WHERE'S
CHASE?

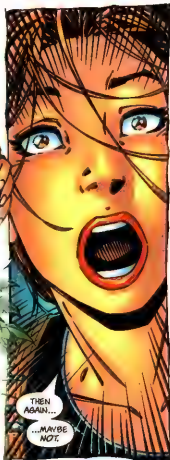
VANESSA,
WHAT'S
WRONG?

C.C. COLD—I

AT LEAST
THE FOG IS
LIFTING.



LET'S TAKE A LOOK
AROUND TO GET OUR
BEARINGS AND THEN WE'LL
SCROUNGE UP A BLANKET
FOR YOU.



THEN
AGAIN...

...MAYBE
NOT.



WOW.



I'VE
SEEN A
LOT.

WEIRD,
INEXPLICABLE
HAPPENINGS...

...DEMONS AND
MONSTERS...

...STUFF
THAT WOULD
SHOCK EVEN THE
MOST VIVID OF
IMAGINATIONS.

BUT...THIS?

CHASE. I HAVE TO
FIND HIM BEFORE--

HA-RUNNK!

WHAT'S
THAT?

**KRUNCH!
RUNCH!**

SOUNDS
LIKE...
SOMETHING
EATING
SOMETHING
BIG.

OH, MY--!

AHHRAHH!!



CONTINUED IN LARA CROFT
TOMB RAIDER®! MISS IT,
AND YOU WILL BE SORRY!

Tomb Raider

Issue #6

cover by Mike Rodden



script by

Dean Jung

script by

Adam Park

script by

William S. Bialik
and Billy Tan
and Victor Llamas

script by

Jonathan D. Smith

letters by Robin Spehar and Dennis Hetsler

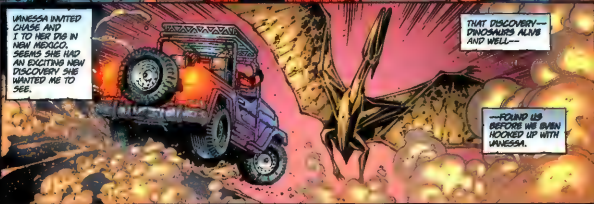
I'M LARA CROFT. IF IT'S
UNIQUE OR EXCITING, I
GO AFTER IT.

CHASE CARVER IS A TREASURE HUNTER. HE'S
ALSO A ROGUE WHO CHEATS AT POKER AND
LOVE. THOSE ARE HIS GOOD POINTS.

VANESSA FENWAY IS AN OLD
COLLEGE ROOMMATE WHO'S NOW
ONE OF THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED
ARCHEOLOGISTS IN THE WORLD.



VANESSA INVITED
CHASE AND
I TO HER DIG IN
NEW MEXICO.
SEEMS SHE HAD
AN EXCITING NEW
DISCOVERY SHE
WANTED ME TO
SEE.



THAT DISCOVERY—
DINOSAURS ALIVE
AND WELL—

—FOUND US
BEFORE WE EVEN
HOOKED UP WITH
VANESSA.

DIDN'T TAKE US LONG TO
FIND A TUNNEL THAT TOOK
US DEEP UNDERGROUND
INTO A MIST SO THICK—

—WE GOT
SEPARATED.



SEPARATION WASN'T
THE ONLY THING
THAT HAPPENED
TO US.



AT THE OTHER END OF
THE TUNNEL WE FOUND
MAJOR TROUBLE.

THE KIND THAT'S
LETHAL IF YOU
CAN'T HANDLE IT.

SPEND A COUPLE OF YEARS IN MY
LINE OF WORK AND YOU'LL FIND
YOURSELF THINKING ABOUT DEATH.

I'VE WONDERED HOW THE GUN
REAPER MIGHT TASTE ME. FACT IS,
A HUNDRED WILD SCHWARTZES HAVE
PROBABLY CROSSED MY MIND.

BUT, EVEN IF I INCREASED
THAT NUMBER TO A THOUSAND,
THERE'S NO WAY—

—THAT PLAYING DOG BAGGET
TO A T-REX WOULD EVER
HAVE OCCURRED TO ME...

**B-DAM!
B-DAM!**

B-DAMM!

GHRONNKK!



THESE HOLLOW POINT
BULLETS CAN TEAR A
PERSON APART.

BUT THE WAY THIS
CRITTER SHRUGS
THEM OFF—

K-CHOW!

K-CHOW!

—I MIGHT AS WELL BE
ATTACKING HIM WITH AN
ARMY OF TRAINED GNATS.

PAP

PAPT

IF ANYTHING, IT ONLY
MAKES HIM MADDER.





AND THAT'S HARDLY IN
MY BEST INTERESTS.

MAYBE THIS IS ONE
THREAT I DON'T BEAT.

MAYBE THIS IS ONE GRIZZLY
IT'S BETTER TO RUN FROM.



THE OPTION
GOES UP IN
SMOKE—

ONE CHANCE.

TWO BULLETS.

—WHEN GENTLE
BEN GETS A WHIFF
OF VANESSA.

AND NO TIME
TO RELOAD.



K-CHOW!



PAKT!

JUST LIKE I FIGURED, HIS EYES AREN'T NEARLY AS TOUGH AS HIS HIDE.

I HEARD THEIR BRAINS ARE SMALL—



K-CHOW!



SWAKT!



—BUT THERE MUST BE ONE IN THERE SOMEWHERE.



CRASHHKK!

WUMMP!

FINALLY!

VANESSA?

YOU
OKAY?

ARE YOU
KIDDING ME?

WE GET
ATTACKED BY A
DINOSAUR--

--AND YOU
ASK ME IF I'M
OKAYYYY?

I MEAN--
MY GOD,
LARA!

WHERE
ARE WE?



I DON'T KNOW.

BUT I DO KNOW A PLACE LIKE THIS CAN'T POSSIBLY EXIST.

AT LEAST, NOT ON THE EARTH WE KNOW.

YOU THINK--WE'RE ON A DIFFERENT PLANET?



MORE LIKE A DIFFERENT... EARTH.

OR ANOTHER DIMENSION.

ANOTHER PLANE OF EXISTENCE OR EVEN ANOTHER TIME!



AS THOUGH... WE TRAVELED INTO THE PAST?

UNNN--

--REAL!



WHEREVER, WHENEVER WE ARE, THE IMPORTANT THING IS FINDING CHASE--

--AND GOING HOME!

SO... ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND THE TUNNEL AND GO BACK!

COULD BE MORE COMPLICATED. LOOK.





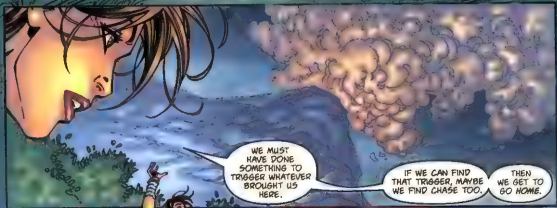
CHASE'S
SHIRT.

LOOKS
LIKE IT'S BEEN
BURNED

SO HE IS HERE.
SOMEWHERE. ONLY
QUESTION IS, HOW DO
WE FIND HIM?



WE COULD SET A
FIRE TO ATTRACT HIM
BUT I CAN'T SAY I'M
EXCITED ABOUT
ANNOUNCING OUR
PRESENCE.



WE MUST
HAVE DONE
SOMETHING TO
TRIGGER WHATEVER
BROUGHT US
HERE.

IF WE CAN FIND
THAT TRIGGER, MAYBE
WE FIND CHASE TOO.

THEN
WE GET TO
GO HOME.



NO!

THIS
IS WHERE
YOU DIE!



YOUR
MEAT WILL FEED
OUR YOUNG!

YOUR
BONES WILL
BECOME OUR
WEAPONS!

YOUR
FLESH WILL BE
DRIED FOR
CLOTHING!

SUCH IS
THE WAY OF
THINGS--



--UNTIL
THE GODDESS
COMES!

THAT JEWEL
AT THE END OF
HIS STAFF! I'VE
SEEN DRAWINGS
OF IT IN
ENGLAND!

IT'S
THE MERLIN
STONE!

AS IN...
CAMELOT'S
MERLIN?

EXACTLY.

ONE
OF THE MANY
TRINKETS MERLIN
UTILIZED IN HIS
MAGIC!

I NEVER
BELIEVED IT
EXISTED--

--AND I DON'T
KNOW WHAT IT'S
DOING HERE--

--BUT I'M
WILLING TO BE!
IT'S THE TRIGGER
WE'RE LOOKING
FOR!





I'M SURE
THERE'S A TIME AND
PLACE FOR AN
ARCHAEOLOGIST'S
TOLERANCE OF THESE
BEASTS--

--BUT
IT ISN'T
NOW!

NO ONE'S
TURNING MY
SHOULDER
BLADE INTO
AN AXE!



ONCE
WE'RE
HOME--

--I'M SURE
YOU'LL AGREE
WITH ME.



YOU
WILL GO
NOWHERE!

ARRRGH!

CHASE,
PLEASE.

SOME
FORCE IS
MAKING YOU
DO THIS.

FIGHT
IT!



NO!

YOU WHO
WOULD DARE
DEFEY THE
GODDESS
MUST DIE!

NOT
YET, MY
LOVE.

WHO--
ARE
YOU?!



SHE IS THE
GODDESS. SHE
IS THE ALL.

HER
EVERY WHIM
IS TO BE
REGARDED AS
LAW.

IT'S SO
NICE TO BE
APPRECIATED.

PUH-
LEASE!

MORGAN?

MORGAN
FARREL?!

YOU KNOW
THIS SAM
QUEEN?

KNOW
HER? SHE'S
ONE OF MY
STUDENTS! SHE
WORKS AT MY
DIS!

MORGAN
FARREL IS THE
SOBRIQUET I USE TO
PASS AS ONE OF YOU
INSIGNIFICANT
WORMS.

MY TRUE
NAME IS
MORGAN LE
FAY!



RIGHT,
AND I'M QUEEN
ELIZABETH.

FOR
CENTURIES I'VE
PURSUED MERLIN'S
WONDROUS JEWEL
AND THANKS TO
WYNESSA, I FINALLY
FOUND IT!

THE MERLIN
STONE WAS
THE ULTIMATE
PRODUCT OF
MERLIN'S
MAGIC!

ALL HE HAD TO
DO WAS ENVISION A
PARTICULAR TIME AND
THE STONE WOULD
VANISH--



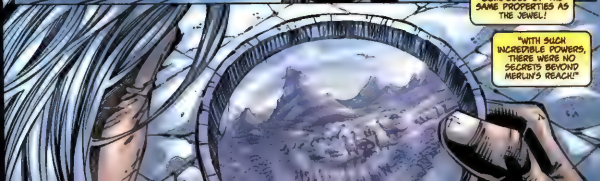
"--ONLY TO
APPEAR IN THAT
TIME!

"FOR MERLIN IT WAS
AN EXTENSION OF SIGHT...
A TOOL THAT WOULD REVEAL
THE MYSTERIES OF THE
PAST AND FUTURE--



"--THANKS TO A
RECEIVING LIQUID
COMPOSED OF THE
SAME PROPERTIES AS
THE JEWEL!

"WITH SUCH
INCREDIBLE POWERS,
THERE WERE NO
SECRETS BEYOND
MERLIN'S REACH!"



"WHEN I TRIED
TO TAKE HIS TOYS
FOR MYSELF HE
THWARTED ME..."

"--BY DESTROYING
THE COMPANION
LIQUID!"

"WITHOUT IT'S MATE,
THE JEWEL WAS
UNABLE TO RETURN,
LOST FOREVER TO
THE DUSTY REALM OF
HISTORY!"

"YOU'RE...
REALLY MORGAN
LE FAY? AS IN...
IMMORTAL?"

"DEATH IS A
FOE EASILY
CONQUERED."

"CARE
TO PROVE
THAT?"

"GO AHEAD,
MORTAL."





YOU'RE
A REAL PIECE
OF WORK
CHASE.

I MEAN, I
REALIZE YOU'RE
BEING CONTROLLED
BY MORSAN.

BUT TO
HEAR YOU KISS
UP TO HER LIKE
THAT--

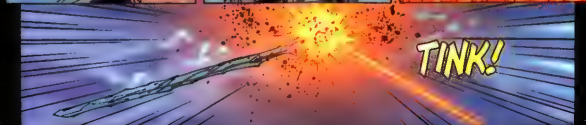
--AFTER ALL
THE CRUD I'VE
HAD TO PUT UP
WITH--

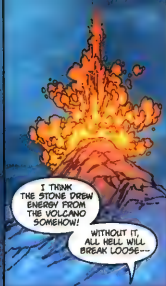
WUH!

--REALLY
TICKS ME
OFF!

VANESSA!
THE MERLIN
STONE!

CONSIDER
IT GOTTEN,
LARA!





I THINK
THE STONE DREW
ENERGY FROM
THE VOLCANO
SOMEHOW!

WITHOUT IT,
ALL HELL WILL
BREAK LOOSE---



--AND THIS
PORTAL...OPENED
BY THE MERLIN
STONE--WILL BE
LOST!



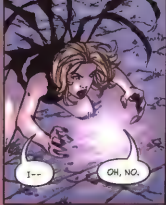
YOU'LL DIE
FOR THIS!

NEXT TIME,
HONEY.



THE STONE!
LARA, I CAN'T
BELIEVE YOU
DID THAT!

AND I
CAN'T BELIEVE
YOU'RE
COMPLAINING.



THE END



Tomb Raider Issue #1

cover by: Andy Park, Jonathan D. Smith and Jonathan D. Smith



story by
Dan Jurgens

art by
Andy Park

colors by
Jonathan D. Smith

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heisler

I'M LARA CROFT. IF IT'S UNIQUE
OR EXCITING, I GO AFTER IT.

SOME BELIEVE THERE'S NOTHING
IN ALL EXISTENCE I CAN'T FIND.

THEY'RE RIGHT.



DEAD CENTER



IN ALL MY LIFE,
I HAVE NEVER SEEN
SOMEONE HANDLE A
PIECE LIKE HER!

AMAZING
SHOT, ISN'T
SHE?

IF YOU ASK
ME, WASSERMAN,
EVERYTHING
ABOUT HER IS
AMAZING!

BIG
SHOOTING,
LARA, YOUR FAN
CLUB IS
BROODING



THANKS,
THAT ISN'T
SHOOTING.

**B-DAM!
B-DAM!
B-DAMMM!**

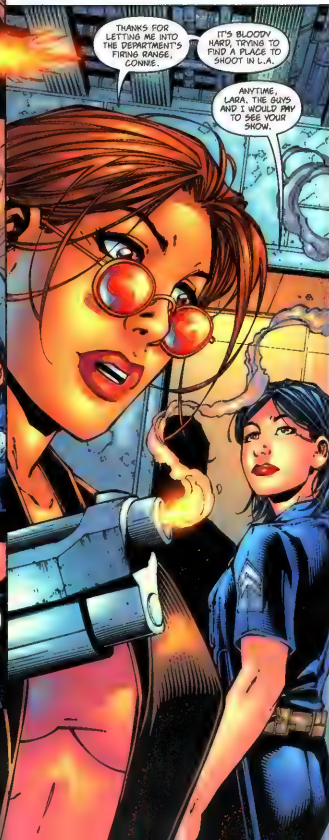
THIS IS
SHOOTING.



OH, MY LORD,
I WOULDN'T
WANT TO BE THE
MAN WHO DID HER
WRONG!

YOUR
FRIEND'S A
PROPER PIECE
OF WORK WHOLLL
DISTRACT A
PRICE FOR IT.

PUT HER IN
THE CHAIRS
AND SHE'S A
LOOK FOR THE
GOLD



THANKS FOR
LETTING ME INTO
THE DEPARTMENT'S
FIRING RANGE.
COMING.

IT'S BLOODY
HARD, TRYING TO
FIND A PLACE TO
SHOOT IN L.A.

ANYTIME,
LARA, THE GUY
AND I WOULD PAY
TO SEE YOUR
SHOW.



READY TO MOVE ON, CHASE?

IF THERE'S ONE THING I THOUGHT YOU KNEW ABOUT ME, RED--

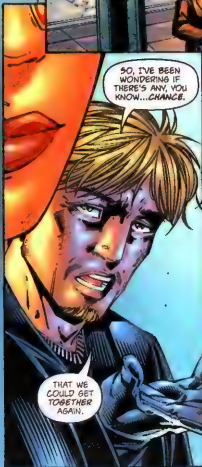
--IS THAT I'M ALWAYS READY.

Y'KNOW, I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK THAT WE'VE BEEN GETTIN' ALONG PRETTY WELL, LATELY.



I MEAN, WE'VE BEEN THROUGH A FEW JOBS--

--AND YOU HAVEN'T DUMPED ME, EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF GETTING THE GOODIES ON YOUR OWN!



SO, I'VE BEEN WONDERING IF THERE'S ANY, YOU KNOW...CHANCE.

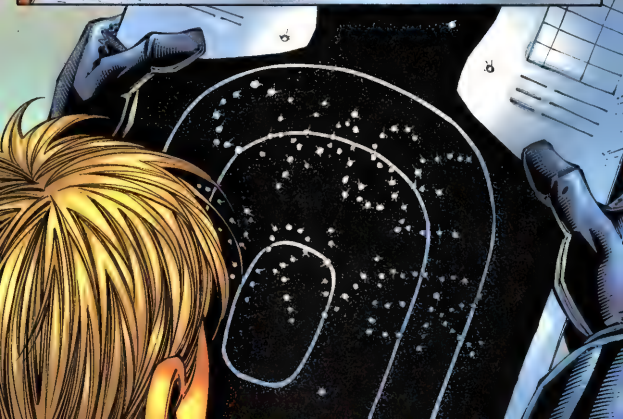
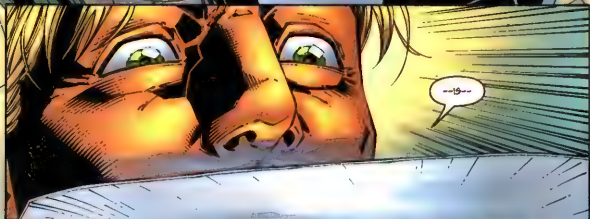
THAT WE COULD GET TOGETHER AGAIN.



AS A COUPLE.



CHASE, WOULD YOU BE A DEAR AND REEL IN MY TARGET FOR ME?

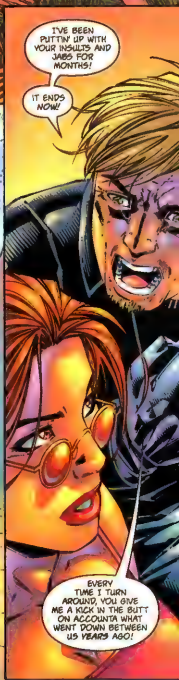




CROFT!

YOU WENT
TOO FAR THIS
TIME, GIRL!

WAY
TOO FAR!



I'VE BEEN
PUTTIN' UP WITH
YOUR INSULTS AND
JABS FOR MONTHS!

IT ENDS
NOW!

EVERY
TIME I TURN
AROUND, YOU GIVE
ME A KICK IN THE BUTT
ON ACCOUNTA WHAT
WENT DOWN BETWEEN
US YEARS AGO!



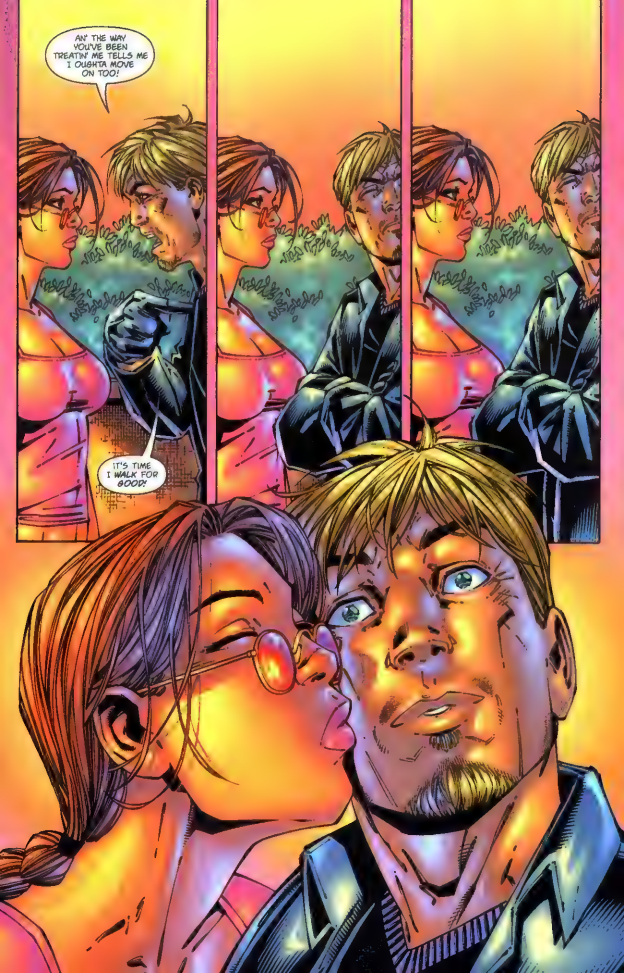
WELL
I'VE HAD IT!

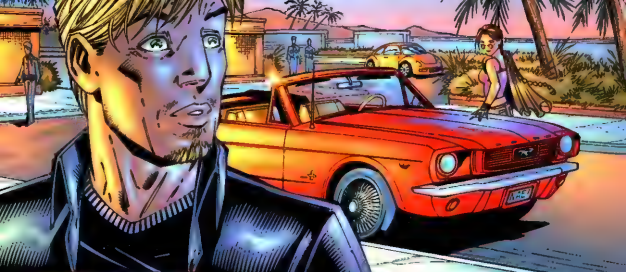
THE PAST
IS THE PAST,
GIRL!

TIME
MOVES
ON!

AN' THE WAY
YOU'VE BEEN
TREATIN' ME TELLS ME
I OUGHTA MOVE
ON TOO!

IT'S TIME
I WALK FOR
GOOD!





WOWWW

WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
CARVER?
AREN'T
YOU COMING?



I'M
STARVING!

HOW
ABOUT
DINNER?

MY
TREAT!

WOWWW...



THANKS
FOR THE EATS,
RED. BEST I'VE
HAD INNA LONG
TIME.

"EATS"?

MY ROBUSH
NATURE COMIN'
THROUGH, I GUESS.
FORGIVE ME.

CHASE,
I WANT YOU TO
UNDERSTAND
SOMETHING.

WHEN WE
FIRST MET, I
CONSIDERED YOUR
ROGUE WAYS TO BE
BOTH YOUR BEST
AND WORST
ASSETS.

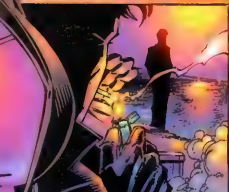
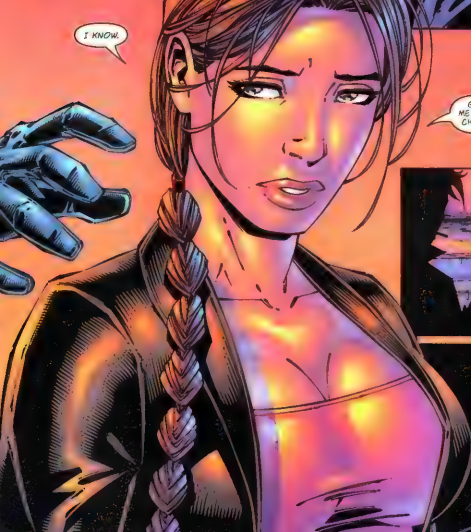
I WAS YOUNG,
AND YOU CHARMED
ME BEYOND
DESCRIPTION.

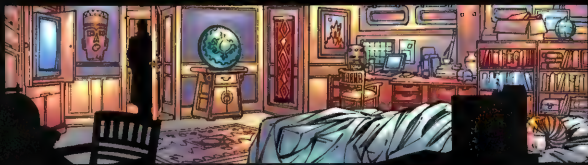
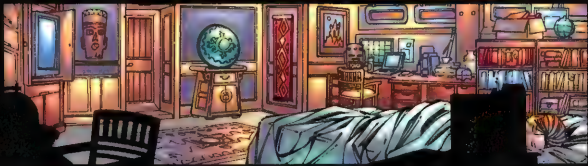
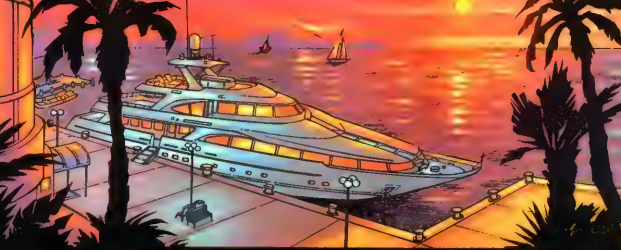
BUT YOU HURT ME.
YOU USED ME AND MY
MONEY UNTIL I WAS
SMART ENOUGH TO GIVE
YOU THE BOOT.

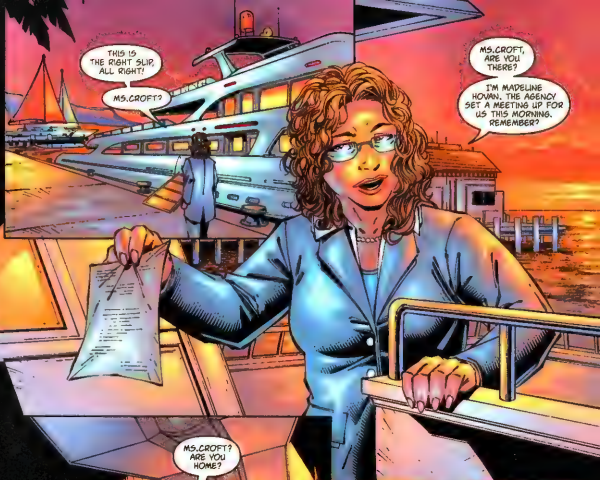
DO WE
HAFTA TALK
ABOUT
THIS?

CHASE,
WHAT I'M TRYING
TO SAY IS THAT YOU
COULDN'T HAVE HURT ME
IF YOU HADN'T DUG YOUR
WAY SO FAR INTO MY
HEART.

AND THOUGH
I CARE ABOUT
YOU NOW--







THIS IS
THE RIGHT SLIP.
ALL RIGHT!

MS. CROFT?

MS. CROFT,
ARE YOU
THERE?

I'M MADELINE
HOVAN. THE AGENCY
SET A MEETING UP FOR
US THIS MORNING.
REMEMBER?



MS. CROFT?
ARE YOU
HOME?

HELL-OOOOO!

I'M HERE TO
SPEAK TO YOU
ABOUT THE
POSITION YOU'RE
SEEKING TO
FILL!



THE
COMBINATION
COOK/SECRETARY/
ASSISTANT/AND
EVERYTHING ELSE
POSITION?

MS. CROFT?



MERCIFUL
HEAVENS!



TH-THAT
MAN!!!

HE'S
DEAD!

WHIA--?

WHO--?

WHO ARE YOU
AND WHAT THE
HELL IS GOING
ON HERE?



I SHOULD ASK YOU THAT QUESTION, THANK YOU, VERY MUCH!

WHAT DID YOU DO TO THAT POOR SOUL?

NOTHING.

I JUST WOKE UP.

YOU MUST BE HOVAN.



I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS MAN BEFORE.

WHO EVER DID HIM, DID SO QUIETLY--

--AND EFFICIENTLY.



WITHOUT WAKING YOU? INCREDIBLE!

THE WORK OF A PRO.

uh-oh

DON'T TELL ME THERE'S MORE TROUBLE.



THAT
SYMBOL.

ALL THIS
TIME I THOUGHT
THEY WERE A
MYTH.
A LEGEND.

BUT...
THEY'RE
REAL.

WHO?

WHAT
LEGEND?

WHAT
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?

HE'S A
MIDNIGHT
SQUIRE.

WHISPERS
AND RUMORS
SAY THEY'RE A
CONSORTIUM WHO
DO MORE TO RUN
THE WORLD THAN
ANY BODY OF
POLITICIANS.

THEY SAY
THEY WERE BORN
THE DAY THE
DECLARATION OF
INDEPENDENCE
WAS WRITTEN!



THAT'S IT!
I'M CALLING
9-1-1!

WHAT'S
THIS?

WAIT.

DON'T CALL
ANYONE.



IT'S A
MURDER!! WE
HAVE TO CALL
THE POLICE!

MS. HOVAN, IF
YOU'RE GOING TO WORK
FOR ME YOU'LL HAVE TO
DEAL WITH SOME...UNUSUAL
CIRCUMSTANCES.

A DEAD BODY
ON MY FIRST DAY
OF WORK IS A LOT
MORE THAN
UNUSUAL!

MS. HOVAN,
YOU COME WITH THE
HIGHEST RECOMMENDATION
FROM THE BEST EMPLOYMENT
AGENCY IN THE WORLD

OH, I'M NOT
BACKING OUT, MS. CROFT.
CONSIDERING THE
SITUATION THOUGH...

...MY PRICE
JUST WENT UP
FIFTY
PERCENT.

IF YOU
CAN'T HANDLE
THIS, TELL ME
NOW.

DONE.
ONTO THE NEXT
MYSTERY.

THIS.

I'VE NEVER
SEEN IT BEFORE.
WHAT IS IT AND
HOW DID IT GET
HERE?



CREEEK

DID YOU
HEAR---

QUIET.



GET DOWN
AND STAY
DOWN!



IF ANYONE
MOVES---

--DRILL 'EM!

JUST MAKE
SURE YOU DON'T HIT
THE EYE OF
SHANARETTIN!





BRATTA-BRATTA-BRAT!

THEY HEARD—
UHH!

GYAH!!!

THEN I'LL
HAVE TO BE
SURE TO STAY
STILL.

**K-CHOW!
K-CHOW!
K-CHOW!**

PULL BACK!
PULL—AHHH!





WE...WE'RE
DOOMED!

NOT YET.
KEEP MOVING.

WE'RE
IN LUCK.

HOP ON,
MADELINE. IT'S
EITHER THAT
OR FRY.

IT'S
INTACT AND
UNHARMED.

YOU'RE
THE BOSS!

AND
YOU LOOK
LIKE YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING!

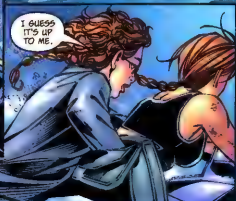
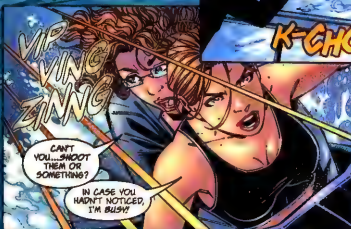
BELIEVE
IT OR NOT,
EXPERIENCES
LIKE
THIS AREN'T NEW
TO ME.



I'M
IMPRESSED,
MS. CROFT!

WHAT COULD
THEY POSSIBLY
DO TO STOP US
NOW?

LET'S MAKE
SURE WE GET OUR
BUTTS OUT OF THE FIRE
BEFORE WE MAKE
ASSUMPTIONS!





THE FUEL TANK SHOULD BE RIGHT...ABOUT...

...THERE.

BLAM!



I GREW UP HUNTING WITH MY FATHER IN NEBRASKA, MS.CROFT.

MS.HOVAN, I HAD NO IDEA.



YES?

THAT FIFTY PERCENT SALARY INCREASE YOU WANTED?

CONSIDER IT ONE HUNDRED PERCENT.

WHY, THANK YOU, MS.CROFT!

MIGHT AS WELL CALL ME LARA. IT SEEMS WE'LL BE WORKING TOGETHER FOR A LONG TIME--

--PROVIDED WE LIVE THAT LONG.

CONTINUED
NEXT ISSUE!



Tomb Raider Issue #6

cover by: Andy Park, Jonathan Seibel and Jonathan D. Smith



script by
Alan Jurgens

art by
Andy Park

color by
Jonathan Seibel

color by
Jonathan D. Smith

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heisler

MANHATTAN.

11:58:42 P.M.

RULE THE
WORLD, TURN
BY TURN ...

11:59:56 P.M.

-- ENTER THE
FIRE --

-- EMBRACE
THE BURN --

11:59:58 P.M.

-- A
MIDNIGHT
SQUIRRE!



THE COMMITTEE IS ASSEMBLED?

YES, SIR.

VERY WELL.

SHORT OF A DECLARATION OF WAR, WE ARE NOT TO BE DISTURBED

YES, SIR. MR. ROBINSON!

BE CLEAR AND CONCISE

WHY DID WE FAIL?

BECAUSE WE ENCOUNTERED SOMEONE WHOSE RESOURCEFULNESS IS ALMOST INDESCRIBABLE.

LARA CROFT




MORE
RESOURCEFUL
THAN THE MIDNIGHT
SQUIRES?

ARE YOU
DRUNK?




ABSOLUTELY
NOT.

SHE IS THE
DAUGHTER OF LORD
HENSINGLY CROFT.
SINCE HER FAMILY'S
DEATH SHE'S SPECIALIZED
IN THE ACQUISITION OF
PRIZED ARTIFACTS
WORLD WIDE.



GOVERNMENT
DATA BANKS ARE
FILLED WITH REFERENCES
TO HER VARIOUS
ACTIVITIES --

-- BUT
ALMOST
DEVOID OF
CONCRETE
FACTS.



NO
CENTRALIZED BASE
OF OPERATIONS. SHE
ENJOYS MULTINATIONAL
RESIDENCY PERMITS
AND SEEMS TO LIVE
LIFE ON THE RUN.



HOW DID SHE
GET THE EYE OF
SHARERETTIN?



PARTICULARLY
WHEN IT WAS IN
OUR GRASP?




HOW DID
SHE ESCAPE
US?



UNKNOWN.
OUR AGENTS ON
THE SCENE ARE
DEAD



I WILL NOT
ACCEPT THE NOTION
THAT A LONE WOMAN
CAN EVADE US!



SINCE THE MOMENT
THE DECLARATION OF
INDEPENDENCE WAS SIGNED,
THE MIDNIGHT SQUIRES HAVE
EXISTED AS A POWER --

-- A NATION
UNTO
OURSELVES!

WE HAVE
EXCALIBUR!

WE HAVE
THE CROSS
CHRIST WAS
CRUCIFIED
ON!

HITLER'S
BODY IS OURS, AS
IS THE REAL
MURDER WEAPON
OF JFK!

BUT WE
WOULD TRADE
ALL OF THAT FOR
THE EYE OF
SHAHRETTIN!



IT
OFFERS
POWER.

IMMORTALITY!

THE
ABILITY TO
SEE FUTURE
EVENTS!



SUMMON
THE BLITE
FIRE UNIT!

TELL
THEM I WANT
THE EYE IN MY
HANDS --

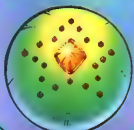


-- AND
LARA CROFT
DEAD!



I'M LARA CROFT. IF IT'S
UNIQUE OR EXCITING, I
GO AFTER IT.

MADÉLINE HOWN
WAS SUPPOSED
TO BE AN ASSISTANT
AND SECRETARY.
INSTEAD, SHE'S
BECOME SOMEONE
I HAVE TO KEEP
ALIVE.



THE EYE OF SPHARBERTIN
IS SOMETHING I'VE NEVER
EVEN HEARD OF, BUT SO
MANY PEOPLE WANT IT --

-- THAT ITS VALUE
IS OBVIOUSLY
INCALCULABLE.

A large central illustration of Lara Croft. She is holding a long spear with both hands, wearing a black tank top, a backpack, and fingerless gloves. She is standing in a jungle with palm trees in the background.

DEAD CENTER



MEXICO IS NOT AMONG MY FAVORITE VACATION SPOTS, MS. CROFT.

PARTICULARLY WHEN IT MEANS SLEEPING ON THE GROUND.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

YOU'LL KNOW WHEN WE GET THERE, MS. HOBAN.

AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH --

-- YOU STILL DON'T TRUST ME?

I'VE LEARNED THE HARD WAY THAT TRUST MUST BE EARNED OVER TIME, MADELINE.

RELAX

I DON'T DISTRUST YOU EITHER.

I SUPPOSE I CAN'T BLAME YOU, EVEN THOUGH I DID SAVE YOUR LIFE, WE ONLY MET YESTERDAY.

IN LESS THAN IDEAL CIRCUMSTANCES, I WOKE UP TO FIND YOU --

-- A DEAD MAN --

-- AND AN INCREDIBLY PRECIOUS ARTIFACT IN MY BEDROOM.

THE EYE OF... WHATEVER.



EYE OF SHAHERETTIN.

LEGEND HAS IT THAT IT ENABLES ITS OWNER TO LOOK INTO THE FUTURE.

IF THAT'S TRUE, I CAN SEE WHY THE MIDNIGHT SQUIRES WANT IT.



MIDNIGHT WHO?

SQUIRES. I REMEMBER MY FATHER WHISPERING THEIR NAME ONCE.



ONLY THE VERY RICH OR POWERFUL HAVE EVER HEARD OF THEM EVEN THOUGH THEY WIELD MORE POLITICAL POWER THAN ALL BUT A HANDFUL OF NATIONS.

THEY DATE BACK TO THE VERY BEGINNINGS OF AMERICA'S REVOLUTION.

SOME BELIEVE THEY'VE HAD A HAND IN EVERY SIGNIFICANT WORLD EVENT EVER SINCE.

WE'RE LEAVING?

YES, IT'S TIME.



TIME FOR
WHAT?

TO CATCH A
RIDE ON A PLANE
THAT SHOULD HAVE
ARRIVED A FEW
MINUTES AGO.

A PLANE?

HERE?
IN THE
JUNGLE?



WHEN YOU DO
WHAT I DO, YOU
STUMBLE ACROSS
ALL SORTS OF
THINGS.

SOME
LEGAL —

— SOME
NOT.



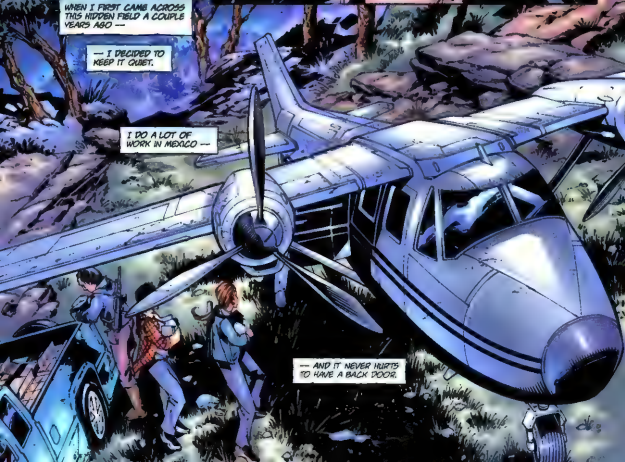
HUSH.

ON THOSE RARE OCCASIONS WHEN
I STUMBLE ACROSS DRUG RUNNERS
I USUALLY NOTIFY AUTHORITIES.

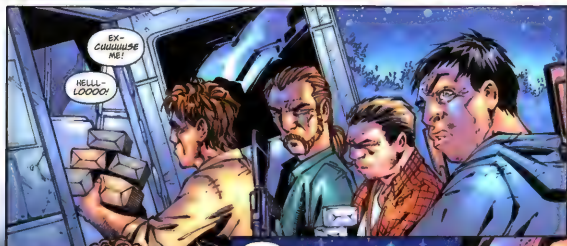
WHEN I FIRST CAME ACROSS
THIS HIDDEN FIELD A COUPLE
YEARS AGO —

— I DECIDED TO
KEEP IT QUIET.

I DO A LOT OF
WORK IN MEXICO —



— AND IT NEVER HURTS
TO HAVE A BACK DOOR.



DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



ME?

D.E.A.? DON'T BE RIDICULOUS!

KILL HER!

I'M LOOKING FOR AN EXCUSE.

ANY EXCUSE.

BE SMART.

DON'T GIVE ME ONE.

EASY, BOYS.



DO HER!

**BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA**



NOT A SINGLE RHODES SCHOLAR IN THE BUNCH.

I'M STUNNED.

MS. KOWAN'S APPEARANCE
GAVE HER THE OPPORTUNITY
TO MOVE IN BEHIND THEM.

WITHOUT HER I WOULDN'T
HAVE HAD A CHANCE.

THE CHANCE ISN'T
THE GREATEST —

— BUT IT'S
ENOUGH.

THE TWO SECONDS IT
TOOK TO SETTLE IT
SEEMS MORE LIKE
TWO HOURS.

BUT WHEN IT'S OVER,
WE HAVE A FIDE.

I WILL
NEVER DO
ANYTHING LIKE
THAT AGAIN!

HERE'S
HOPING YOU
WON'T HAVE
TO.

LET'S
GO.

— ENOUGH
— THE POLICE.

NOT THE
POLICE.

SOMEONE
BETTER.





MAY I SEE
THE --

OH!
WHAT'S
THIS?



WHY...IT'S
EXQUISITE!

SHE'S
BEAUTIFUL!



THAT'S
MY MOTHER.

SCULPTED
IN HER
YOUNGER DAYS...
BEFORE I WAS
EVEN BORN.

BEFORE...
SHE AND MY
FATHER DIED.



LARA, YOU'RE
SO YOUNG, SO
BEAUTIFUL...

WHAT KIND
OF LIFE IS
THIS?

WHY DON'T
YOU SETTLE
DOWN AND HAVE
A FAMILY OF
YOUR OWN?



I WAS
ENGAGED
ONCE.

THE PLANE
CRASH THAT
TOOK MY PARENTS
TOOK HIM AS
WELL...

I SURVIVED.
EVER SINCE, I
KNEW I HAD TO
GET MORE OUT
OF LIFE.



AND
THERE HASN'T
BEEN ANYONE...
NOT EVEN ONE
MAN SINCE?



NO.

NOT REALLY.

OUR PROFILER
JUST CONCLUDED
HIS ANALYSIS OF
LARA CROFT,
MR. ROETEK.

HE'S
DRAWN UP A
LIST OF HER
POSSIBLE NEXT
MOVES.

I ASSUME SHE'LL
APPROACH THE
AUTHORITIES.

NOT THE ONES
YOU MIGHT EXPECT.
THE PROFILER
CONSIDERS HER
SOMETHING OF A CREATIVE
ROGUE, THOUGH ONE WHO
GENERALLY OPERATES
WITHIN THE
CONSTRAINTS OF
THE LAW.

WHEN SHE
RECOVERS A
PRECIOUS ARTIFACT
SHE RARELY USES IT TO
ENHANCE HER PERSONAL
WEALTH AND MOST
OFTEN DONATES IT
TO A MUSEUM.

SHE ENJOYS
SOLID WORKING
RELATIONSHIPS WITH
NUMEROUS
INTERNATIONAL
AGENCIES.

THREE
OF THEM,
ALONG WITH THE
LIKELY CONTACT
PERSON, HAVE BEEN
IDENTIFIED.

NONE OF
THEM POLICE.
YOU'RE RIGHT,
SHE IS
CREATIVE.

DISPATCH AN
ELITE SQUAD TO
EACH LOCATION.

PAY SPECIAL
ATTENTION TO
WASHINGTON, BUT
INSTINCT TELLS
ME --

"... THAT'S
WHERE WE'LL
FIND HER."

COFFEE,
MR. RIVERS?

I'LL NEED IT,
JOAN. ANOTHER
DAY IN THE
BUREAUCRATIC SWAMP,
CHARTING SECURITY
SYSTEMS IS GOING TO
MAKE FOR A LONG,
GRINDING DAY.

AND
PROBABLY
A LONG
NIGHT, AS
WELL...

I THINK
YOU'LL FIND
THIS DAY A BIT
DIFFERENT,
MATE.

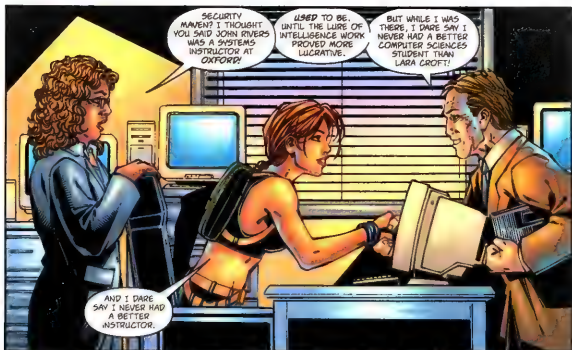
HOLY---!

LARA?

GOOD TO
SEE YOU AGAIN,
TEACH.

THOUGH I MUST
ADMIT THAT I'M
DISAPPOINTED.

BREAKING INTO
THE OFFICE OF A
SECURITY MAFIA LIKE
YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN
MUCH MORE
DIFFICULT.



SECURITY
MAVEN? I THOUGHT
YOU SAID JOHN RIVERS
WAS A SYSTEMS
INSTRUCTOR AT
OXFORD!

USED TO BE.
UNTIL THE LURE OF
INTELLIGENCE WORK
PROVED MORE
LUCRATIVE.

BUT WHILE I WAS
THERE, I DARE SAY I
NEVER HAD A BETTER
COMPUTER SCIENCES
STUDENT THAN
LARA CROFT!

AND I DARE
SAY I NEVER HAD
A BETTER
INSTRUCTOR.



YOU AMAZE
ME, LARA. EVERY
TIME I OPEN A
NEWSPAPER I
EXPECT TO SEE
YOUR NAME.

HOW ARE
YOU?



I'VE BEEN
BETTER, RIGHT
NOW I'M MIXED UP
IN SOMETHING I
CAN'T QUITE GET
A HANDLE ON.

I NEED
INFORMATION,
JOHN. THE TYPE OF
INFORMATION
PROTECTED BY
SECURITY SCREENS
ONLY A HANDFUL OF
PEOPLE COULD
PENETRATE.

INTRIGUING.
WHO'S THE
TARGET?



EVER
HEARD OF
THE MIDNIGHT
SQUIRES?



YOU
CAN'T BE
SERIOUS.

PLEASE
SERIOUS.

NOT A WORD
TO BE TOSSED
AROUND CASUALLY
WHEN DEALING
WITH THE
SQUIRES.

BESIDES...
I THOUGHT
THEY WERE
MORE FICTION
THAN FACT.

ME TOO.
SEE WHAT YOU
CAN FIND OUT.
I HAVE TO
KNOW.

LEGEND
SAYS IT CAN --

-- CAN --

--CAHHH!



THIS COULD
TAKE A WHILE.
HOW DID YOU COME
TO GET TANGLED UP
WITH THEM?

I HAVE
SOMETHING
THEY WANT.



THIS

THE EYE OF
SHAMERETTIN.



I COULD SEE THEM! THE EYE SHOWED ME WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN!

THEY'RE GOING TO COME BURSTING IN ANY SECOND!





THEY'RE
RIGHT
OUTSIDE.



IF IT'S THE
ELEMENT OF
SURPRISE THEY
WANT ---

--- THAT'S
JUST WHAT
THEY'LL GET.

FIRE!

WATCH
YOUR AIM!
THE EYE OF
SHARRETTIN IS
NOT TO BE
DAMAGED!

**CHAKKA
CHAKT!**

IT'D WORRY
MORE ABOUT
PERSONAL
DAMAGE IF I
WAS YOU.

**B-DAM!
B-DAM!**

**FUP
FUP FUP**

ARRGH!



WHERE'S
YOUR CAR?

THAT
WAY!



BUT I DON'T
THINK IT WILL
MATTER!

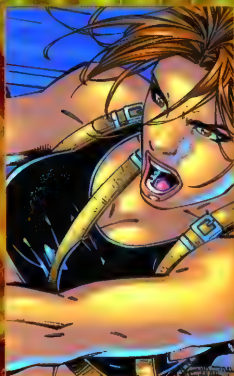
MERCIFUL
HEAVENS!



ON
THE COUNT
OF THREE ---
FIRE!

AND SHOOT
--- TO KILL!

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!



Tomb Raider Issue #9

cover by: Andy Park, Jonathan Sibal and Jonathan D. Smith




story by
Dan Jurgens

script by
Andy Park


art by
Jonathan Sibal

color by
Jonathan D. Smith


lettering by Robin Sperry and Dennis Henner



I'M LARA CROFT. IF IT'S UNIQUE OR EXCITING, I GO AFTER IT.



MADELINE HOVNAN WAS SUPPOSED TO BE AN ASSISTANT AND SECRETARY. LIVING IN CONSTANT JEOPARDY HAS SINCE BEEN ADDED TO HER JOB DESCRIPTION.




JOHN RIVERS WAS MY COLLEGE COMPUTER INSTRUCTOR AND IS THE MOST RESPECTED SYSTEMS ANALYST IN THE ENTIRE INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITY.



THIS ALL STARTED WHEN I Woke UP IN MY YACHT'S BEDROOM TO FIND A DEAD MAN AND THE EYE OF SHANARETTIN.

I WANTED ANSWERS TO THE MYSTERY BUT BEFORE I COULD GET THEM --



-- AGENTS OF THE MIDNIGHT SQUIGLES TRIED TO KILL MADELINE AND I.



WE GOT OUT BUT WE'VE BEEN ON THE RUN EVER SINCE.

EVERY TIME WE THINK WE'VE TURNED THE CORNER AND LANDED ON OUR FEET --



— WE FIND OUT
OTHERWISE.

YOU HAVE
TWO CHOICES:
ONE: SURRENDER
YOUR WEAPONS
AND COME
QUIETLY.

TWO: TAKE
ANY COURSE
AND WE SHOOT
UNTIL OUR CLIPS
ARE EMPTY.

LARA! I
DON'T THINK
THEY'RE
BLUFFING!

THAT MAKES
TWO OF US,
MADAME.



EASY,
YOU WIN.
"SAFETY"
YOUR
WEAPONS.

YOU DON'T
GIVE THE
ORDERS HERE,
HON. WE DO.

WATCH THE
HANDS, CREEP.
I'M OFF
LIMITS.

GIRL, I
CONSIDER YOU
OFF LINE.
AFTER ALL --



-- YOU'VE GOT
ABOUT AN HOUR
LEFT, TOPS.



INTO THE BACK
OF THE TRUCK,
PEOPLE.

WE'RE
GOING FOR
A RIDE.



CHECK
HER BAG, WE
DONT WANT
HER PULLING A
WEAPON ON
US.

THIS IS
OUTRAGEOUS! YOU
HAVE NO AUTHORITY
TO DO THIS!

THESE GUNS
ARE ALL THE
AUTHORIZATION
WE NEED.



LET'S HAVE
IT, SWEET
CHEEKS!

NOT A
CHANCE.

'EYVY!

YOU'RE THE
ONE TAKIN'
THE CHANCE,
GIRLY! MAKE ME
TOO MAD --



-- AND
YOUR DEATH
WILL BE AS SLOW
AND PAINFUL AS I
CAN POSSIBLY
MAKE IT!



'EYVY, PALLY!
HOW 'BOUT A
FIVER FER OLD
PADDY?

WHAT
THE--?

THIS AREA IS
SUPPOSED TO
BE SECURE!

IT IS! I MAKES
SURE TA KEEP ALL
THE BUMS OUTTA
HERE, Y'KNOW WHAT
I'M SAYIN'?



THAT
VOICE--!



FIVE CAPS BUSTED
IN YOUR BUTT IS WHAT
YOU'RE GOING TO GET FOR
INTERFERING IN SQUIRE
BUSINESS!

WHY?
AN, SH--



C'MON,
MAN!

FINE DRESSED
GENTLEMAN LIKE
YERSELF, WHY, YOU
GOTTA HAVE A FIVER
YOU CAN SPARE
FOR PADDY!

AT LEAST
A SINGLE OR
TWO?



THAT'S
IT! YOU'RE
DEAD!



YOU'RE
RIGHT, ONE
OF US IS.



BUT IT
ISN'T ME.

WHAT'RE
YOU--!

SIMPLE. I
TAKE YOUR
WEAPON--



-- TURN IT --



-- AND LET
YOU PLAY WITH
THE FUN END!

AMAZING.
YOU TURN UP
AT THE MOST
UNEXPECTED
OF TIMES.

MY SENSE OF
TIMING IS ONE OF MY
BEST TRAITS, RED.

WOMEN THE
WORLD OVER WILL
VERIFY THAT.

EACH OF THEM
LIVING TO PROTECT
YOUR FALSE SENSE
OF MACHISMO,
I'M SURE.

HOW DID
YOU KNOW I
WAS HERE?

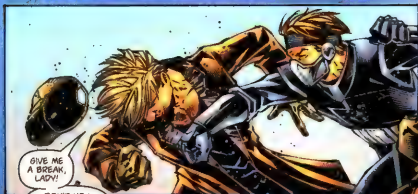
BEEN ON
YOUR TAIL FOR
QUITE AWHILE. EVER
SINCE THAT BOON
FOLLOWED YOU TO
YOUR BOMB.

YOU
KILLED
HIM?

WHY DIDN'T
YOU REVEAL
YOURSELF?

YOU'RE
ACQUAINTED
WITH THIS
DRUNKEN
REPROBATE?





GIVE ME
A BREAK,
LADY!

DON'T YOU
KNOW A DISGUISE
WHEN YOU SEE
ONE?

THE NAME'S
CHASE CARVER!
GENTLEMAN---

-- SCHOLAR --

-- ADMIRER
OF THE FEMININE
FORM --

-- AND
SUPER-HERO IN
TRAINING!



"COURGE --

-- MORON --


-- PERVERT --

-- AND
CLUMSY
FOOL IS
MORE LIKE
IT!





GET YOUR
UNGRATEFUL BUTTS
INTO THAT TRUCK
BEFORE I DECIDE TO
LEAVE YOU HERE!



MR. CARVER HAS
A POINT. I SUGGEST
WE EXHIBIT ALL
PROPER APPRECIATION
AND FOLLOW HIS
ORDERS!

YOU, RIVERS,
ARE OBVIOUSLY A
MAN OF GREAT
INTELLIGENCE!



WHO SAYS
YOU GET TO
DRIVE?

PAGE 72,
PARAGRAPH THREE
OF "101 FANTASTIC
RESCUES", RED!

AND
I QUOTE:

"WHEN IN THE
MIDDLE OF A DANGEROUS
SITUATION, THE RESCUER
SHALL ALWAYS PILOT
THE GETAWAY
VEHICLE --


-- WHILE THE
RESCUEE SITS IN THE
PASSENGER SEAT, BATTLING
HER EYES WITH GREAT
ADORATION."

CHASE?

YES,
MY LOVE?

BITE
ME.

NOW
YOU'RE
TALKING!



I TRUST YOU'VE
COME TO NOTIFY ME
THE ELITE SUCCEEDED IN
ABDUCTING LARA CROFT
AND WILL ARRIVE WITH
HER AND THE
EYE SOON.

I... I'M AFRAID NOT,
MR. ROOTEK.

ARE YOU TELLING
ME THAT FIFTY OF OUR
BEST TRAINED TROOPERS
WERE OUTWITTED BY TWO
WOMEN AND A FLABBY
TECHNO-GEEK?

IT SEEMS THEY
WERE INTERRUPTED BY
A PASSERBY, SIR! A
WANDERING BUM BECAME
INVOLVED AND HELPED
THEM ESCAPE!

UTILIZE EVERY
RESOURCE WE HAVE
TO DETERMINE THE
MAN'S IDENTITY.

DON'T BE IGNORANT.
A SIMPLE BUM WOULDN'T
LAST TWO SECONDS
AGAINST THE ELITE.

IT WAS ONE
OF CROFT'S
FRIENDS, THAT'S THE
ONLY POSSIBLE
EXPLANATION.

ONCE
IDENTIFIED --

-- THEIR
NEXT MOVE
SHOULD BE
QUITE
APPARENT.



WHEREVER THE SQUIRES
HANG OUT, THEY MUST
BE STEWING.

GUYS LIKE THAT AREN'T
ACCUSTOMED TO LOSING.

NOR AM I.

MADELINE AND I HAVE BEEN
MOVING SO HARD AND FAST
THAT WE NEED TIME TO UNWIND.

AS SOON AS
WE'RE READY TO
GO, IT'S ON TO —

**KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK**

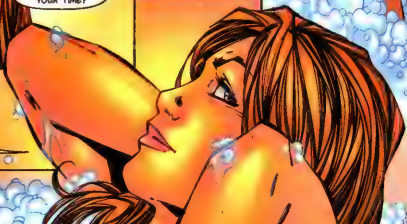


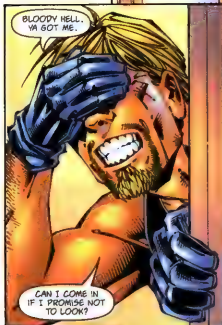
WHO IS IT?



IT'S MRS. HOVAN,
LARA. MIGHT I HAVE
A MOMENT OF
YOUR TIME?

WHY, MRS. HOVAN!
IF I DIDN'T KNOW
BETTER I COULD SWEAR
YOUR VOICE HAS DROPPED
TWO OCTAVES IN THE
PAST HOUR!





BLOODY HELL...
YA GOT ME.

CAN I COME IN
IF I PROMISE NOT
TO LOOK?



AS LONG AS
YOU'RE NOT TO
INDULGE YOUR
ADOLESCENT
FANTASIES,
YES.

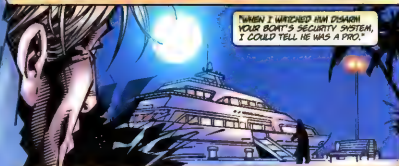
LOOK, RED, IF
YOU'RE UP AGAINST THE
SQUIRES YOU GOTTA
KNOW THAT THEY WON'T
BACK DOWN 'TIL THEY
GET THE EYE.

I CAN'T QUIT,
CHASE. I NEVER
QUIT. AND WHAT DO
YOU KNOW ABOUT
ALL THIS
ANYWAY?

REMEMBER
WHEN WE PARTED ON
THE BEACH? I WAS
HEADING HOME WHEN I
SPOTTED SOME CREEP
MAKING LIKE YOUR
SHADOW.



"HE HAD TROUBLES
WRITTEN ALL OVER
HIM SO I FOLLOWED.



"WHEN I WATCHED HIM DISARM
YOUR BOAT'S SECURITY SYSTEM,
I COULD TELL HE WAS A PRO."



BUT...WHY
WOULD HE COME
AFTER ME?
I DIDN'T HAVE
THE EYE!

EXACTLY,
BUT HE DID.

HE WAS A
SQUIRE, ALL
RIGHT -- A MEMBER
OF THE TEAM WHO
FIRST RECOVERED
THE EYE.

BUT HE DIDN'T
WANT THEM TO
HAVE IT!

"NEAR AS I CAN
TELL HE DECIDED
TO RABBIT AND
TOOK OFF.

"UNFORTUNATELY, HE WAS
WOUNDED IN THE ESCAPE.

"ONLY ONE MAN
EVER LEFT THE
SQUIRES AND LIVED.

"THIS POOR BASTARD WASN'T
GOING TO MAKE IT TWO. I
THINK HE WANTED YOU TO GIVE
IT TO SOMEONE WHO COULD
KEEP THE EYE SAFE --

"--BUT HE KICKED
BEFORE HE COULD
GIVE YOU THE 'YI!."

IF THERE'S
SOMEONE WHO CAN
STAND UP TO THE
SQUIRES WE HAVE TO
FIND HIM.

CARE TO TURN
AROUND?

AHH!
I NEVER GET
TO HAVE ANY
FUN!



AS I RECALL,
YOU HAD A CHANCE
FOR YEARS WORTH OF
FUN BUT YOU BLOW IT,
MR. CARVER.

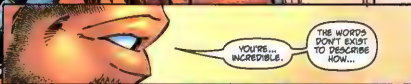
AW, RED, YOU'RE
A REAL PISTOL.
I...I...



...M-VI!



WHAT
DID YOU
SAY?



YOU'RE...
INCREDIBLE.

THE WORDS
DON'T EXIST
TO DESCRIBE
HOW...



CHASE
CARVER --

-- YOU
HAVEN'T
CHANGED
A BIT!



TRUE.

ANY ONE OF
THESE DAYS,
YOU'LL REALIZE
YOU LOVE IT.

THIS PERSON
WHO LEFT THE
SQUIRES. WHAT DO
YOU KNOW ABOUT
HIM?



NOT MUCH.
HIS NAME IS
QUILL. LAST I
HEARD, HE'S DEEP
IN THE BAYOU.

DOESNT
SOUND TOO
APPETIZING.



LEMME
PUT IT THIS
WAY.

I HOPE YOU
ENJOYED YOUR
BATH, RED.



'CUZ IT'S THE
LAST ONE YOU'RE
GONNA SEE FER
ANNILE.



CHASE IS A KIDDER
BUT THIS TIME HE
WASN'T JOKING.

THERE ARE SOME PARTS OF
LOUISIANA WHERE THE AIR IS
SO THICK IT'S LIKE TRYING
TO BREATHE SYRUP.

AS BAD AS
THAT IS,
DOUBLE IT --

-- AND THIS SWAMP
IS STILL WORSE.

FOR ONCE,
YOU WEREN'T
INDULGING IN HYPER,
CHASE.

THIS IS
MISERABLE.

WHAT BOTHERS
YOU MOST? THE HEAT?
THE HUMIDITY?

NEITHER!
MOSQUITOES THE
SIZE OF RATS!

WHY WOULD
ANYONE SUBJECT
THEMSELVES TO
INTOLERABLE
CONDITIONS SUCH AS
THIS GODFORSAKEN
LAND?

EASY, RIVERS.
IF YA DON'T
WANNA BE FOUND,
WHAT COULD BE
BETTER?





SEE THE BANK ON THE OTHER SIDE?

THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING?

YEP, AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET THERE.

SURELY, YOU'RE NOT SUGGESTING--!

I AM, AND A GUY NAMED RIVERS SHOULDN'T MIND GETTING WET EVERY NOW AND THEN!



KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED AND MOVE FAST.

QUILL DOESN'T LIKE COMPANY.

HE HAS WATCHDOGS?



WORSE.



THOSE CROCS... BELONG TO HUM?



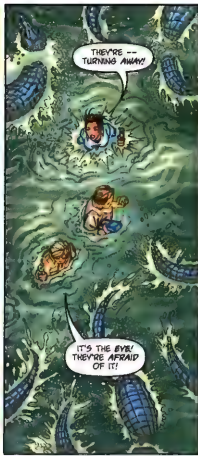




RIVERS! GET THE
EYE OUTTA THAT BAG
BEFORE THAT BEAST
SWALLOWS IT!

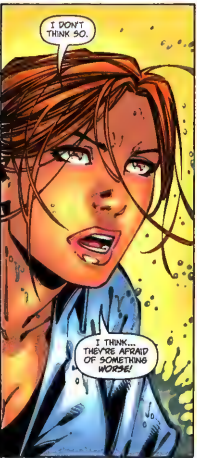


GOT IT!



THEY'RE --
TURNING AWAY!

IT'S THE EYE!
THEY'RE AFRAID
OF IT!



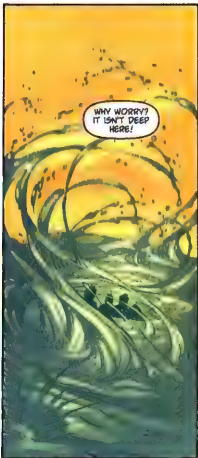
I DON'T
THINK SO.

I THINK...
THEY'RE AFRAID
OF SOMETHING
WORSE!



WHIRLPOOL!

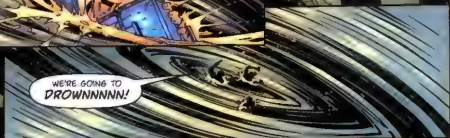
SWIM!



WHY WORRY?
IT ISN'T DEEP
HERE!



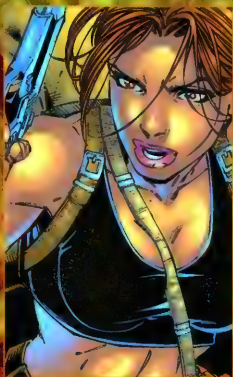
YES IT IS! THE
EYE SHOWED ME
THE FUTURE!



WE'RE GOING TO
DROWNNNNN!



CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE!



Tomb Raider Issue #10

cover by: Andy Park, Jonathan Sibal and Jonathan D. Smith



scripted by

Don Junge

scripted by

Andy Park

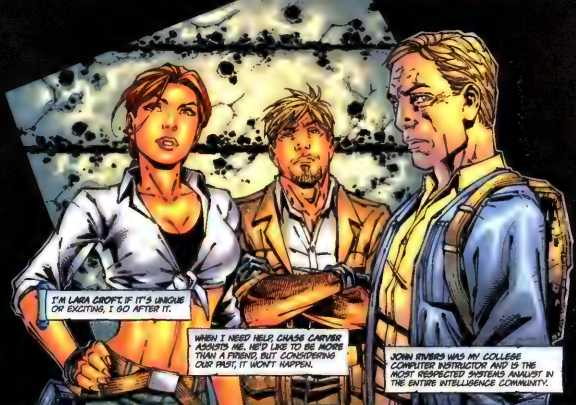
scripted by

Jonathan Sibal

scripted by

John Starr
Jonathan D. Smith

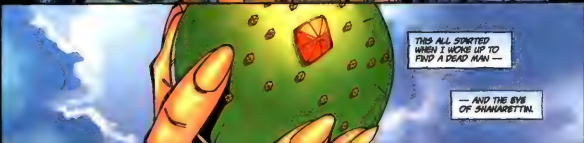
scripted by Robin Spehar and Dennis Heitsler



I'M LARA CROFT. IF IT'S UNIQUE OR EXCITING, I GO AFTER IT.

WHEN I NEED HELP, CHASE CARVER ASSISTS ME. HE'D LIKE TO BE MORE THAN A FRIEND, BUT CONSIDERING OUR PAST, IT WON'T HAPPEN.

JOHN RIVERS WAS MY COLLEGE COMPUTER INSTRUCTOR AND IS THE MOST RESPECTED SYSTEMS ANALYST IN THE ENTIRE INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITY.



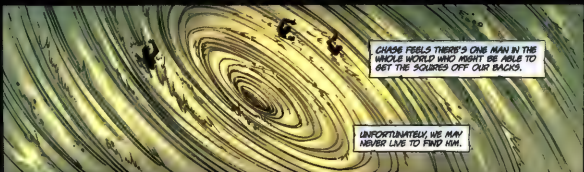
THIS ALL STARTED WHEN I WOKE UP TO FIND A DEAD MAN —

— AND THE EYE OF SHANARETTA.

THE MIDNIGHT SQUIRRES, A GROUP WHO OPERATES IN THE SHADOWS —



— WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO RECOVER THE EYE, BELIEVING IT WILL ALLOW THEM TO SEE INTO THE FUTURE.



CHASE FEELS THERE'S ONE MAN IN THE WHOLE WORLD WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET THE SQUIRES OFF OUR BACKS.

UNFORTUNATELY, WE MAY NEVER LIVE TO FIND HIM.



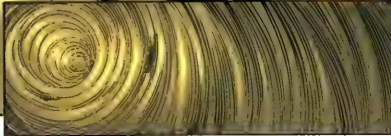
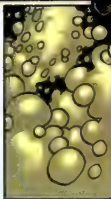
TWO MINUTES AGO
WE WERE WADING
THROUGH A SHALLOW
LOUSHAW SWAMP.

— ONLY TO BE
REPLACED BY THIS
MOTHER OF ALL
WHIRLS.

WE DON'T
SEEM A
CHANCE.

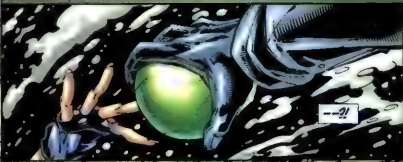
I HAVE NO IDEA HOW
IT'S POSSIBLE, BUT
THE MUDDY BOTTOM
SUDDENLY GAVE WAY.

DEAD CENTER

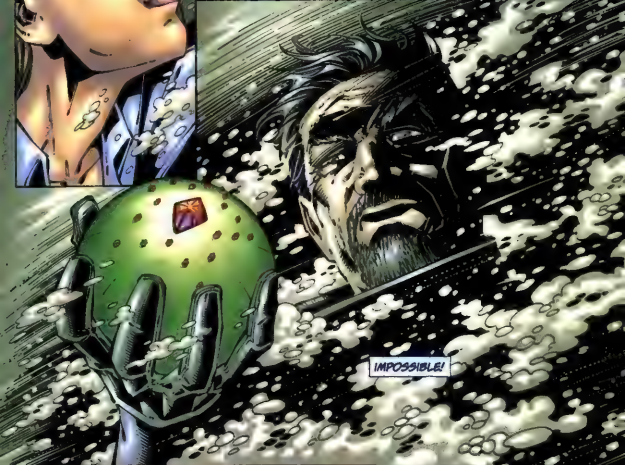




CAN'T ---
HOLD OUT
ANY ---



--?!



IMPOSSIBLE!



M---



POOOOOO...

MANHATTAN.

I TRUST
INTELLIGENCE
BRANCH HAS FINALLY
COMPLETED THEIR
TASK OF PREDICTING
CROFT'S NEXT
MOVE?

YES,
MR. ROETEK.

WE IDENTIFIED
THE "WIND" WHO
INTERVENED ON HER
BEHALF AS CHASE
CARVER, A LONGTIME
TREASURE HUNTER AND
ASSOCIATE OF
CROFT'S.

HE'S SOMETHING
OF A WANDERER. A
FORMER NAVY SEAL WHO
USED THAT TRAINING AS
A SPRINGBOARD INTO
CURRENT ENDEAVORS.

CARVER'S
SUCCESSSES HAVE
BEEN FEW AND
MINIMAL.

INTELLIGENCE
HAS A THEORY TO
WHERE THEY'VE
GONE.

SPECIFY.

THEY THINK...
WELL, THEY THINK
THEY'VE GONE TO
QUILL.


GO ON.

QUILL?!
HE'S BEEN
DEAD FOR
THREE
YEARS!



SO WE BELIEVED, BUT OUR RESEARCH REVEALED THEY ENCOUNTERED EACH OTHER FIVE YEARS AGO IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THAT MEANS NOTHING!



THAT WASN'T THE ONLY TIME. THIS PHOTO OF GULL AND CARVER WAS TAKEN IN BRAZIL, TWO DAYS BEFORE GULL'S DEATH.

MIGHT I REMIND YOU THAT I RECOVERED GULL'S BODY MYSELF?



SO BADLY BURNED THAT HIS DENTAL RECORDS WEREN'T TOTALLY CONCLUSIVE.

IT SEEMS INCOMPREHENSIBLE AND YET--!



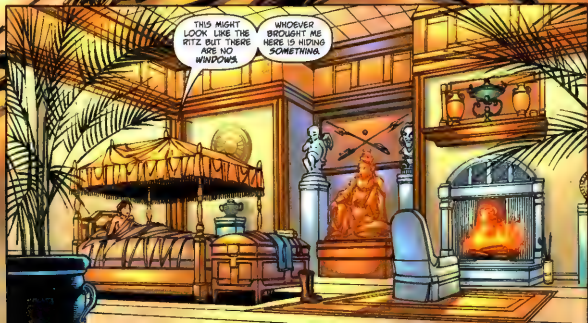
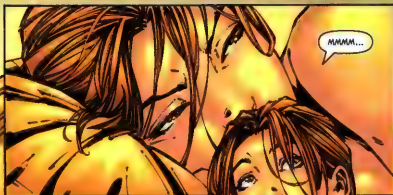
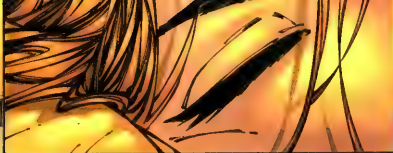
WE USED OUR SATELLITES TO TRACK CROFT AND HER FRIENDS TO LOUISIANA.

GULL ALIVE?

GATHER EVERY ELITE SQUADRON TEAM WE HAVE AND SEND THEM TO LOUISIANA.



I WILL HAVE THE EYE BY THE END OF THE DAY!





THAT FACE
I SAW IN
THE WATER.



WAS HE
REALLY
THERE?



IS HE THE ONE WHO
PULLED ME OUT OF
THE WHIRLPOOL?

THERE'S NO OTHER
EXPLANATION.



ALL MY
STUFF IS
HERE.

EVERYTHING,
THAT IS...

...EXCEPT
THE GUN.

EVEN MY GUN IS HERE.
STILL LOADED TOO.

I'LL GIVE HIM
ONE THING.

HE'S CONFIDENT.



THAT MAKES
TWO OF US.

MIGHT AS WELL
SCOUT THE PLACE
TO SEE IF -- ON.

HALF FORTRESS,
HALF PLAYBOY MANSION.

CHASE'S WET DREAM.



WHERE'S
THE BOSS AND
WHERE CAN I
FIND HIM?

YOU'RE
AWAKE.
GOOD.



IF YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR
QUILL, YOU'LL FIND
HIM ON SUBLEVEL
THREE.

THERE'S
MORE
BELOW?



OF
COURSE.

IF THE GENESIS
COMPLEX IS TO
SUCCESSFULLY RELAUNCH
HUMANITY WE NEED TO
HOUSE A GREAT NUMBER
OF PEOPLE.




ALL THE
COMFORTS
OF LIFE ABOVE
GROUND -- EXCEPT
THE SUN.

I WONDER WHO
-- OR WHAT --
THEY'RE HIDING
FROM?



THE PLACE IS VAST.



LIKE SOMETHING AN ANCIENT
RULER MIGHT BUILD IN
TESTIMONY TO HIS GREATNESS.

JUDGING BY THE DECOR
WE HAVE SIMILAR TASTES.



ARE YOU THE
BOSS AROUND
HERE?

AN AMAZING
THING, THIS EYE OF
SHAHRETTIN.

DO YOU REALIZE
I NOW KNOW WHO THE
NEXT SIX PRESIDENTS
WILL BE?

THAT I KNOW THE
EXACT SECOND A
THERMONUCLEAR
EXCHANGE WILL IGNITE
THE MIDEAST?

THE PRECISE
MOMENT TERRORISTS
WILL UNLEASH A
BIOCHEMICAL ATTACK THAT
WILL DECIMATE ONE
TENTH OF AMERICA'S
POPULATION?



THAT'S
MINE.



RIDICULOUS.
THE ONLY
POSSESSION ONE
TRULY MIGHT CALL
ONE'S OWN --

-- IS
ONE'S
MIND



I AM SAMUEL QUILL,
MS. CROFT.

PLEASE
ACCEPT MY
APOLOGIES FOR
BRINGING YOU HERE
IN SUCH AN
UNORTHODOX
MANNER.

IN TRUTH,
I HAVE BEEN A
GREAT ADMIRER
OF YOUR WORK
FOR SOME
TIME NOW.



I'LL HAVE
THE PRESIDENT
OF MY FAN CLUB
SEND YOU A
MEMBERSHIP
KIT.

WHY DIDN'T
THE EVE TELL
ME ANY OF THE
THINGS IT TOLD
YOU?

YOU HAVE YET
TO MASTER 'T,
MY LADY.

CHASE SAYS YOU
WERE A MEMBER OF
THE MIDNIGHT SQUIRES.
THAT YOU CAN STAND
UP TO THEM.



A SAFE
ASSUMPTION.

IN PART
BECAUSE THEY
CONSIDER ME...
EXPIRED.



LOOK -- I
REALIZE HOW
LETHAL THAT EVE
MIGHT BE IN THE
WRONG HANDS.

BUT SEEING
THIS TESTAMENT TO
YOUR EGO --

-- I'M NOT
SURE YOU'RE
ANY BETTER
THAN THEM!



YOU SHOULD TRUST ME, MS. CROFT, IN TERMS OF KEEPING MY EXISTENCE A SECRET ---

--- IT WOULD HAVE BENEFITED ME MORE TO LET YOU DIE IN THAT SWAMP.



WHAT IS THIS PLACE? SOME KIND OF HIGH TECH COMMUNE FOR YOUR FOLLOWERS AND THEIR FAMILIES?



FAMILIES AIN'T QUITE THE WORD, RED.

MY OLD PAL SAMMY HAS A LOT MORE GOING FOR HIMSELF THAN YOU THINK.



MEANING?

MEANING THE ONLY MEN IN THE JOINT ARE ME, RIVERS AND GULL.

ALL THOSE WOMEN OUT THERE, AND THOSE KIDS...THEY BELONG TO HIM.

A HAREM.



I AM A MAN OF GREAT APPETITE, MS. CROFT, IN ALL THINGS OF BEAUTY.

WOMEN IN PARTICULAR.





THERE'S NO WAY I'M LEAVING THE EYE WITH THIS MEGALOMANIAC, CHASE!

LET'S GO

YOU OUGHTA KNOW THE WHOLE STORY FIRST, RED.

INDEED.

I BELONGED TO THE SQUIRES FOR A GREAT MANY YEARS.

PRIOR TO MY "DEATH" I EVEN LED THEM.

SO LONG AS THEY BELIEVE ME TO HAVE PASSED, MY TROUBLES ARE MINIMAL.



YOU'VE DEVELOPED A CURE FOR P.M.S.?

HEH!

LEVITY ADDS NOTHING AT PRESENT, MS. CROFT.

THE SQUIRES WERE ORIGINALLY A COLLECTION OF WEALTHY AMERICANS WHO REFUSED TO SIGN THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THEY PREFERRED TO WORK BEHIND THE SCENES, EXTENDING THEIR INFLUENCE THROUGHOUT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.



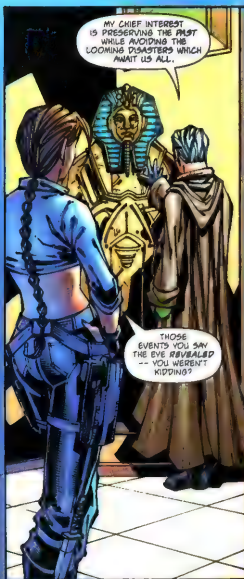
AS TIME PASSED, THE SQUIRES BECAME MORE AND MORE OBSESSED WITH ORCHESTRATING MAJOR WORLD EVENTS.

I WAS NOT SO INCLINED



HOW COULD YOU BE?

WITH PARADISE ISLAND TO SATISFY EVERY NIGHT, WHO'D HAVE THE TIME?



MY CHIEF INTEREST IS PRESERVING THE PAST WHILE AVOIDING THE LOOMING DISASTERS WHICH AWAIT US ALL.

THOSE EVENTS YOU SAY THE EYE REVEALED -- YOU WEREN'T KIDDING?



IF THE SQUIRES POSSESS THE EYE, ALL THAT AND WORSE SHALL OCCUR.



SAMUEL! DOZENS OF BLACK HELICOPTERS ARE APPROACHING IN ATTACK FORMATION!



ROEBK. HE KNOWS.

BLOODY HELL! NOW WHAT?



WE
FIGHT.

WE'RE
APPROACHING THE
SWAMP AREA,
MR. ROETEK.

YOUR
ORDERS?

PRIME ALL
MISSILE SYSTEMS
FOR BLANKET AND
TOTAL COVERAGE
AND --

-- FIRE!!!

WOOOOW!

WOOOOW!
WOOOOW!
BOOOO!



HURRY. WE'LL
ESCAPE VIA THE
MONORAIL.

YOU HAVE
YOUR OWN
TRAIN? IN THE
SWAMPS?

RUNNING
BELOW THE
SWAMPS.

I DON'T
TRUST ANY OF
THIS. I'LL TAKE
MY OWN WAY
OUT.

THAT'S THE
WORD, RIVERS.
CALL MADELINE.

YOU MEAN WE
CAN FINALLY
LEAVE?



THANK GOD!
I'M NOT CUT OUT
FOR THIS FIELD
WORK!



I'LL TAKE
THAT!

MS. CROFT --
YOU MUSTN'T!

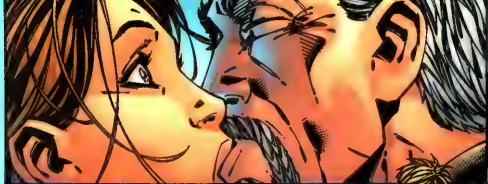


SORRY, HEF, BUT
YOU'VE GIVEN ME
ZERO REASON TO
TRUST YOU.

AH, BUT YOU
HAVE EVERY REASON.
MS. CROFT.



YOU SEE, I'VE
SEEN THE FUTURE,
AND WE...



FORGET
IT!











YOU CALLED
MADELINE?

I DID...BUT ARE
YOU CERTAIN SHE
CAN FLY?

WHEN I WRITE A
JOB DESCRIPTION I
ASK FOR EVERY SKILL
IN THE BOOK!



THERE SHE
IS NOW!



HURRY!



THANK
GOODNESS YOU
CALLED! I FEARED
THE WORST!

WHICH WILL
HAPPEN IF YOU
DON'T FLOOR
IT!



AS WE FLY AWAY, QUILL'S
WORDS FLY WITH ME.

AS DOES THE
AWARENESS THAT HE'S
JUST LIKE THE SQUIRRELS.

TOO POWERFUL...AND TOO
DANGEROUS TO HAVE THE EYE.

SOMEONE HAS TO
TAKE IT FROM HIM.

SOON.

THE END



BOOM!



Tomb Raider Issue #11

cover by: Billy Tan and Jonathan D. Smith



art by
Dan Jurgens

art by
Billy Tan

ink by
Jonathan D. Smith

color by
Jonathan D. Smith

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heisler



TRAVEL THE WORLD AND
YOU'LL BE AMAZED AT ITS
BEAUTY, MAJESTY AND
TREMENDOUS VARIETY OF
PEOPLE AND PLACES.

NAME A LOCATION, EVEN THE
MOST REMOTE, UNACCESSIBLE
OF PLACES, AND CHANCES
ARE I'VE BEEN THERE.

THE HIMALAYAS.

GATEWAY TO A DESTINATION
THAT SURPASSES ALL OTHERS.



(THE TIME HAS
COME. LET US BEGIN
TESTING THE NEW
HELICOPTER.)

(WHERE ARE
THE PILOTS?)

(PATIENCE
IS UNCALLED
FOR. THEY ARE
HERE.)

飛行員 号

(EXCELLENT,
POSITIONS.
EVERYONE! WE
ARE ABOUT TO
BEGIN.)



(FLY WELL,
WUEN CHU. I
FEARED YOU HADN'T
RECOVERED FROM
THE PARTY LAST
NIGHT.)

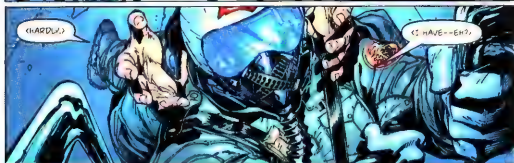


(CHEN.)



(YES, IT IS! THE TRUE PILOTS ARE UNCONSCIOUS IN THE LOCKER ROOM! THE PEOPLE IN THE HELICOPTER ARE IMPOSTORS!)

BW HOOOOOOOO



A full-page comic book illustration of Lara Croft on a roller coaster. She is lying down, strapped into a seat, with her legs crossed and arms secured. She has a confident, slightly smug expression. She is wearing her signature green military-style jacket with a tiger patch on the shoulder, white pants, and brown combat boots. Her long blonde hair is tied in a braid. The roller coaster car is moving upwards, with tracks and support beams visible. In the background, another person is partially visible, wearing a blue jacket with a tiger patch. The sky is a clear blue.

(WE'RE JUST A
COUPLE OF
WANDERERS--)

(--LOOKING
FOR A RIDE.)

I'M LARA CROFT. IF IT'S
UNIQUE OR EXCITING, I
GO AFTER IT.

MY PARTNER IN CRIME IS FELLOW
TOMB RAIDER, CHASE CARVER. HE
HAPPENS TO BE A LIAR AND THIEF
WHO CHEATS IN CARDS AND LOVE.
THOSE ARE HIS GOOD POINTS.





BLOODY HELL,
RED! THIS ISN'T
WHAT YOU
PLANNED!



YOU SAID
IT WAS
GONNA BE
EASY!



THAT THERE
WERE TWO
CHOPPERS --



-- THAT
WE'D EACH
GRAB ONE
AND BOLT!

WHICH WE
DIDN'T GET DONE.
WHICH MEANS THEY
HAVE ONE TO
CHASE US WITH.



WE CAN
STILL GET
THE JOB
DONE.



NOT IF
THEY BLOW
US OUTTA THE
SKY, WE
WON'T.



I'M TELLIN' YOU,
RED, WE SHOULD'A
WORKED THIS
DIFFERENT.

BEEN CONTENT
TO CLIMB THESE
MOUNTAINS AND DO IT
THE SLOW WAY INSTEAD
O' RISKIN' OUR NECKS
LIKE THIS!







GLADLY!

UMM...LARA?
WE GOT A
PROBLEM!

CHKT

THE
GUNS ARE
EMPTY!



CHKT

NOW, WESTERNERS,
YOU PAY FOR DIRTYING
OUR SOIL.

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BAAT

FTING

FTING
FTING



CHASE! THAT
MIST DOWN THERE
IS JUST WHERE WE
WANT TO BE!



CHKT

TAKE US
DOWN!



CONSIDERIN'
THAT WE'RE FULL
O' HOLES --



-- IT MAY BE
THE ONLY
DIRECTION WE
CAN GO,
DARLIN!



CHKT

HERE GOES
NUTHIN!

"TWO-THREE"

"BUT... DO
DO... NO...
MEANS
DEATH!"

"AS SOON AS
I'M OUT, I'M OUT
AND GET OUR
PACKAGE!"

"AS SOON AS
YOU'RE—? REE!
WHAT'RE YOU
THINKING?"

"THAT I CAN
FIX THIS."

"WE'VE GOT
CHARGE. THIS IS
MY SHOW
NOW."

"TO PULL THIS
OFF I NEED
A LIFETIME'S
SUPPLY OF
LUCK —"

"— AND PERFECT TIMING."

"FORTUNATELY, I HAVE
PLENTY OF BOTH."

"AND MORE."

**BAM
BLAM
BOM**





I HIT THE MOUNTAIN-
SIDE DOING A FAST 120.

MOST COULDN'T HANDLE
A SPEED LIKE THAT.

GOOD THING DADDY GOT ME THE
BEST SKI INSTRUCTORS MONEY
COULD BUY WHEN I WAS A KID.



BUT THE PITCH ON THIS
MOUNTAIN IS STRAIGHT DOWN.

AND IF I SO MUCH
AS BREATHE WRONG —

— I'M DEAD.



NORMALLY, I LOOK FOR THINGS THE
AVERAGE PERSON HASN'T HEARD OF.

THINGS LIKE THE LOCH NESS
MONSTER AND ABOMINABLE
SNOWMAN ARE TOO COMMON.

MOST LIKELY FANTASIES.

BUT THERE'S ONE LEGEND THAT IS
SO UNLIKELY THAT MOST CONSIDER
IT A FANTASY AS WELL.



SHANGRI-LA, THE MOST
FANTASTIC PLACE ON EARTH.



AND I KNOW
WHERE IT IS.



FOR CENTURIES, PEOPLE HAVE COMBED THE AREA AROUND MT. EVEREST LOOKING FOR THE ETERNAL CITY.

WRONG MOUNTAIN.

THIS IS KANCHENJUNGA, WHICH MEANS "FIVE SIGNIFICANT SNOW TREASURES".



ITS SOUTHERN WALL IS CONSIDERED IMPOSSIBLE TO CLIMB BECAUSE IT'S LAYERED WITH PERPETUAL, IMPENETRABLE FOG.

NO WAY TO ACCESS IT.

EXCEPT THIS ONE.



BINGO, THE ROCK AND
THIS SKETCH ARE A
PERFECT MATCH.

UNDER
THE ICE
I SHOULD
FIND ---

--- THIS

AN ANCIENT
DOORBELL ---

--- TO AN
ANCIENT
WORLD.

GOOD.

SOMEONE'S HOME.

THIS IS WORKING OUT
BETTER THAN I COULD
HAVE HOPED.

---FOR CHASE.

UH-OH!

INTO THE BREACH.

I HOPE THE
SAME IS TRUE --



DEATH TRAPS!

SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT
WOULDN'T BE THIS EASY!

CAN'T POSSIBLY
STOP. ONLY WAY
TO BEAT THIS —

— IS TO
SPEED UP —

— AND TRY TO
SQUEEZE THROUGH
ON THE HIGH ROAD!

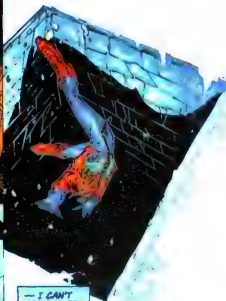
KATTC

UHH!

AND THIS ONE —

— I CAN'T
GET OUT OF!

MORE TROUBLE!





SPLASH

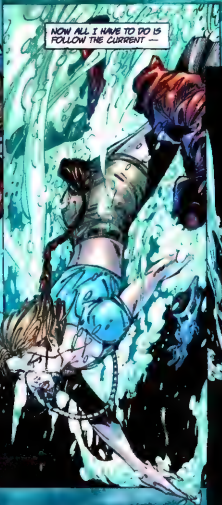


NO WAY TO
SURVIVE THIS.

AT LEAST NOT WHEN
THIS WAS BUILT.

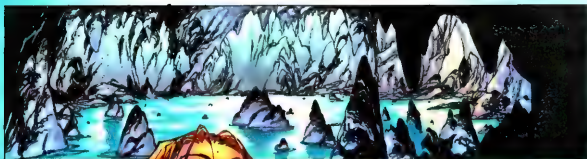


BUT I STILL
HAVE MY
OXYGEN.



NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS
FOLLOW THE CURRENT —

-- TO THE
LOGICAL END.



MADE IT.

ONE
PROBLEM
SOLVED —

— WITH
SEVERAL NEW
ONES TO TAKE
ITS PLACE.

I'M SOAKING WET
AND IT'S COLD

WON'T BE LONG BEFORE
HYPOTHERMIA KICKS IN.

EITHER I FIND THIS WARM
OASIS I'M LOOKING FOR,
OR -- HEY!

THESE WALLS!

THEY'RE
MOVING!

GOOD THING I
KNOCKED OFF
THE DOUGHNUTS
A COUPLE OF
YEARS AGO.

NOT THAT IT'LL HELP
IF I DON'T GET
THROUGH HERE FAST!

THIS OXYGEN
CYLINDER WILL BUY
ME TIME BUT I
BETTER HURRY!

IT'S GIVING
WAY ALREADY!!

MOVE,
LARA!

MOVE!

SNAP
THOOM

UNNN-REAL!

I HAD MY
DOUBTS!

I HAD EVERY REASON
TO BELIEVE IT EXISTED...
BUT COULDN'T BE SURE
UNTIL NOW!

THIS...THIS IS IT?





A comic book illustration showing a woman with red hair, seen from behind, crouching in a dense jungle. She is wearing a blue and white patterned top and a yellow skirt. In the background, a large, ancient stone structure with a central tower and statues on top is visible through the trees. The scene is bathed in a blue and white light, suggesting a magical or ethereal atmosphere. There are three speech bubbles: one from the top left, one from the top left pointing to the woman, and one from the right side.

THE
IMMORTAL
CITY!

PARADISE!

SHANGRI-LA!

HAR-RAR
RR
H!

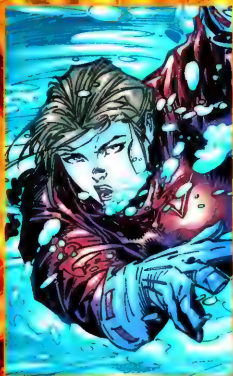
HOLY--!!

TOO FAST!

CAN'T GET
THE SHOT OFF!

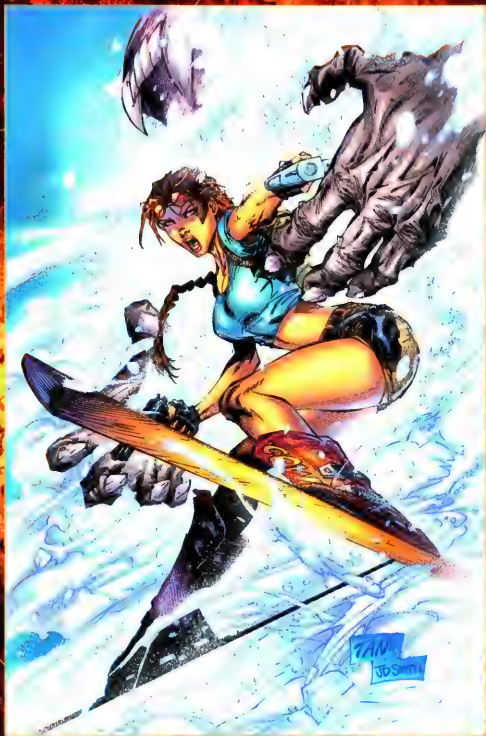
I'M DONE
FOR!

TO BE CONTINUED



Tomb Raider Issue #12

cover by: Billy Tan and Jonathan D. Smith



script by:

Sean Jurgens

plot by:

Billy Tan

art by:

Billy Tan

colors by:

Jonathan D. Smith

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heitsler



FREE FALL.

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR
EXHILARATING EXPERIENCES,
THIS ONE TOPS THE LIST.

NO PARACHUTE.

NO CABLES.

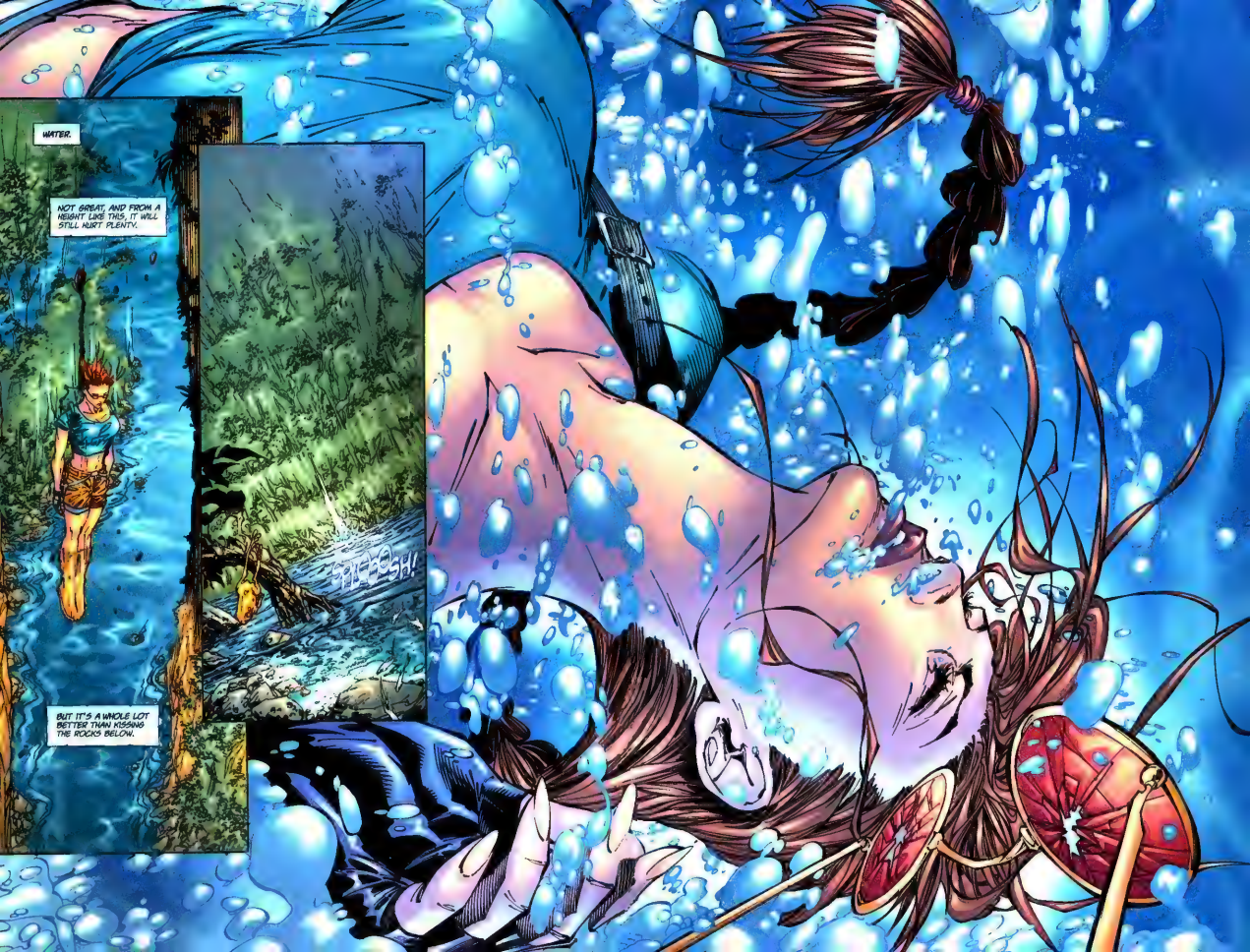
NO CHANCE.

OR...IS THERE?

WATER.

NOT GREAT. AND FROM A
HEIGHT LIKE THIS, IT WILL
STILL HURT PLENTY.

BUT IT'S A WHOLE LOT
BETTER THAN KISSING
THE ROCKS BELOW.





M.M.M...



...M.M.

WHERE...?



PART OF ME FIGURED I'D NEVER WAKE UP.

THE REST OF ME FIGURED I'D DO 30 FIFTEEN FEET UNDERWATER WITH HALF THE RIVER IN MY LUNGS.

THIS?



NO WAY DID I ENVISION ANYTHING LIKE THIS.

A ROOM STRAIGHT OUT OF THE 15TH CENTURY.

AND THEY EVEN TOOK THE LIBERTY OF DRESSING ME.

HOPE IT WASN'T SOME PERVO WITH A CAMERA.



IF THIS PLACE IS WHAT I THINK IT IS, THERE'S LITTLE CHANCE OF THAT.

I WAS RIGHT!

THE ETERNAL
CITY THAT TIME
IGNORES.

GOD, IT'S FAR MORE
BEAUTIFUL THAN I
DARED HOPE.

SO QUIET, SO PEACEFUL...
THE VERY EMBODIMENT OF
TRANQUILITY.





I'VE SPENT MY ADULT LIFE CHASING RELICS OF THE PAST.

FIND AN ANCIENT SWORD OR IDOL AND WISH IT COULD TALK....TELL ME WHAT IT WAS LIKE SO LONG AGO.

BUT THIS IS THE PAST COME TO LIFE.

THE NOISE OF THE 21ST CENTURY EXISTENCE SEEMS...LIGHT YEARS AWAY.

I'M SO ANNOYED TO LIVE ALL THIS IN...THAT I DON'T WANT TO MOVE AN INCH.

WELCOME.



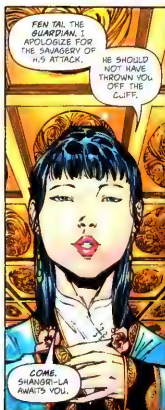
FEW ARE VISITORS WHO HAVE ENTERED THE EVER-LASTING CITY.

WE ARE HONORED BY YOUR PRESENCE.

THEN I'M NOT THE FIRST.

SOME FIND US BY ACCIDENT. OTHERS, ON PURPOSE. EITHER WAY, ALL ARE WELCOMER.

YOUR WATCHDOG SUGGESTS OTHERWISE.



FENTAI, THE GUARDIAN, I APOLOGIZE FOR THE SAVAGERY OF HIS ATTACK.

HE SHOULD NOT HAVE THROWN YOU OFF THE CLIFF.

COME, SHANGRI-LA AWAITS YOU.



I HAVE SO MANY QUESTIONS, I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN.

HOW MANY PEOPLE LIVE HERE?

ARE THE LEGENDS OF IMMORTALITY TRUE?

DO YOU HAVE ANY CONCEPT OF WHAT THE REST OF THE WORLD HAS BECOME?

WE ARE APPROXIMATELY 1200 STRONG, MUCH AS WHEN WE CONSTRUCTED THE CITY. ALL THOSE WHO FOUND US DECIDED TO STAY.

WAS A SINGLE ONE OF THE EXPLORERS LEFT?



WE OFFER A SERENITY AND SENSE OF PEACE UNEQUALED, LARA CROFT. WHY WOULD ANYONE ABANDON THAT?

YOU KNOW MY NAME

THANKS TO YOUR DENTITION.

I AM MUTILIN. COME.



HOW LONG
AGO DID YOU
BUILD THE
CITY?

WE DO NOT
COUNT THE
YEARS. THERE IS
NO NEED.

SHANGRI-LA IS
FOREVER. A
CONSTANT SINCE THE
TIME OF WAR AND
STARVATION.

ONE FATEFUL
DAY, ONE OF OUR
NUMBERS FOUND
THIS VALLEY.

HE WAS
FLEEING AN
INVADING ARMY
WHEN HE FOUND THE
STEAM PITS THAT
WARM US.

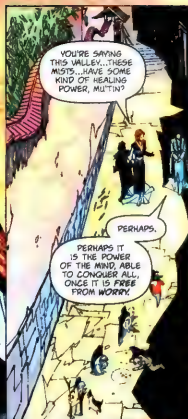
CROPS CAN
BE GROWN AND
AGING NO LONGER
OCCURS.



I KNOW THE
LEGENDS SAY THAT,
BUT --- HOW?

MANY ARE
THE MYSTERIES
OF LIFE, LARA
CROFT.

HERE, ONE IS
INSTANTLY CURED
OF WHATEVER
AILS ONE.



YOU'RE SAYING
THIS VALLEY...THESE
MISTS...HAVE SOME
KIND OF HEALING
POWER, MUT'IN?

PERHAPS.

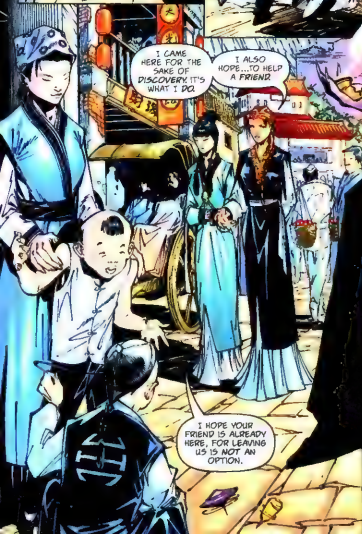
PERHAPS IT
IS THE POWER
OF THE MIND, ABLE
TO CONQUER ALL,
ONCE IT IS FREE
FROM WORRY.



SO...AS LONG
AS I STAY, I
NEEDN'T FEAR
CANCER OR HEART
DISEASE, OR...
DEATH?

MUT'IN!

OF COURSE. IS
THAT NOT WHY
YOU CAME?



I CAME
HERE FOR THE
SAKE OF
DISCOVERY. IT'S
WHAT I DO.

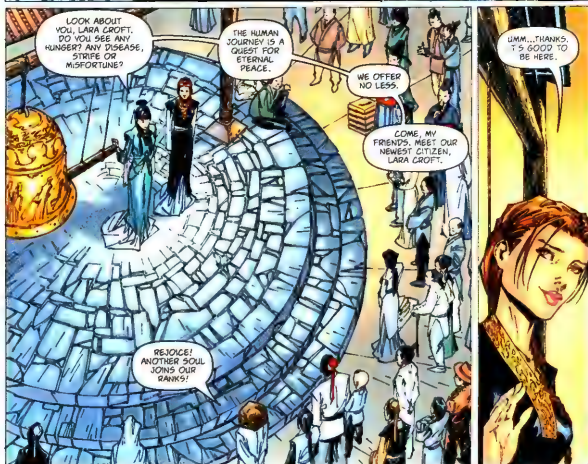
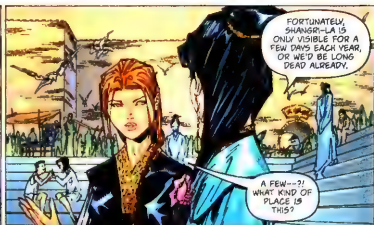
I ALSO
HOPE...TO HELP
A FRIEND.

I HOPE YOUR
FRIEND IS ALREADY
HERE, FOR LEAVING
US IS NOT AN
OPTION.



I KNEW THIS
WAS TOO GOOD
TO BE TRUE!

YOU
CONSIDER ME
A PRISONER!





THIS FARMER
FROM FAR AWAY
WAS THE FIRST
OUTSIDER TO JOIN
US, LARA.



WHETHER IT'S
A YOUNG GIRL
FROM THE NORTH --



-- A PILOT
FROM THE
WEST --



-- OR THIS
FAMILY FROM
JAPAN, ALL ARE
WELCOME.



INDEED!
COME...JOIN
US IN FOOD
AND DRINK!

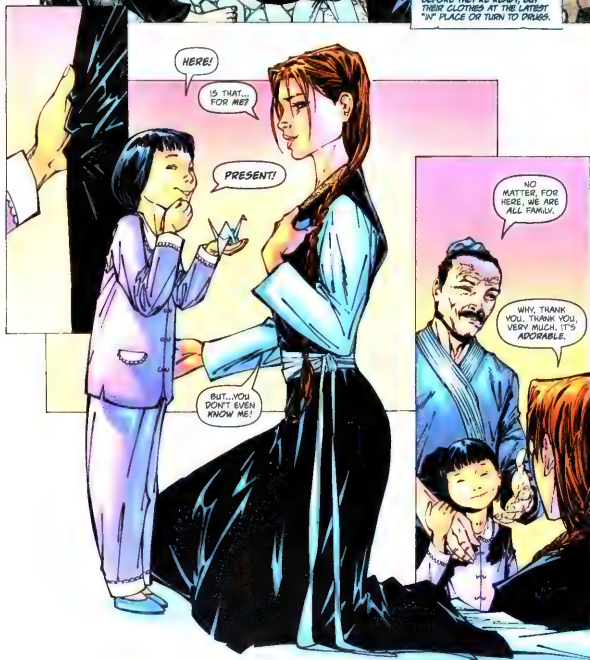


HEAVEN ON EARTH.

IT'S ALMOST ENOUGH TO MAKE
ME WANT TO BUY IN, BUT I
CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER --




-- IF HEAVEN HAS
BENTRIES AS WELL?





AS ONE DAY ROLLS INTO THE NEXT, MY SENSE OF COMFORT GROWS DRAMATICALLY.

I AM TREATED WITH A KINDNESS AND SPIRIT OF FELLOWSHIP NOT SEEN IN THE WESTERN WORLD.



I AM NOT EMBRACED AS A STRANGER, BUT FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, AS SOMEONE WHO HAS BEEN HERE SINCE DAY ONE.

AN EQUAL.

WHAT STRIKES ME IS THE UNDENIABLE HARMONY AMONG SHANGRI-LA'S RESIDENTS.

THEY KNOW A HAPPINESS AND SPIRITUAL SENSE OF PURPOSE AND SATISFACTION I'VE SEARCHED FOR ALL MY LIFE.

MORE AND MORE, I FIND MYSELF CONTENT WITH THE IDEA OF STAYING.

BUT I MUSTN'T FORGET THE REAL REASON I CAME.

THE REASON I NEVER TOLD MUTIN.





ABSOLUTELY NOT!



ZIP!

SHE'S LOADED WHILE I'M CONTINUALLY, ETERNALLY BROKE!



ALL I ASK IS THE OCCASIONAL TRINKET I CAN SELL TO A MUSEUM OR SOMETHING TO KEEP ME FLUSH!

"COURSE, THERE'S ONE MORE THING I WANT, BUT LARA WON'T PROVIDE IT.

YET.



IF IT WAS JUST A
MATTER OF MY
OWN WISHES --

-- I MIGHT VERY
WELL STAY.

DESPITE THE THRILL OF
DISCOVERING THIS PLACE --



-- I'M NOT
HERE FOR ME.

I OWE SOMEBODY, AND IT'S
TIME TO PAY THAT DEBT.



GOOD NIGHT, SWEET.



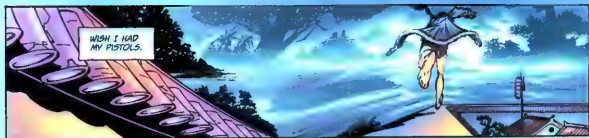
I'LL ALWAYS
REMEMBER YOU.

GOT MY GEAR
AND IT'S TIME
TO MOVE.

MY ONLY
PROBLEM --



-- WILL BE GETTING
PAST THE WATCHDOGS.



WISH I HAD
MY PISTOLS.



NOT TO MENTION
MY BOOTS AND
SOME CLOTHES!



THESE BEASTS ARE
FASTER THAN I AM.



IF I DON'T GET
A BREAK SOON --



-- I'M DONE.



CLOSE
N AND
SURROUND
HER!

DO WHATEVER IS
NECESSARY --

-- TO
STOP
HER!



YEEOW! THE ROCKS
ARE CUTTING MY
FEET TO SHREDS!


WAIT A
MINUTE!



WHY DIDN'T I
THINK OF THIS
BEFORE?



THAT BOUGHT
ME SOME TIME!



THERE'S PROBABLY ONLY TEN
PEOPLE ALIVE WHO COULD CLIMB
THIS WALL WITHOUT EQUIPMENT.



HOW
"BOU-"
"HAT?"



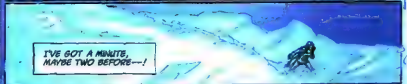
THANK GOD I'M
ONE OF THEM!



THAT
PERSONAL
SATELLITE IMPLANT
LARA HAD JUST
KICKED IN.

SHE'S GOT THE
MOVE --

-- AND WE
ARE TOO.





BY THE
WINTER'S
MOON!

STAY PUT,
DRAGON
LADY!



CALL OFF
THE GRIZZLES
AND BACK OFF
BEFORE I VENTILATE
YOUR KIMONO!

CHASE,
STOP! THEY
AREN'T THE ONES
DOING ANYTHING
WRONG --

-- I AM!



"WHEN I WAS A CHILD, I HAD A
NANNY NAMED MRS. BAKER WHO
WAS EVERY BIT AS DEAR TO ME --

"-- AS MY OWN
MOTHER, AND WHEN MY
TRUE MOTHER DIED --

"-- SHE WAS
ALL I HAD."



PLEASE,
MUTINI! HEAR
ME OUT!

SPEAK.



WHAT IS IT
YOU DESIRE,
WESTERNER?



THIS IS HER.
SHE WAS HIT BY A
DELIVERY TRUCK A
COUPLE MONTHS
AGO.

YOU CAN
MAKE HER
WELL.

PLEASE--!

YOU CAME
ON HER BEHALF.
WHAT OF YOUR
FATE?

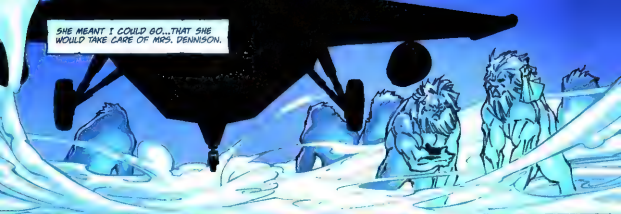
I...OWE
HER SO
MUCH!

I'LL DO...
WHATEVER YOU
WANT! BECOME
WHATEVER YOU
WANT...STAY IF
YOU WANT...


I JUST
WANT YOU TO
HELP HER!

THAT'S
UNNECESSARY.

WHA...
WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?



SHE MEANT I COULD GO...THAT SHE
WOULD TAKE CARE OF MRS. DENNISON.



SO WE LEFT, KNOWING
SHANGRI-LA WOULD
RECEDE INTO THE MISTS
FOR ANOTHER YEAR.

ALL I HAD WAS THE MEMORY
OF THOSE I ENCOUNTERED ---

--- AND THE
DREAM OF
WHAT MIGHT
HAVE BEEN.

THE END.



Tomb Raider

Issue #13

cover by: Andy Park, Jonathan Sibal and Jonathan D. Smith



story by
Dan Jurgens

script by
Andy Park

script by
Jonathan Sibal

art by
Jonathan D. Smith

lettering: Robin Spillar and Dennis Henner

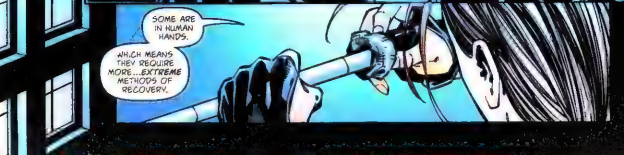
A full-page comic book illustration of Lara Croft in her iconic black and silver tactical suit. She is shown from the waist up, clinging to the edge of a building with her right arm. Her left arm is extended, holding a thick, braided rope that hangs down. She has a determined expression on her face. The background is a vibrant, stylized cityscape of Tokyo at night, with various skyscrapers and glowing signs. A large, bright full moon is visible in the sky. The color palette is dominated by blues, purples, and oranges, creating a dramatic and action-packed atmosphere.


I'M LARA CROFT.

I UNEARTH THE MOST
UNIQUE, COVETED, EXCITING
TREASURES ON EARTH.

THE MOST DESIRABLE THINGS
IMAGINABLE, NO MATTER HOW
OLD THEY ARE OR WHEREVER
THEY MIGHT BE FOUND.

IN THIS CASE,
TOKYO.





NINETY-NINE
TIMES OUT OF A
HUNDRED I WOULDN'T
THINK OF TAKING
SOMETHING FROM
A PRIVATE
INDIVIDUAL.



BUT WE'RE
ALKING YAKUZA
HERE.

THE
JAPANESE
MOB.



AND THEY
DIDN'T EXACTLY
GET IT BY
LEGITIMATE
MEANS.



FACT IS, IN
GRABBING THIS JADE
STATUE, THEY LEFT
NUMEROUS BODIES IN
THEIR WAKE.



SOMEBODY
HAS TO PUT IT
BACK WHERE IT
BELONGS.

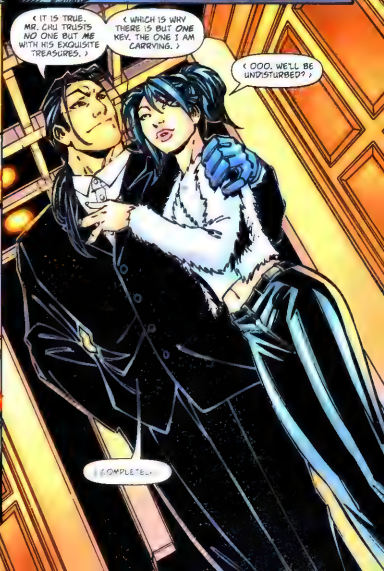
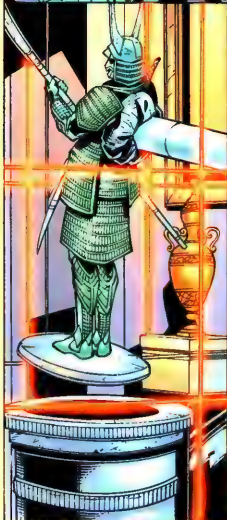
I DON'T LIKE
THE IDEA OF YOU
ACT'NG ALONE,
MS. CROFT.

YOU NEED
BACK-UP, A
PARTNER.

I HAVE THAT,
MRS. HOVAN.

YOU.

--!
I...WAS
AFRAID OF
THAT...



« IT IS TRUE.
MR. CHU TRUSTS
NO ONE BUT ME
WITH HIS EXQUISITE
TREASURES. »

« WHICH IS WHY
THERE IS BUT ONE
KEY. THE ONE I AM
CARRYING. »

« OOO, WE'LL BE
UNDISTURBED? »

« COMPLETELY... »



< IMPOSSIBLE! >



THAT'S WHAT
EVERYBODY SAID
ABOUT BLUES UNTIL I
FOUND HIM IN THAT
TACKY TEXAS
TRAILER PARK.



BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA

HE LIKES
GUNS TOO.
REACTED THE
SAME WAY, IN
FACT.

MS. CROFT!



GO TO THE
RENDEZVOUS POINT!
I'LL BRING THE CAR
AROUND!

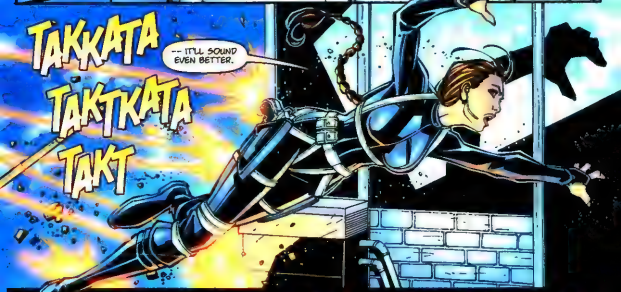


SOUNDS GOOD,
MRS. HOVAN.

IF I MANAGE TO
GET THERE --



CHA-
KAT



TAKKATA
TAKTKATA
TAKT

-- IT'LL SOUND
EVEN BETTER.



MS. CROFT?

ARE YOU
THERE?

LARA?!







SHALL WE?

YOU
ESCAPED?!

BY SNEAKING
OUT UNNOTICED,
THANKS TO THEIR
CLOTHES.

THIS COULD
HAVE BEEN A
DISASTER, LARA!
PROMISE ME WE
WON'T TRY
ANYTHING LIKE
THIS AGAIN!


OKAY, SO WE
GUT IT A LITTLE
CLOSE.

NEXT TIME
I'LL BE MORE
CAREFUL.

GET A REAL
PARTNER!

THAT NICE
CHASE CARVER
ADORES YOU!

THERE'S...HISTORY
BETWEEN US, MRS. HOWE,
BUT, NEXT TIME...

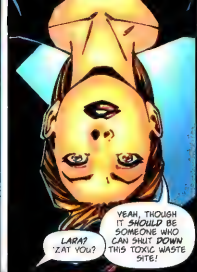
A man with blonde hair and a goatee is lying in a large, plush bed in a very messy room. He is shirtless, wearing blue jeans, and holding a brown beer bottle in his right hand. A remote control is on his chest. The room is filled with clutter: papers, a pizza box with food, a can of soda, and a lamp are scattered around. A bookshelf filled with books is visible in the background. The man has a weary expression.

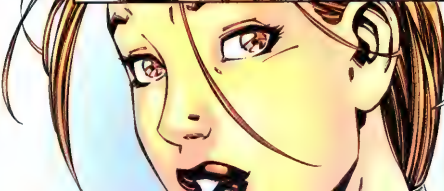
"...BRINGING CHASE
ALONG MIGHT NOT BE
SUCH A BAD IDEA."


"AMAZING."

WITH A
LIFESTYLE LIKE
YOURS, LIVING IN THE
LUXURIOUS CONFINES
OF A PENTHOUSE
SUITE --

-- I'M
SURPRISED THERE
ISN'T A BEVVY OF
WOMEN WORSHIPING
AT YOUR FEET.








SOME SAY IF YOU TAKE A GOOD
LOOK AT A PERSON'S HOME, IT
WILL TELL YOU ALL YOU NEED TO
KNOW ABOUT THEM.

WITH CHASE, IT'S
UNDOUBTEDLY TRUE.



IF THIS PLACE GETS ANY
WORSE, IT'LL QUALIFY AS
A TOXIC WASTE DUMP.

HE'D LIKE SOMETHING NICER, BUT
CHASE IS ONE OF THOSE HUNTERS
WHO RARELY FINDS ANYTHING OF
CONSEQUENCE —

— THE FINANCIAL
KILLING THAT'LL PUT
HIM OVER THE TOP.

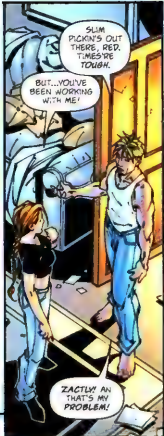


HIS FAMILY?
I DIDN'T KNOW HE
HAD A SISTER.

AND US FROM A
FEW YEARS AGO.

HMM.

MAYBE... MAYBE OUR
RELATIONSHIP MEANT
SOMETHING TO THE BIG
DOORUS AFTER ALL.





WANT ME TO
SCRAPE THE DRIED
PEANUT BUTTER AND
CRACKER CRUMBS
OUTTA MY SHEETS SO
WE CAN --



CHASE!



OKAY, I KNOW -- 'S
GROSS! IF WE GET THE
PIZZA SAUCE OFF
THE COUCH --

THE FOOD
ISN'T THE
ISSUE!



THERE WAS
A TIME WHEN
I ADORED YOU,
CHASE CARVER!

BUT THE HURT...THE
PAIN YOU INFLICTED RUNS
SO DEEP...THAT I'M JUST
NOT READY TO --



LARA, I HAVE
REGRETTED ALL
THAT SINCE THE
DAY IT
HAPPENED!

CAN'T YOU
FORGIVE ME?

PLEASE?!



CHASE, IF I
HASN'T AT LEAST
PART WAY THERE,
WE WOULDN'T BE
WORKING
TOGETHER.

SPEAKING OF
WHICH, WOULD
YOU LIKE IN ON
SOMETHING
BIG?

IT ONLY TOOK
CHASE ABOUT TWO
SECONDS TO JUMP
AT THE OFFER.

WITHIN HOURS WE FLEW TO ONE
OF THE HOTTEST, SWEATEST,
TROPICAL CLIMATES ON EARTH
-- HONDURAS.

CARE TO
EXPLAIN THIS
TO ME
AGAIN?

SIMPLY PUT,
CHASE, WE'RE HERE
TO FIND CHRISTOPHER
COLUMBUS' SPOILS.

YOU'RE
SURE?

IT'S WELL
KNOWN THAT
COLUMBUS WAS
HERE AT THE END
OF THE MAYAN
EMPIRE.

WE ALSO
KNOW THAT WHEN
THE SPANIARDS TOOK
OFF, THEY LEFT BEHIND
A LOT OF EUROPEAN
DISEASES THAT
HELPED SINK THE
MAYANS.

BUT
THAT'S NOT
ALL THEY
LEFT.

LOOT. THE
SPOILS OF
CONQUEST.

GOLD

HE INTENDED
TO RETURN AND
GET IT FOR HIMSELF
RATHER THAN GIVE IT
TO THE THRONE.

BUT HE
NEVER CAME
BACK AN YOU
KNOW WHERE
IT IS?

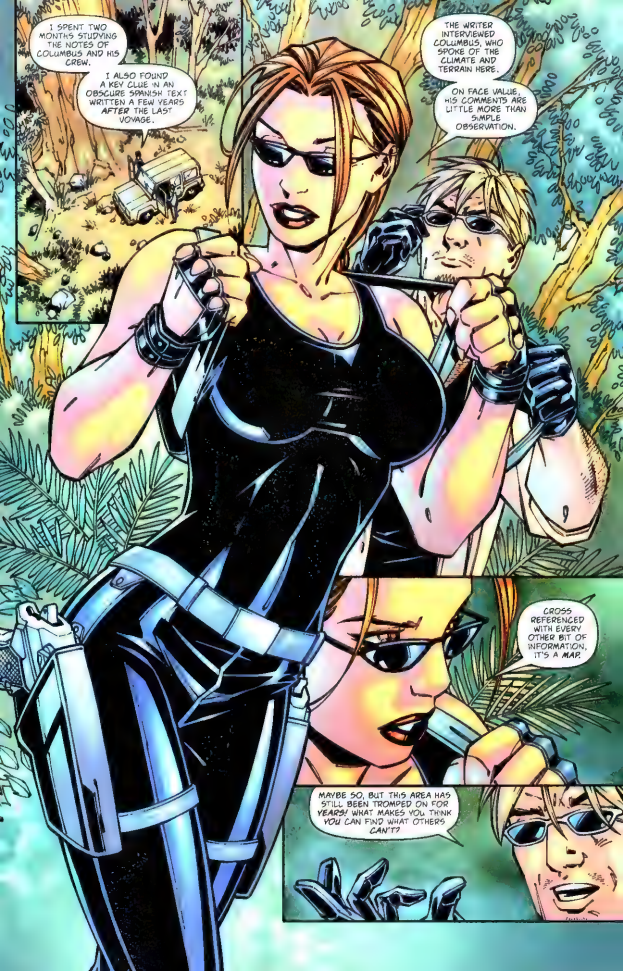
WHAT MAKES
YOU THINK YOU
CAN FIND IT?
DON'TCHA THINK
THOUSANDS O'
OTHERS HAVE
TRIED?

I SPENT TWO MONTHS STUDYING THE NOTES OF COLUMBUS AND HIS CREW.

I ALSO FOUND A KEY CLUE IN AN OBSCURE SPANISH TEXT WRITTEN A FEW YEARS AFTER THE LAST VOYAGE.

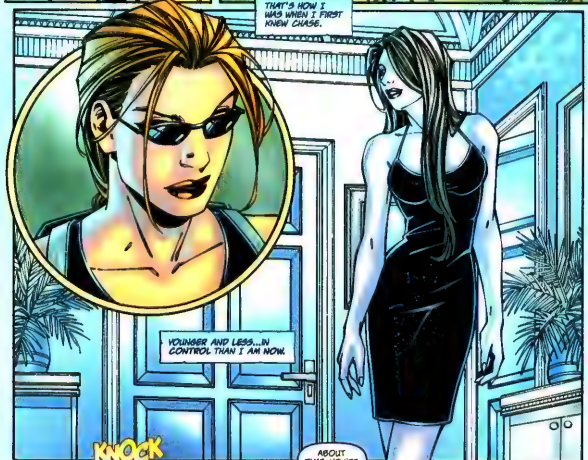
THE WRITER INTERVIEWED COLUMBUS, WHO SPOKE OF THE CLIMATE AND TERRAIN HERE.

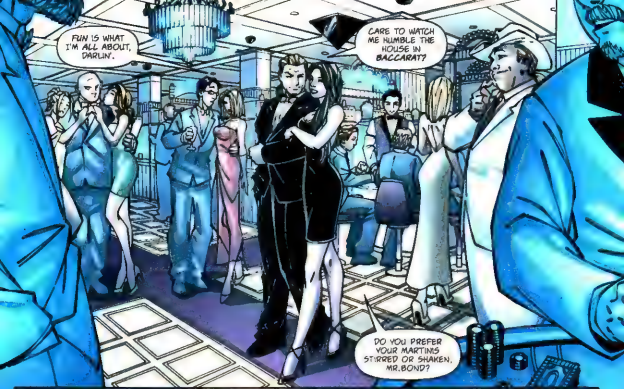
ON FACE VALUE, HIS COMMENTS ARE LITTLE MORE THAN SIMPLE OBSERVATION.



CROSS REFERENCED WITH EVERY OTHER BIT OF INFORMATION, IT'S A MAJOR

MAYBE SO, BUT THIS AREA HAS STILL BEEN TROMPED ON FOR YEARS! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN FIND WHAT OTHERS CAN'T?





FUN IS WHAT
I'M ALL ABOUT,
DARLIN.

CARE TO WATCH
ME HUMBLE THE
HOUSE IN
BACCARAT?

DO YOU PREFER
YOUR MARTINI
STIRRED OR SHAKEN,
MR. BOND?

I PREFER TO
SCORE, BIG.

JUST LIKE WE
WILL WHEN WE DIVE
THAT WRECK
TOMORROW.

I CAN'T WAIT
TO THINK OF
WHAT WE MIGHT
FIND—!

I WANNA
CASH IN, RED.
YOU'RE SURE THE
COINS ARE STILL
THERE?

POSITIVE.

BUT WE'RE
DONATING THEM,
CHASE. THAT'S
THE RULE.

WHICH
MEANS WE HAVE
TO CASH IN AT
THE CASINO.

C'MON. I'LL
SHOW YOU THE
ROPES.



WE SPENT HOURS AT THE
TABLE, AND NO MATTER
HOW HARD I TRIED --

-- I COULDN'T
TEAR CHASE AWAY.

IT DIDN'T BOTHER ME THAT
WE WERE GAMBLING WITH MY
MONEY... THAT I WAS PAYING
FOR THE WHOLE TRIP.

I THOUGHT CHASE
TRULY CARED.

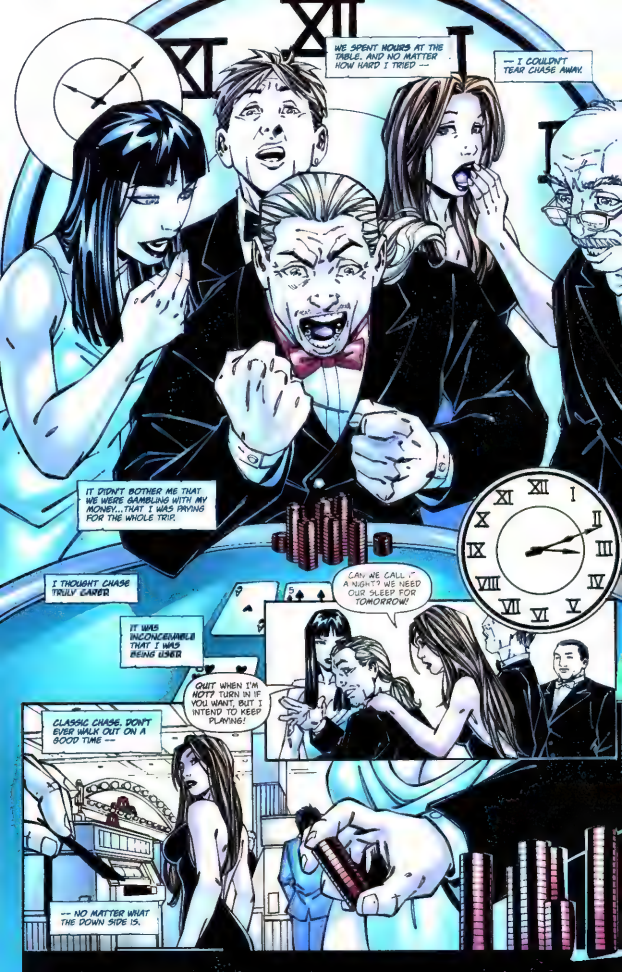
IT WAS
INCONCEIVABLE
THAT I WAS
BEING USED.

CAN WE CALL IT
A NIGHT? WE NEED
OUR SLEEP FOR
TOMORROW!

CLASSIC CHASE, DON'T
EVER WALK OUT ON A
GOOD TIME --

-- NO MATTER WHAT
THE DOWN SIDE IS.

QUIT WHEN I'M
NOT? TURN IN IF
YOU WANT, BUT I
INTEND TO KEEP
PLAYING!



MORNING.

CHASE?

HE...
NEVER
CAME
BACK!

NOR DID HE
EVER SHOW
UP THAT DAY.

THE IMPLICATIONS WERE
BARE THE TRUTH WOULD
BE FAR WORSE.

I'M BEAT.
LET'S TAKE A
BREAK, OKAY?

NO, I SAY
WE KEEP
GOING.

WHO ELECTED
YOU PLATOON
LEADER? I GET TO
MAKE A DECISION
ONCE IN A WHILE.
DON'T I?

"CALL THE
SHOTS BECAUSE
YOU CAN" BE
TRUSTED?
REMEMBER
MONAGOS?

WHEN WILL
YOU GET OVER
THAT? MY BACK
WAS UP AGAINST
THE WALL!

I HAD NO
CHOICE!

YOU STOLE
FROM ME! I'LL
NEVER --

-- EH?

DIIEEEEEE!

NEXT ISSUE:
A CONCLUSION YOU
WILL NOT BELIEVE!



Tomb Raider Issue #14

cover by: Andy Park, Jonathan Schell and Jonathan D. Smith



written by
Dan Jurgens

illustrated by
Andy Park

inked by
Jonathan Schell

colored by
Jonathan D. Smith

lettered by: Robin Sperar and Dennis Hender



THIS SHOULD
HAVE BEEN EASY.

NO PROBLEMS,
NO WEIRD HAPPENINGS.

A SIMPLE JAUNT THROUGH
CENTRAL AMERICA TO
RECOVER SOME GOLD LEFT
BEHIND BY COLUMBUS A
HALF CENTURY AGO.

A ROUTINE JOB, IF
EVER THERE WAS ONE.

UNFORTUNATELY, I'VE
COME TO REALIZE—

—ROUTINE AND I AM
DESTINED NEVER TO WALK
HAND IN HAND.



NORMALLY, I
WORK ALONE.

SPENDING TIME IN THE HARDEST
TO REACH, MOST MISERABLE
PLACES ON EARTH ISN'T
EXACTLY WHAT MOST PEOPLE
CONSIDER FUN.

BUT LACK OF A
PARTNER ALMOST COST
ME MY LIFE IN JAPAN.

ENTER GRASH CARVER,
FORMER LOVER AND CURRENT
HARD LUCK TREASURE HUNTER.

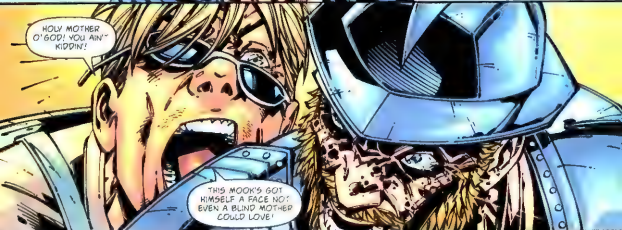
HE HOPED TO CLEAR A
FEW BUCKS ON THIS JOB.



I JUST HAVE
TO HOPE —



— THIS TRIP
ISN'T HIS LAST.



MORE OFTEN
THAN NOT,
HOWEVER --

-- HIS RASH
BEHAVIOR GETS
HIM IN TROUBLE.



BOOM
BOOM

IN THIS BUSINESS,
THAT'LL GET YOU KILLED.

NICE WORK,
RED! THANKS
FOR THE --



The logo for the animated series "Brak Bam" is displayed in a stylized, blocky font. The word "BRAK" is on the top line and "BAM" is on the bottom line, both in a bold, outlined, sans-serif typeface. The letters are primarily yellow with a thick black outline. The background of the logo is a bright blue sky with white clouds.

BUN--ROSSY
TALK ABOUT A
CASE CROTCH ROD
GONE BAD!

YOU SAID IT.
WHAT WAS ALL
THAT ABOUT?

DUNNO, BUT
HALLOWEEN IS
MONTHS AWAY.

THIS BLADE IS
DEFINITELY 500
YEARS OLD.

THIS BLADE IS
DEFINITELY 500
YEARS OLD

ANY BET THIS.
THE HILT'S INSCRIBED
WITH THE NAME NINA.
ONE O' COLUMBUS
SHIPS!

THE
TREASURE IS
HERE, CHASE.
I CAN FEEL
IT.

LET'S GO.

THE
TREASURE IS
HERE, CHASE.
I CAN FEEL
IT.



LARA, THE WAY THAT GUY'S FLESH WAS ROTTIN'...

AT FIRST, I FIGURED HE WAS JUST SOME LOCAL SPOOK US, BUT WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT...

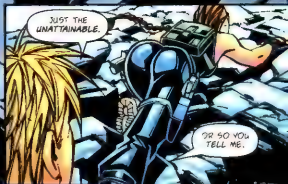
IT'S AS THOUGH HE STEPPED STRAIGHT OUT OF 1492 TO THE PRESENT.



BUT...THAT AIN'T POSSIBLE! HE MUSTA' HAD SOME KINDA FLESH EATIN' DISEASE!

WITH EVERYTHING WE'VE EXPERIENCED, YOU SHOULD KNOW THERE'S NO SUCH THING --

-- AS IMPOSSIBLE!



JUST THE UNATTAINABLE.

OR SO YOU TELL ME.



BY THE WAY, IS IT OKAY IF I KEEP FERNANDO'S BLADE?

MIGHT BE WORTH SOME COIN!



YOU GOT MY SHARE ONCE, MR. CARVER. ARE YOU SURE I SHOULD LET YOU HAVE MORE?

AWW, SIMME A BREAK! WHEN ARE YOU GONNA LET ME OFF THE HOOK FOR MONACO?

SOME THINGS AREN'T EASY TO FORGO 'EN CHASE.

EVER.

AFTER ALL THIS
TIME, I STILL WISH
I COULD FORGET.

I HAD JUST STARTED CHASING
HISTORY'S SECRETS. IT WAS MORE
OF A HOBBY THAN AN OBSESSION.

CHASE AND I WERE IN MONACO
FOR FUN AND TO EXPLORE A
SUNKEN GALLEON.

WHILE I WAS SLEEPING,
HE GAMBLED THE NIGHT
AWAY IN THE CASINO.

I WAITED AND WAITED,
LONG PAST OUR
APPOINTED DIVE TIME,
BUT HE NEVER SHOWED.
NEVER EVEN CALLED!

YET... I KNEW IT
WASN'T FOUL PLAY.

IT WAS
A WOMAN.

AND I WAS
FURIOUS.

CHASE?

CHASE?!

...TAKES?
...A
NIGHT?





SLUDGE!

SLIME!

OUTTER RAT!

BASTARD!

FINDING
THE TREASURE
ALONE WAS MY
WAY OF COPING.



SKUNK!

JERK!

CREEP!



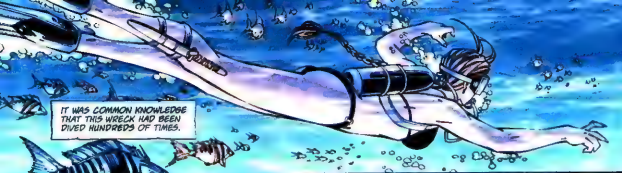
SCUM!

POND
SCUM!

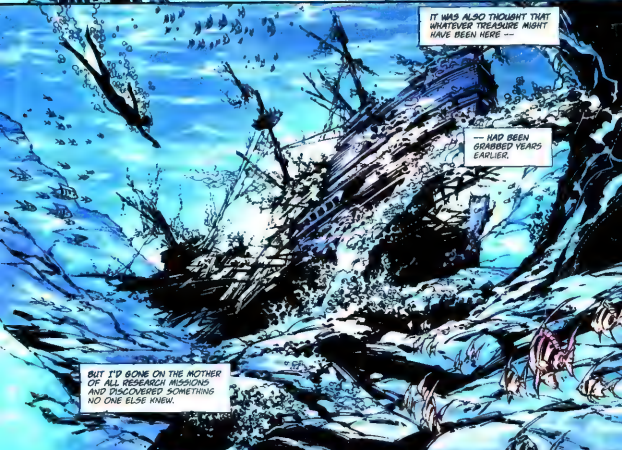
UNDER THE RIM
OF THE TOILET
SCUM!

SPLASH

FRANKLY, I THOUGHT I
WAS DOING QUITE WELL.



IT WAS COMMON KNOWLEDGE
THAT THIS WRECK HAD BEEN
DIVED HUNDREDS OF TIMES.



IT WAS ALSO THOUGHT THAT
WHATEVER TREASURE MIGHT
HAVE BEEN HERE --

-- HAD BEEN
GRABBED YEARS
EARLIER.

BUT I'D GONE ON THE MOTHER
OF ALL RESEARCH MISSIONS
AND DISCOVERED SOMETHING
NO ONE ELSE KNEW.



THERE WAS A SECRET
CHAMBER BELOW THE
MAIN HOLD.



AND I WAS WILLING TO BET
IT'D NEVER BEEN FOUND.

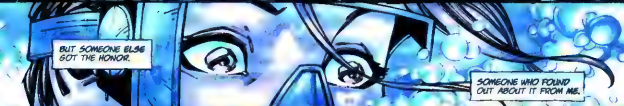


I WAS RIGHT.

PARTIALLY
RIGHT,
ANYWAY.

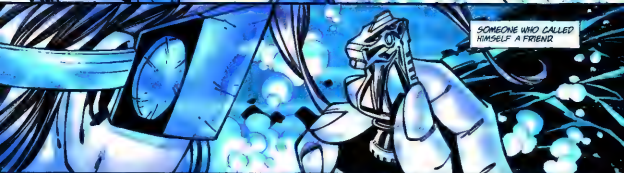


I WOULD HAVE BEEN FIRST...
SHOULD HAVE BEEN FIRST.



BUT SOMEONE ELSE
GOT THE HONOR.

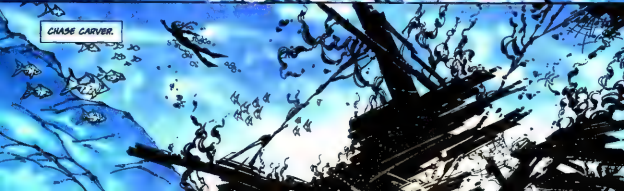
SOMEONE WHO FOUND
OUT ABOUT IT FROM ME.



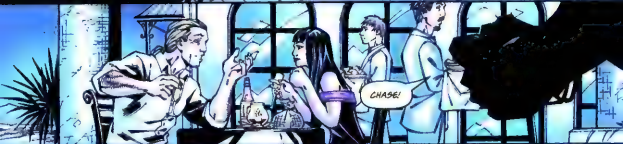
SOMEONE WHO CALLED
HIMSELF A FRIEND



WHO HAD SUCH AN INCREDIBLE
EQ? HE LEFT HIS CALLING CARD.



CHASE CARVER.





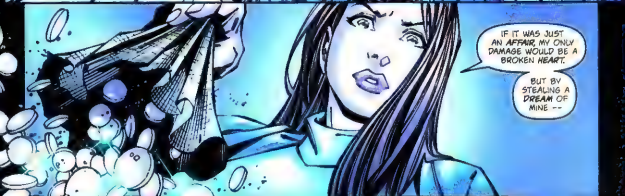
OKAY.
OKAY.
OKAY.

TIMES'RE
TOUGH, Y'KNOW?
THOUGHT I COULD
MAKE UP FOR MY LACK
OF INCOME AT THE
ROULETTE WHEEL...

ALL I DID
WAS DIG THE
HOLE SO DEEP
I HAD TO BORROW
MONEY FROM
CELESTE AND,
WELL...

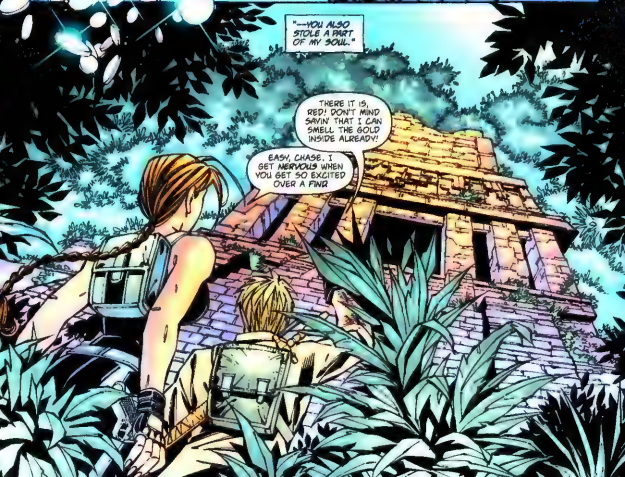


YOU REPAID HER
WITH A TREASURE
I SPENT YEARS
SEARCHING FOR.



IF IT WAS JUST
AN AFFAIR, MY ONLY
DAMAGE WOULD BE A
BROKEN HEART.

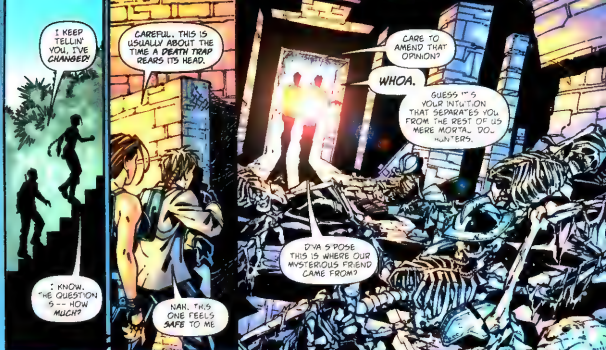
BUT BY
STEALING A
DREAM OF
MINE --



"--YOU ALSO
STOLE A PART
OF MY SOUL."

THERE IT IS,
RED! DON'T MIND
SAYIN' THAT I CAN
SMELL THE GOLD
INSIDE ALREADY!

EASY, CHASE. I
GET NERVOUS WHEN
YOU GET SO EXCITED
OVER A FIND



I KEEP
TELLIN'
YOU, I'VE
CHANGED!

CAREFUL. THIS IS
USUALLY ABOUT THE
TIME A DEATH TRAP
REARS ITS HEAD.

CARE TO
AMEND THAT
OPINION?

WHOA.

GUESS IT'S
YOUR INTUITION
THAT SEPARATES YOU
FROM THE REST OF US
MERE MORTAL DO-
HUNTERS.

I KNOW.
"HE QUESTION
S -- HOW
MUCH?"

NAN. THIS
ONE FEELS
SAFE TO ME

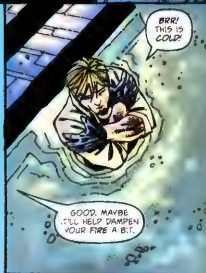
DIVA S POSE
THIS IS WHERE OUR
MYSTERIOUS FRIEND
CAME FROM?



COULD BE.

THE TREASURE IS
SUPPOSED TO BE AT
THE BOTTOM OF THAT
POOL. YOU KEEP WATCH
WHILE I GO GET IT.

HOLD THE
PHONE, HON. YOU
KEEP SAYIN' I OWE
YOU SO, IF YOU WANT,
I CAN HANDLE THIS
ONE.



BRR!
THIS IS
COLD!

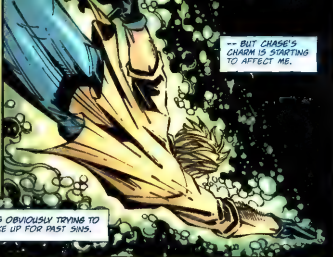
GOOD. MAYBE
I'LL HELP DAMPEN
YOUR FIRE A BIT.



THERE'S
ZERO CHANCE
OF THAT EVER
HAPPENIN'!



I HATE TO
ADMIT IT --



-- BUT CHASE'S
CHARM IS STARTING
TO AFFECT ME.



AS A TREASURE HUNTER,
HE'S BARELY COMPETENT.



AS A GENTLEMAN, HE'S
THE LIVING EMBODIMENT
OF THE WORD UNCOUTH.



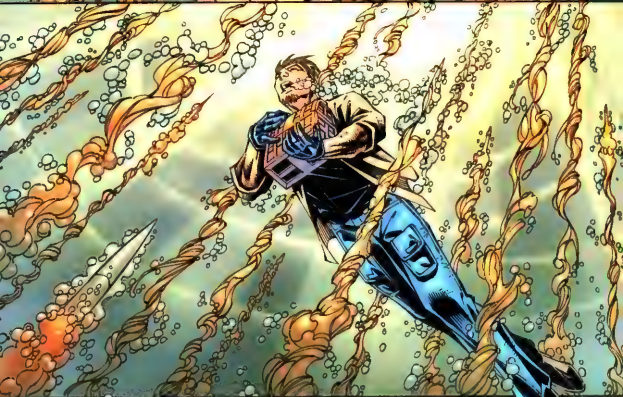
BUT I THINK THAT, IN HIS
OWN CLUMSY, AWKWARD
WAY... CHASE LOVES ME.

TRULY LOVES ME,
WHETHER HE KNOWS
IT OR NOT.



THE WAY HE ACTS...
HE MIGHT DO ALMOST
ANYTHING FOR ME.

DESPITE OUR PAST,
HOW CAN I NOT BE
TOUCHED BY THAT?

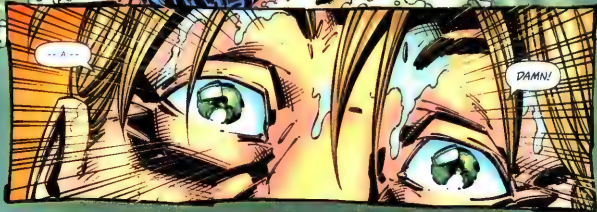


NYAHHH!

MADE IT!

YA' SHOULDA'
SEEN IT DOWN
THERE, RED! IT
WAS AWFUL!

THOUGHT
ALL THEM
SPEARS WUZ
GONNA GUT ME
LIKE A --



-- A --

DAMN!



WELCOME
BACK,
CHASE!

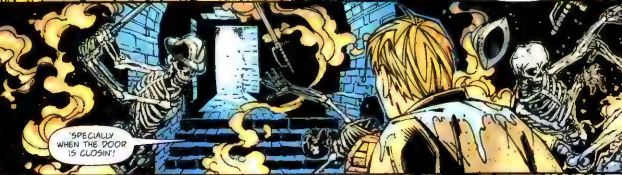
I COULD
USE A HAND
HERE!

HAND?!

LOOKS 'TME
LIKE YOU COULD
USE A FREAKIN'
BRIGADE!

THOUGH I
DONT KNOW WHAT
THEY'LL DO AGAINST
ALL THEM BUGS!

GUH-ROSS!





I DON'T
THINK SO!

I MAY NOT
HAVE A
WEAPON --



-- BUT I
USED TA CHUCK
A PRETTY MEAN
FOOTBALL!



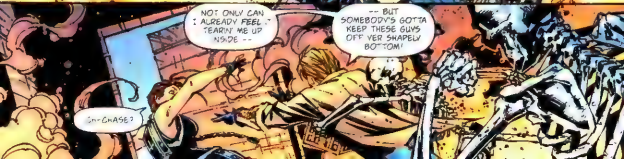
WE CAN'T
HOLD OUR
BREATH
FOREVER!



LET'S GO!

HOLDIN' MY
BREATH WON'T
DO ME ANY
GOOD, RED!

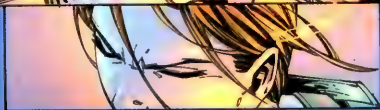
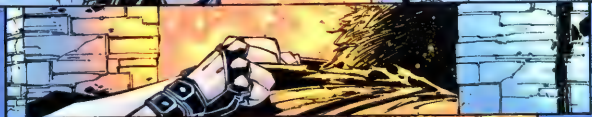
I ALREADY
GOT ME A COUPLE
O' LINGS FULL
WHEN I
SURFACED!



NOT ONLY CAN
I ALREADY FEEL
TEARIN' ME UP
INSIDE --

-- BUT
SOMEBODY'S GOTTA
KEEP THESE GUYS
OFF YER SHAPELY
BOTTOM!

SH--CHASE?




CHAAASE!





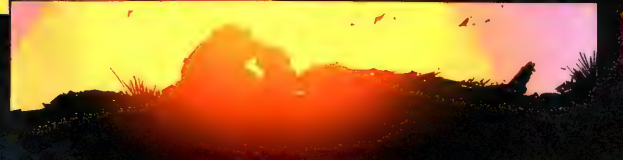
"I THINK THAT, IN HIS OWN CLUMSY,
ANYWARD WAY...CHASE LOVES ME.

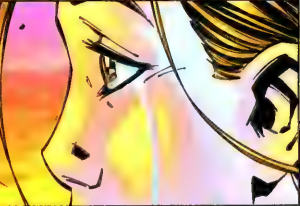
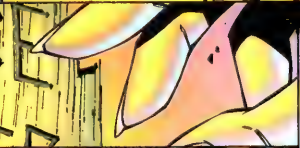
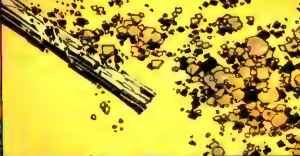


"TRULY LOVES ME, WHETHER
HE KNOWS IT OR NOT.



"THE WAY HE ACTS...HE MIGHT
DO ALMOST ANYTHING FOR ME.







Tomb Raider Issue #15

cover by: Andy Park, Jonathan Sibal and Jonathan D. Smith



story by: Sean Jung

script by: Francis Manapul

art by: Jonathan Sibal

color by: Jonathan D. Smith

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heisler

I'M MADELINE HONAN.



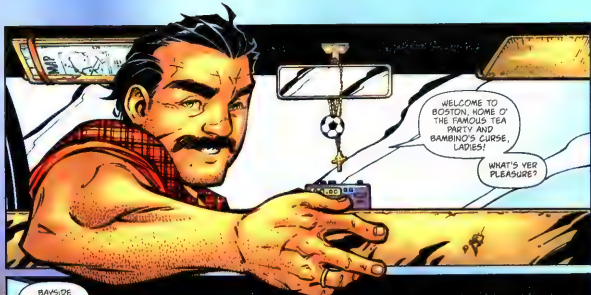
SEVERAL MONTHS AGO I WENT TO
WORK FOR LARA CROFT,
UNDOUBTEDLY THE SINGLE, MOST
UNIQUE INDIVIDUAL I'VE EVER MET.

THREE DAYS AGO SHE RETURNED
FROM HONDURAS WITH THE TRAGIC
NEWS OF CHASE CARVER'S DEATH.

SHE'S TRYING TO CONVINCE
HERSELF THAT HIS PASSING
HASN'T AFFECTED HER DEEPLY.

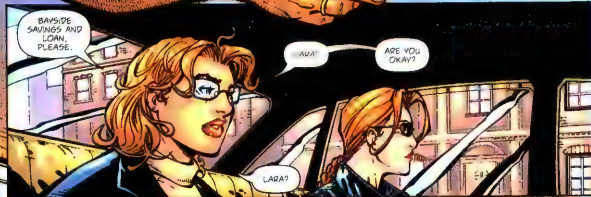
THE FACT THAT SHE'S BARELY
UTTERED TWO WORDS SINCE
RETURNING SUGGESTS OTHERWISE.





WELCOME TO
BOSTON, HOME O'
THE FAMOUS TEA
PARTY AND
BAMBINI'S CURSE,
LADIES!

WHAT'S YER
PLEASURE?

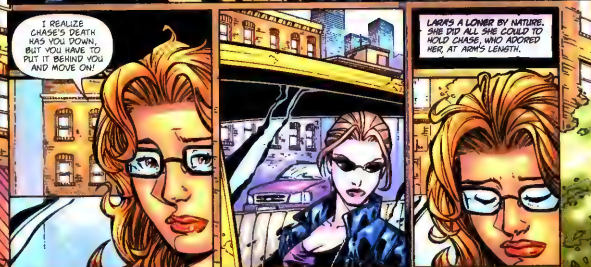


BAYSIDE
SAVINGS AND
LOAN, PLEASE.

AAA

ARE YOU
OKAY?

LARA?



I REALIZE
CHASE'S DEATH
HAS YOU DOWN,
BUT YOU HAVE TO
PUT IT BEHIND YOU
AND MOVE ON!



LARA'S A LONER BY NATURE.
SHE DID ALL SHE COULD TO
HOLD CHASE, WHO ADORED
HER, AT ARM'S LENGTH.



BUT SHE BEGAN TO SOFTEN...
TO SEE HIM AS SOMETHING
OF A KINDRED SPIRIT.

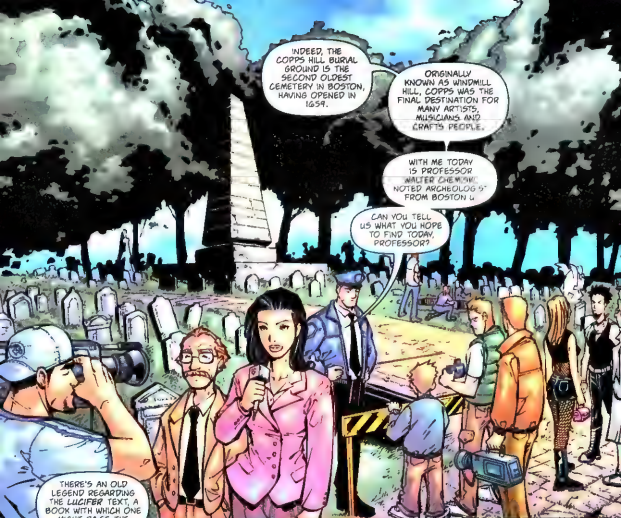
NOW HE'S GONE, JUST
LIKE HER PARENTS AND
FIANCE BEFORE HIM.

LEAVING LARA
MORE ALONE
THAN EVER.

BECK

TAXI





INDEED, THE COPPS HILL BURIAL GROUND IS THE SECOND OLDEST CEMETERY IN BOSTON, HAVING OPENED IN 1659.

ORIGINALLY KNOWN AS WINDMILL HILL, COPPS WAS THE FINAL DESTINATION FOR MANY ARTISTS, MUSICIANS AND CRAFTS PEOPLE.

WITH ME TODAY IS PROFESSOR WALTER CHEWINSKI, NOTED ARCHEOLOGIST FROM BOSTON U.

CAN YOU TELL US WHAT YOU HOPE TO FIND TODAY, PROFESSOR?

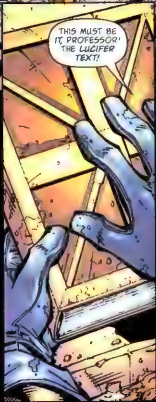
THERE'S AN OLD LEGEND REGARDING THE LUCIFER TEXT, A BOOK WITH WHICH ONE MIGHT RAISE THE DEAD.

I BELIEVE IT TO BE BURIED HERE, IN THE CASKET OF AN ALLEGED WITCH!

OVER HERE, PROFESSOR! WE FOUND A CHEST!



AND INSIDE A BOOK!



THIS MUST BE IT, PROFESSOR! THE LUCIFER TEXT!



PUR'DGAR,
THE BOOF
YOU BLOODY
FOOL.

YOU HAVE
NO IDEA
WHAT YOU'RE
DEALING
WITH.



YOU HAVE
NO RIGHT TO
INTERFERE WITH
THIS DIS! WHO DO
YOU THINK YOU
ARE?



LARA CROFT,
I SUGGEST YOU
LISTEN TO WHAT
I SAY.

NO SIMPLE,
UNEDUCATED
FEAR MONSTER
WILL SCARE US
AWAY!



BUT...
LARA'S AN
EXPERT!

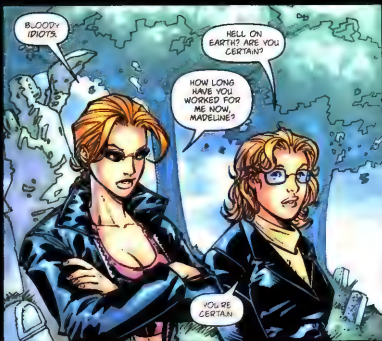
MADAM! I AM
ACQUAINTED WITH
ARCHAEOLOGY'S
FINEST SCHOLARS
AND SHE IS NOT
ONE OF THEM!

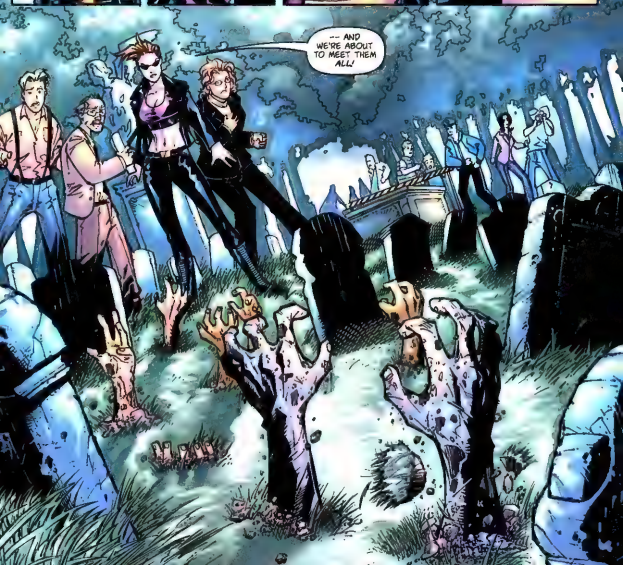
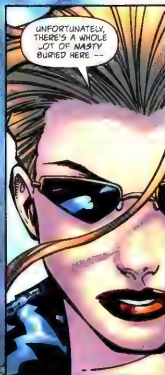
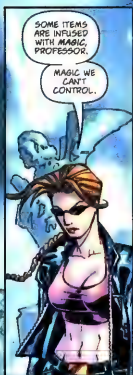


WITH AN
ATTITUDE LIKE
THAT, I SHOULD
LET YOU SINK IN THE
LOO WHERE YOU
BELONG.

BUT OTHER
PEOPLE WILL
GO DOWN
WITH YOU.

IGNORE ME AND
YOU'LL RELEASE HELL
ON EARTH, PROFESSOR.
THIS I PROMISE.







A LITTLE MORE
RESEARCH AND
YOU'D KNOW A LARGE
NUMBER OF BLACKS
SETTLED IN THIS
AREA.

THOUGH
THE WORD
"SETTLED" IS A
BIT KIND.



YOU ALWAYS
PERSECUTED THEM
OFTEN KILLED THEM
BURIED THEM IN
MASS GRAVES.

DISCRIMINATED
AGAINST THEM EVEN
IN DEATH.



AND NOW
YOU'VE BROUGHT
THEM BACK. NOT AS
LIVING, BREATHING
PEOPLE --

-- BUT AS
SOME KIND OF
TWISTED,
BASTARDIZATION
OF LIFE?

GO ON
GAAAAA



BACK! GET
BACK OR
I'LL--!



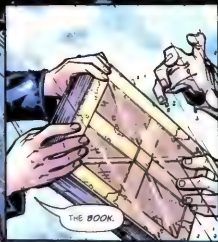
AIIIEEE!



OH, DEAD
AHA...AHA! A...
WE DO!

GIVE ME
THE BOOK

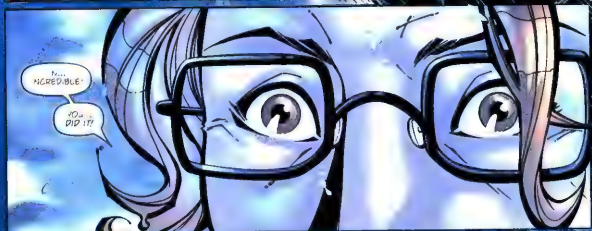
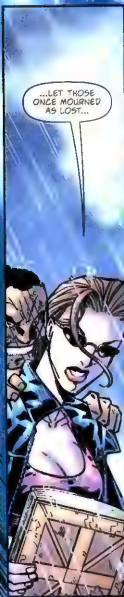
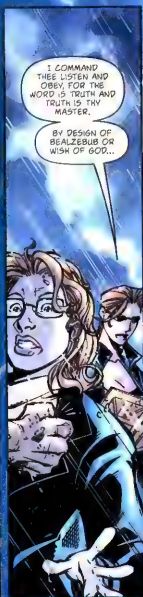
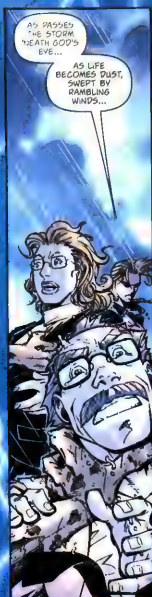
WHY THAT'S
INTHINKABLE!
I CAN'T
JUSTIFY BLU...

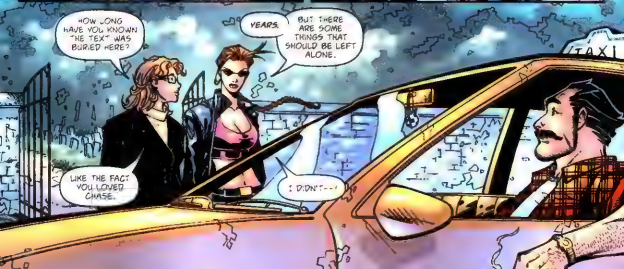
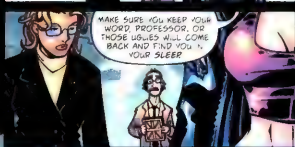


THE BOOK



AMATEURS.







OUR HISTORY WAS...COMPLICATED! SURE, I'M SORRY HE DIED BUT DON'T READ MORE INTO IT THAN THAT!



AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...TO THINK I HAVE TO RETURN THIS TO ITS RESTING PLACE...



I DON'T THINK SO.

THE TEXT!

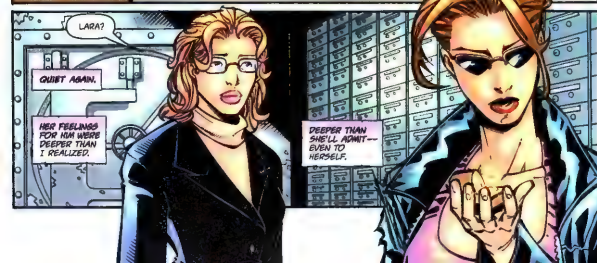
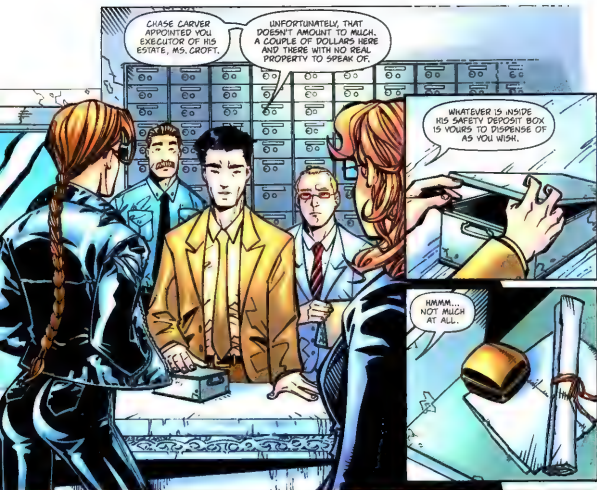


COME BACK BEFORE I--I--!

OH, DEAR! THAT CROFT WOMAN WILL HAVE MY HEAD!



THANK YOU FOR COMING, MS. CROFT. PLEASE ACCEPT MY SYMPATHIES ON THE LOSS OF YOUR FRIEND.



DEAR LARA,

IF YOU'RE READING THIS, IT MEANS THAT SOMEWHERE ALONG THE GREAT DUSTY TRAIL OF LIFE, THINGS WENT BAD FOR ME, NOT SURPRISING, CONSIDERING ALL THE WRONG TURNS I MADE, THE WORST OF WHICH WAS LETTING YOU GO. I SHOULD REALIZE THAT NOT ONE DAY HAS GONE BY THAT I HAVEN'T REGRETTED HURTING YOU THE WAY I DID IN MONACO. IT WAS WRONG AND TO THIS DAY I WISH I COULD GO BACK AND LIVE IT OVER, KNOW THAT WHEREVER I END UP, YOU HAVE THE SINCEREST APOLOGY I AM CAPABLE OF MAKING.

THE RING IN YOUR HAND IS MY MOTHER'S ENGAGEMENT RING. AS YOU KNOW, WE WERE POOR, AND MY DOD MAN DUCKED OUT ON US WHEN I WAS A KID. WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW IS THAT I ALSO HAD A LITTLE SISTER, BUT MOM DIED A COUPLE OF YEARS LATER, AND MY SISTER AND I FELL INTO THE CRACKS OF THE SYSTEM, SEPARATED AS WE BOUNCED FROM ONE FOSTER HOME TO THE NEXT. I'VE YET TO LOOK FOR HER, THINKING SHE WOULDN'T WANT TO KNOW A WRETCH LIKE ME, BUT I WANT HER TO HAVE THIS RING. IT'S THE ONLY THING OUR FAMILY HAS LEFT WHEN IT COMES TO HUNTING THINGS DOWN. YOU'RE THE BEST, RED. I HAVE NO RIGHT TO ASK, BUT I HOPE YOU'LL FIND MY SISTER, AND GIVE HER MOM'S RING. I WISH YOU ALL THE BEST, RED. NO ONE DESERVES IT MORE. HAPPY HUNTING.

CHASE



IT'S BEEN TWO DAYS SINCE LARA
READ CHASE'S LETTER, AND SHE
HASN'T SLEPT A WINK SINCE.

SHE DOESN'T EVEN CARE
THAT THE LUCIFER TEXT
WAS STOLEN.

INSTEAD, SHE'S BEEN ON THE
COMPUTER OR CALLING EVERY
CONTACT SHE'S EVER MADE IN
THE INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITY.

IT'S CLEAR SHE FEELS AS THOUGH
SHE OWES CHASE SOMETHING AND
WON'T STOP AT ANYTHING UNTIL
SHE DELIVERS.

HUSH...
I'M ONTO
SOMETHING...

TEA,
LARA?





EUREKA!

YOU
FOUND
HER?



HER NAME'S
KERRI MASTERSON
NOW, AND SHE LIVES
IN INDIANA!

LET'S SEE
WHAT ELSE WE
CAN FIND...

WELL?



SHE'S A
POLICE
OFFICER OF
ALL THINGS!

CHASE WOULD
FREAK IF HE
KNEW!

SEEMS SHE
WENT ON A LEAVE
OF ABSENCE A
COUPLE OF DAYS
AGO AND WENT
TO BOSTON.

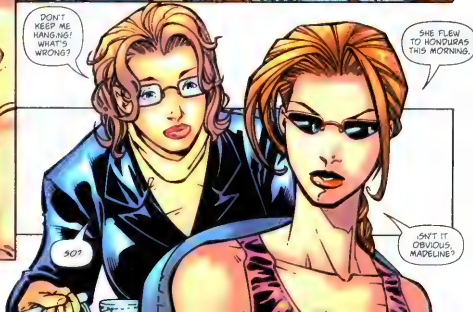
SHE ALSO GOT
A PASSPORT TO
LEAVE THE COUNTRY
AND... AND...



OH, NO

DON'T
KEEP ME
HANGING!
WHAT'S
WRONG?

SO?



SHE FLEW
TO HONDURAS
THIS MORNING.

ISN'T IT
OBVIOUS,
MADELINE?

LARA CONNECTED
THE DOTS FOR ME.

KERRI'S TRIPS TO BOSTON AND
THE HONDURAS IMPLICATE HER IN
THE THEFT OF THE LUCIFER TEXT.

IT'S A SAFE BET THAT KERRI
INTENDS ON USING THE BOOK TO
RESTORE HER BROTHER'S LIFE.

STRANGE, BECAUSE WE THOUGHT
SHE WAS UNAWARE OF HER
BROTHER'S WHEREABOUTS.

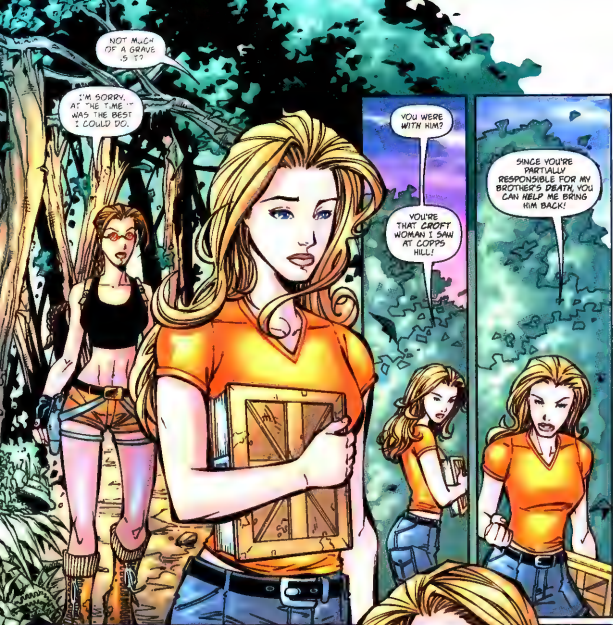
UNTIL A SEARCH OF
ADOPTION RECORDS
REVEALED THAT
KERRI DISCOVERED
CHASE'S IDENTITY
A WEEK AGO --

-- AND TRIED TO
CONTACT HIM WHILE
HE WAS OUT OF
THE COUNTRY.

BY NOW, LARA'S
PROBABLY PICKED
UP HER TRAIL IN
HONDURAS.

WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO BE
PRESENT AT THEIR MEETING.





NOT MUCH
OF A GRAVE
-S- IT?

I'M SORRY.
AT THE TIME...
WAS THE BEST
I COULD DO.

YOU WERE
WITH HIM?

YOU'RE
THAT CROFT
WOMAN I SAW
AT COPPS
HILL!

SINCE YOU'RE
PARTIALLY
RESPONSIBLE FOR MY
BROTHER'S DEATH, YOU
CAN HELP ME BRING
HIM BACK!



I MEAN...
IT TOOK ME
YEARS TO
FIND HIM!

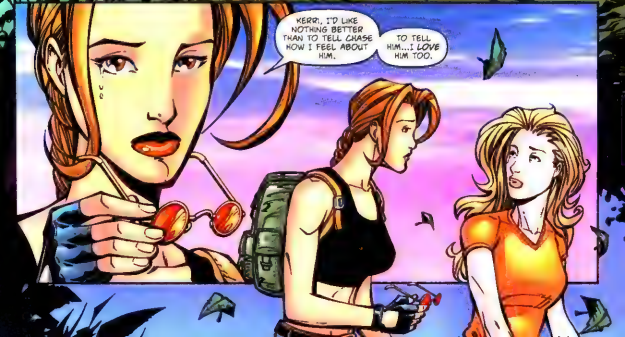
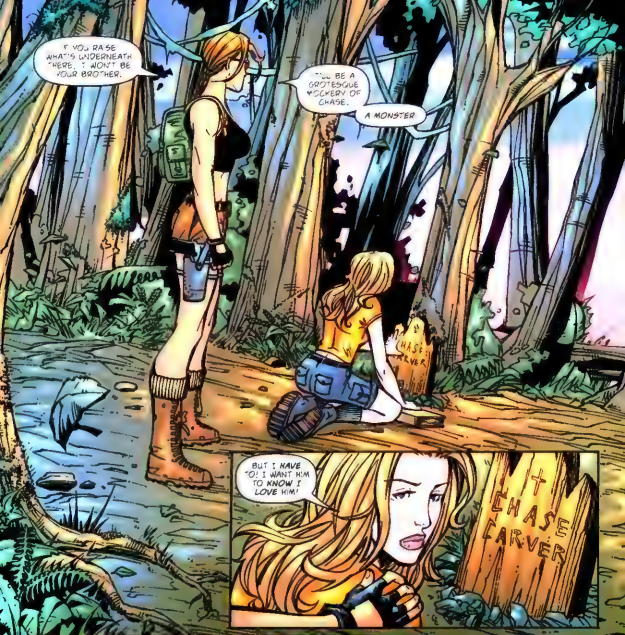
IT ISN'T FAIR
FOR ME TO LOSE
HIM...WITHOUT
MEETING HIM, IS
IT?



KERRI, I KNOW
HOW DIFFICULT IT
IS TO BE THE ONLY
LIVING MEMBER OF
A FAMILY.

BELIEVE ME,
I KNOW.

BUT THIS IS
NOT THE
ANSWER.





CHASE AND I
HAD OUR SHARE
OF UPS AND
DOWNS, JUST LIKE
ANY COUPLE.

BUT THIS
WON'T SOLVE
OUR PAIN --
ONLY ADD TO
IT.



THE CHOICE
IS YOURS.

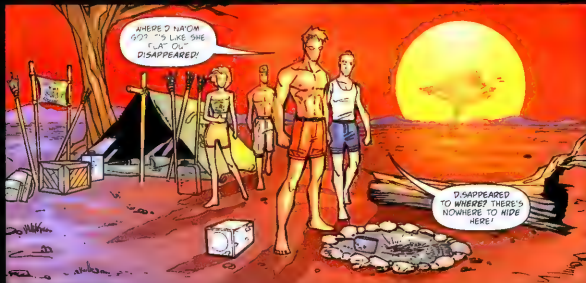
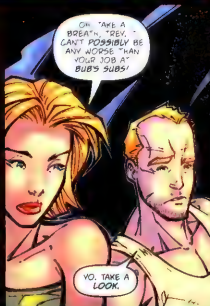
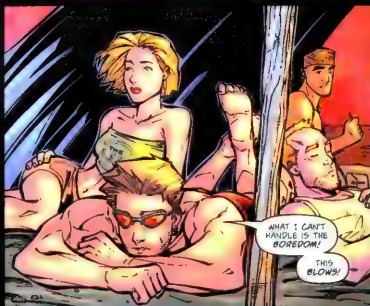
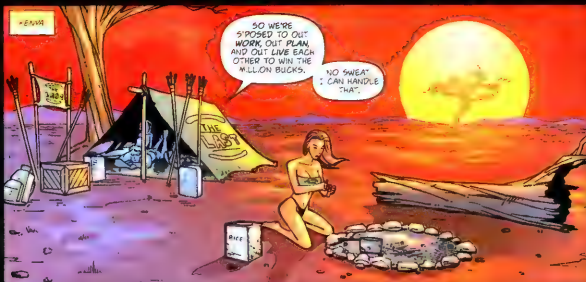


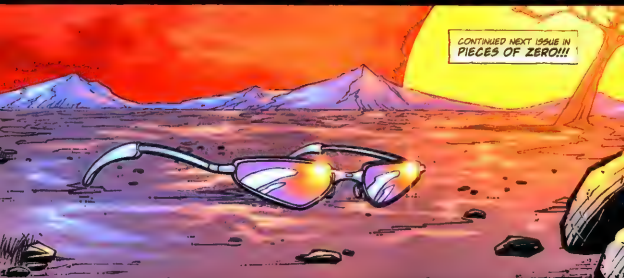
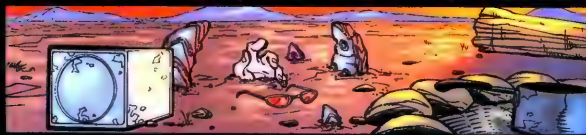
WAIT!!!



PLEASE, TELL
ME ABOUT
CHASE.

HELP ME
KNOW WHO
HE WAS.







Tomb Raider Issue #10

cover by: Andy Park, Jonathan Sibal and Jonathan D. Smith



script by:

Tim Jurgens

story by:

Andy Park

script by:

Jonathan Sibal

story by:

Jonathan D. Smith

Note: The "Pieces of Zero" storyline ran through *Tomb Raider* issues #16, #17, #18 and #20. If you are reading them for the first time issue #18 "Fear of the Cat", a fill-in issue, can be read out of sequence at a later time for the sake of the continuity of the "Pieces of Zero" storyline (reads really nice that way).

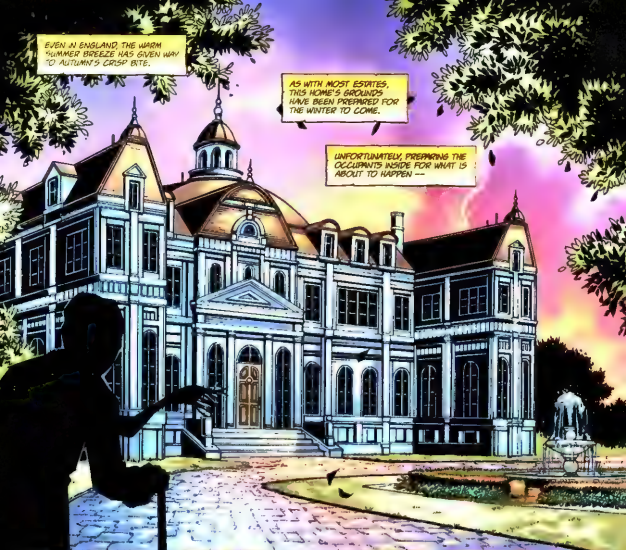
R. R. R.

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heisler

EVEN IN ENGLAND, THE WARM
"SUMMER BREEZE" HAS GIVEN WAY
TO AUTUMN'S CRISP BITE.

AS WITH MOST ESTATES,
THIS HOME'S GROUNDS
HAVE BEEN PREPARED FOR
THE WINTER TO COME.

UNFORTUNATELY, PREPARING THE
OCCUPANTS INSIDE FOR WHAT IS
ABOUT TO HAPPEN —



—IS IMPOSSIBLE.

WRACK
WRACK
WRACK



CAN I HELP
YOU?

YES, MUM.
I HAVEN'T
SEEN DEAR
LARA FOR
AGES!

MIGHT YOU
TELL HER THAT
MRS. WITHERBY IS
HERE, PLEASE?



I'M HER ASSISTANT, MADELINE HOVAN. I'M AFRAID LARA SN'T HERE NOW.

MORE'S THE PITY! WHY, I'VE KNOWN HER SINCE SHE WAS JUST A WEE LASS. I DO MISS HER SO.



I'M SURE MS. CROFT WAS A VERY SPECIAL CHILD.

NDEED SHE WAS, MUM!

TWERENT NOTHING SHE COULDN'T ACCOMPLISH. I'LL TELL YOU THAT!



IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR TEA.

WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN ME, MRS. WITHERBY?

OH, I SHOULDN'T WANT TO IMPOSE!



NOT AT ALL. YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT MS. CROFT'S CHILDHOOD.

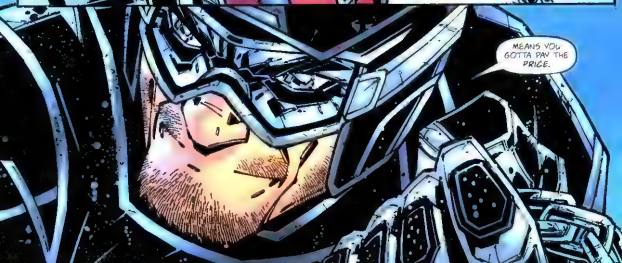
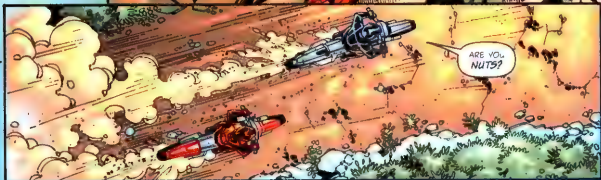
AND WHERE DID YE SAY SHE WAS OFF TO?

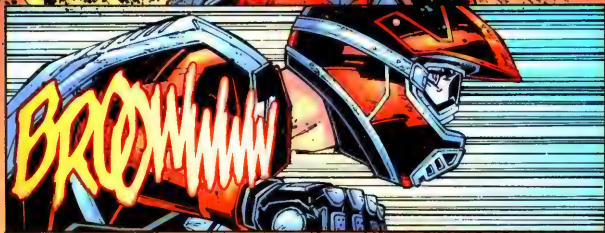
AMERICA, NEW MEXICO, I BELIEVE. INDULGING IN SOMETHING ONLY SHE WOULD FIND RELAXING.

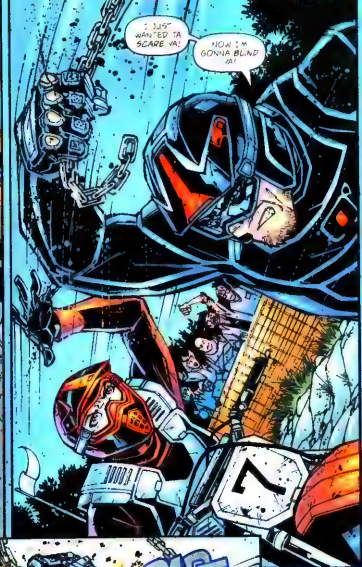
Pieces of ZERO

Part I of IV











HEY!

WHAT'RE
YOU--?

HEY!

YOU LOCKED
UP MY
"THROTTLE!"

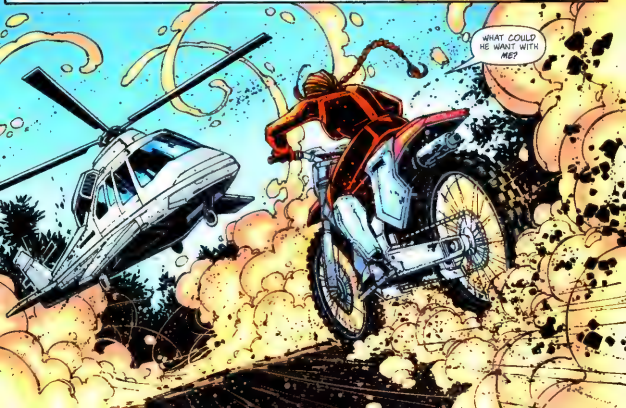
I WON'T
BE ABLE
TO--!

CRASH











THAT'S HER?
"THE TREASURE
HUNTER?"

MUST BE,
STYLES.

SHE LOOKS
RATHER...ROUGH.
WOULDN'T YOU SAY?
NOT AT ALL THE
WEALTHY WOMAN I'D
ENVISIONED.

THIS IS REAL
LIFE -- NOT
CENTRAL
CASTING!

I'D LIKE YOU
FOLKS TO MEET
LARA CROFT!



HOW YOU
DOIN', KID?

MUCH BETTER
NOW THAT YOU'RE
HERE, SAMMY! HOW
ARE MINNIE AND
THE BOYS?

WONDERFUL,
SO LONG AS
JUNIOR KEEPS HIS
BUTT OUTTA
JAIL.

THE APPLE
DOESN'T FALL FAR
FROM THE TREE,
SAMMY!



I FEEL LIKE I
STUMBLED INTO A
WALTONS REUNION
SHOW!

LARA, MEET
ALISSIA LEE AND
HER COHORT STYLES.
THEY PRODUCE
"THE LAST."

NEVER
HEARD OF
IT.



WHERE DO
YOU LIVE?
PLUTO?

IT'S THE
HOTTEST TV SHOW
EVER! THE ENTIRE
COUNTRY IS
WATCHING IT!



ENTIRE
COUNTRY MINUS
ONE. WHAT DO
YOU WANT WITH
ME?



THE SHOW'S
PREMISE IS A
SIMPLE ONE.

WE TAKE
YOUNG HARD
BODIES TO REMOTE
AREAS WHERE THEY
COMPETE IN CONTESTS.
ONE BY ONE, THEY
GET VOTED OUT!

UNTIL
THERE'S
ONE LEFT.

THE
LAST.

FOR THAT,
HE GETS A
COOL MIL.



SORRY, I'M
NOT INTERESTED
IN BEING ON TV.

THAT'S NOT
WHAT THEY
WANT, LARA.



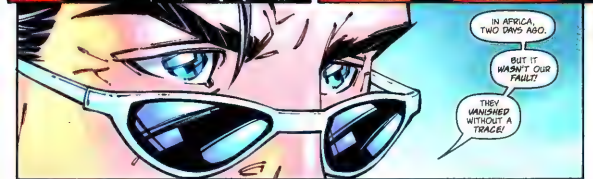
I SHOULD SAY
NOT! WE WANT
YOU TO FIND OUR
CONTESTANTS
AND CREW!

YES, YOU SEE,
IT SEEMS WE
SOMEHOW...
LOST THEM.



LOST
THEM?

YOU LOST --
PEOPLE?



IN AFRICA,
TWO DAYS AGO.

BUT IT
WASN'T OUR
FAULT!

THEY
VANISHED
WITHOUT A
TRACE!



I'M SURE
THE LOCAL
AUTHORITIES CAN
HELP YOU MORE
THAN I CAN!

DO YOU HAVE
ANY IDEA WHAT
KIND OF NEGATIVE
PRESS THAT WOULD
CREATE?

IT'D NUKE
OUR RATINGS
FOR SURE!



THAT'S
NOT MY LINE
OF WORK.

YOU'LL
HAVE TO FIND
SOMEONE
ELSE.

BEFORE YOU
DIG YOUR HEELS
IN, TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS, LARA.



WHERE DID
YOU GET THIS,
SAMMY?

WE FOUND IT AT
THEIR CAMPSITE.
SEEMS LIKE UNIQUE
GOODS TO ME.



IT'S LIKE...
A FABRIC THAT
BECOMES METAL
AFTER IT'S WOVEN
TOGETHER. A
THEORY AT
BEST!



UNTIL
NOW.

MY
CURIOSITY IS
PIQUED.

SHALL WE
GO TO
AFRICA?



YOU'LL PAY
FOR THIS, YOU
KNOW!



LARA CROFT IS
NOT SOMEONE
TO BE TRIFLED
WITH!

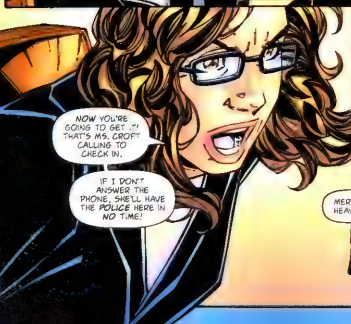
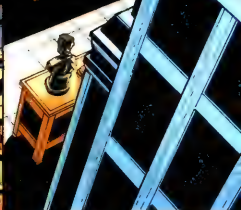


WHY DON'T
YOU TALK?

WHY WON'T
YOU SAY
ANYTHING?

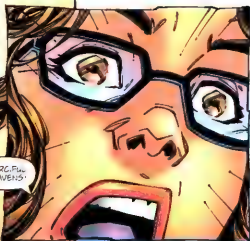


HOW DID YOU
MAKE YOURSELF
LOOK LIKE THAT
OLD WOMAN?



NOW YOU'RE
GOING TO GET IT!
THAT'S MS. CROFT
CALLING TO
CHECK IN.

IF I DON'T
ANSWER THE
PHONE, SHE'LL HAVE
THE POLICE HERE IN
NO TIME!



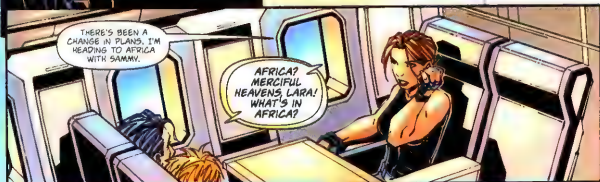
MERC, FUU
HEAVENS!



NO ONE...
NO ONE CAN
DO WHAT YOU
JUST DID!



MRS. HOWAN?
IT'S ME.



THERE'S BEEN A
CHANGE IN PLANS. I'M
HEADING TO AFRICA
WITH SAMMY.

AFRICA?
MERCIFUL
HEAVENS, LARA!
WHAT'S IN
AFRICA?



I'M CHASING
SOMETHING...
DIFFERENT.
SOMETHING THAT
SHOULDN'T EVEN
EXIST.

WELL, DO BE
CAREFUL, LARA. I'LL
KEEP EVERYTHING IN
ORDER --



-- UNTIL YOU
RETURN --

-- FROM
AFRICA.



SAMMY, I'VE
KNOWN YOU FOR
YEARS.

WE'VE WORKED
A NUMBER OF JOBS
TOGETHER, AND I
CONSIDER YOU A VERY
GOOD FRIEND SO I HOPE
YOU WON'T MIND ME
ASKING --

-- HOW IN THE
WORLD DID YOU GET
INVOLVED WITH THESE
LOONEY TUNES?

I DON'T MAKE ALL
MY MONEY FLYING
TREASURE HUNTERS,
LARA.

FACT IS,
MOST OF 'EM
ARE LOSERS!

HOW SO?

IT MEANS THEY
DON'T PAY MOST
OF THEM. COULDN'T
FIND THEIR BUTTS
WITH TWO HANDS IN A
DARK ROOM!

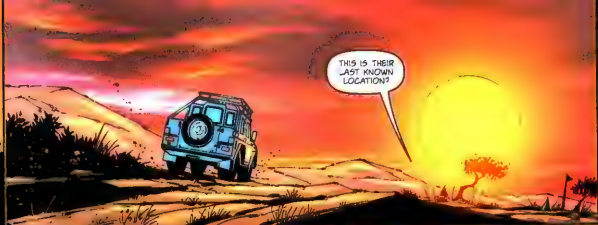
I MET STYLES
BY FLYING STUNTS
FOR ONE OF HIS
FILMS.

A COUPLE
WEEKS AGO, HE
HIRED ME TO FLY
HIS CREW HERE.

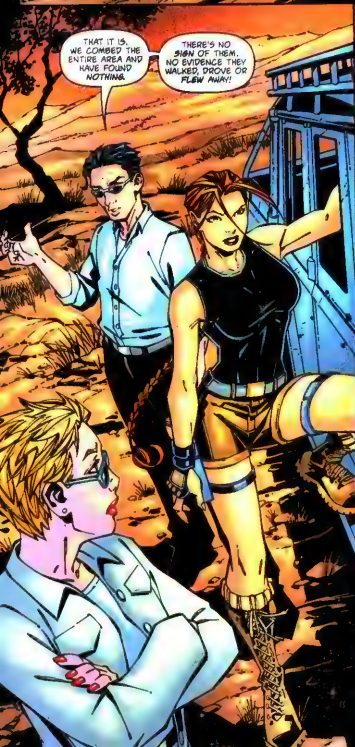
NOT ONLY
DOES LARA FIND
WHAT SHE
WANTS --

-- BUT SHE'S
AS NICE AS
THEY COME.

REMAND ME
TO EMPLOY YOU
MORE OFTEN.
ANYTHING TO
KEEP YOU FROM
THEM.



THIS IS THEIR
LAST KNOWN
LOCATION?



THAT IT IS.
WE COMBED THE
ENTIRE AREA AND
HAVE FOUND
NOTHING.

THERE'S NO
SIGN OF THEM.
NO EVIDENCE THEY
WALKED, DROVE OR
FLEW AWAY!



WHAT ABOUT
BLOOD? MAYBE
HYENAS OR POACHERS
FOUND THEM AND --

EWWWW!
GROSS!

I LOOKED
LARA. DIDN'T
SPOT A
DROR



WHERE DID
YOU FIND THE
SHARD?



RIGHT
ABOUT
THERE.



HMM...

FIND
SOMETHING
CROTT?



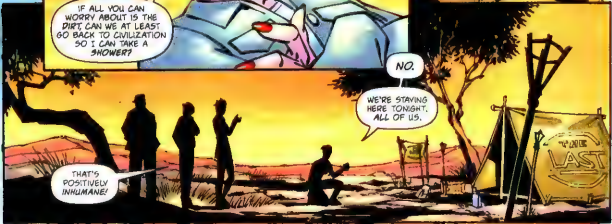
ONLY THAT THE
GROUND...THIS SOIL IS
LESS...FIRM THAN I
EXPECTED.

NOT AS
HARD BAKED
AS IT SHOULD
BE.



OH, GOD WHAT
DOES THAT HAVE
TO DO WITH OUR
PEOPLE?

IF ALL YOU CAN
WORRY ABOUT IS THE
DIRT CAN WE AT LEAST
GO BACK TO CIVILIZATION
SO I CAN TAKE A
SHOWER?



NO.

WE'RE STAYING
HERE TONIGHT.
ALL OF US.

THAT'S
POSITIVELY
INHUMAN!



SO IS
KIDNAPPING.

WE
STAY.



WHO DOES
SHE MADE HER
C.E.O.?

COULDN'T WE
HAVE AT LEAST
BROUGHT A
GENERATOR FOR
SOME POWER?

MY IDEA OF A
VACATION IS A FIVE-
STAR HOTEL WITH
ROOM SERVICE!

CAMPING IS FOR
NEANDERTHALS!



RELAX,
STYLES.
ROUGHING IT WILL
BE GOOD FOR
YOU.

I WILL SAY THIS,
THOUGH. CROTT
INTRIGUES ME.

I THOUGHT
YOU WERE
COMMITTED TO
NANCY.

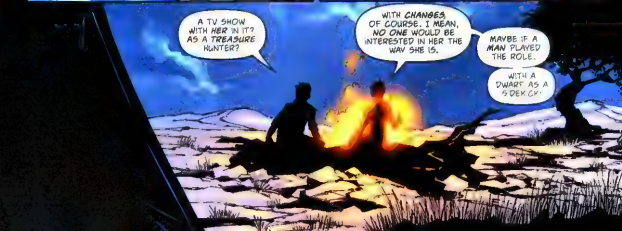


GET YOUR MIND
OUT OF THE
BUTTER, STYLES! I'M
INTERESTED IN HER
AS A PRODUCT!

A SHOW!



THOUGH I DO
LOOK FORWARD TO
SNEAKING A LOOK AT
HER IN THE TENT,
TONIGHT.

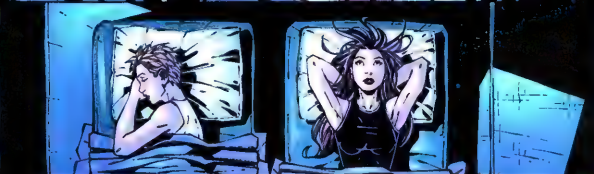


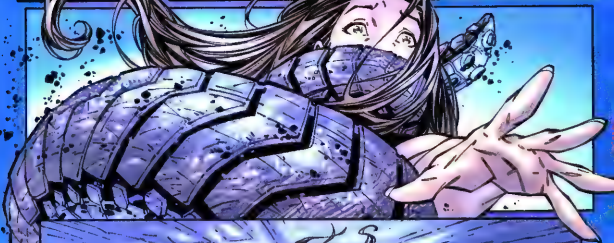
A TV SHOW
WITH HER IN IT?
AS A TREASURE
HUNTER?

WITH CHANCES
OF COURSE. I MEAN,
NO ONE WOULD BE
INTERESTED IN HER THE
WAY SHE IS.

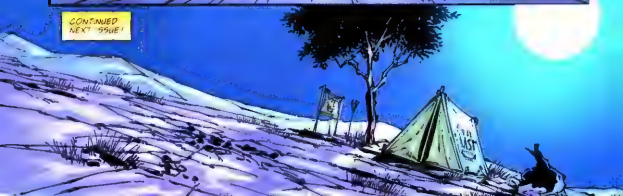
MAYBE IF A
MAN PLAYED
THE ROLE.

WITH A
DWARF AS A
SIDEKICK.





CONTINUED
NEXT ISSUE!





Tomb Raider Issue #17

cover by: Andy Park, Jonathan Sebal and Jonathan D. Smith



editor
Alan Jones

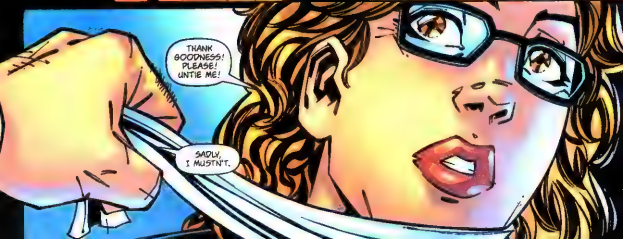
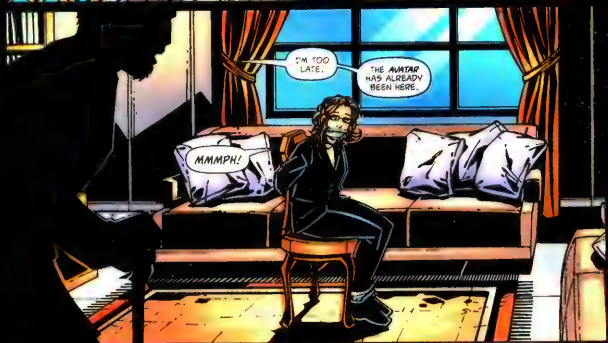
artist
Andy Park

story
Jonathan Sebal
and Jason Garcia

colorist
Jonathan D. Smith
and Steve Finkbeiner

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heisler







YOU HAVE
SEEN "HINDS" THAT
COULD COMPROMISE
ME? "NAH, YOU
MIGHT" MAGINE.

REST ASSURED,
MADAM, THAT I SHALL
PHONE "HE AUTHORITY"
AND HAVE YOU FREED
FROM THIS UNFORTUNATE
SITUATION WHEN THE
TIME IS RIGHT.

TRUST ME
ON THAT, FOR
I'VE NOTHING
ELSE.

-- SAMUEL
GUILL IS A
MAN OF HIS
WORD

Pieces of
ZERO
Part II of IV

KENNY.

RISE AND
SHINE,
FOLKS!

AIN'T NO ONE
WHO LIKES COLD
EGGS FOR
BREAKFAST --

-- AN' THAT'S
ALL YOU'LL GET
IF YOU AREN'T
OUT HERE
SOON!

OH... I DON'T
KNOW HOW ANYONE
MANAGES A DECENT
NIGHT'S SLEEP ON
THE GROUND

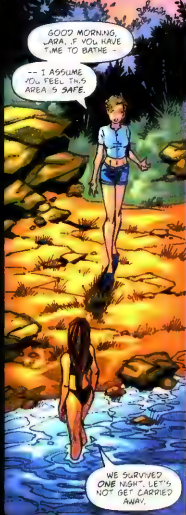
DON'T
KNOW IF
I SHOULD,
SAMMY.

HURRY YERSELF
UP, STYLES! AND GET
THE LADIES OUTTA
THEIR TENT WHILE
YOU'RE AT IT!

NO TELLING
WHAT ALISSIA'S
UP TO.

WHOA.





GOOD MORNING, JARA. IF YOU HAVE TIME TO BATHE -

-- I ASSUME YOU FEEL THIS AREA IS SAFE.

WE SURVIVED ONE NIGHT. LET'S NOT GET CARRIED AWAY.



UNT'L WE KNOW HOW AND WHY YOUR PEOPLE DISAPPEARED

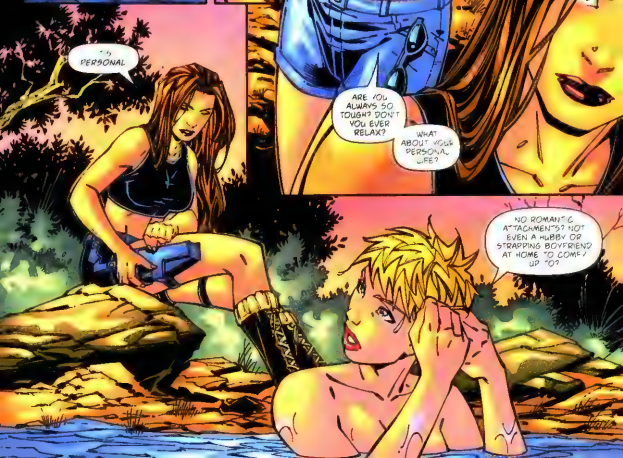
THE WAY YOU WERE TALKING, I WAS AFRAID THE EARTH WAS GOING TO OPEN UP AND SWALLOW US WHOLE!

ONLY ONE OF A NUMBER OF POSSIBLES.

HE MAY CAUTIOUS.

ARE YOU ALWAYS SO TOUGH? DON'T YOU EVER RELAX?

WHAT ABOUT YOUR PERSONAL LIFE?



IT'S PERSONAL

NO ROMANTIC ATTACHMENTS? NOT EVEN A HUBBY OR STRAPPING BOYFRIEND AT HOME TO COMFY UP TO?



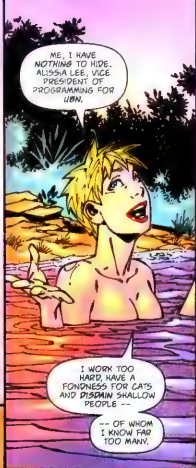
I'M HERE TO
FIND A GROUP OF
MISSING PEOPLE
ALISSIA.

NOTHING ELSE
MATTERS.



YOU BRITS
ARE WOUND
WAY TIGHT.

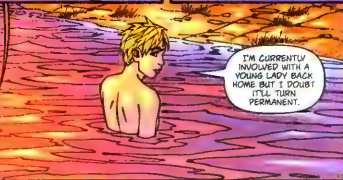
I MEAN, DON'T
YOU LIKE KNOWING
THE PEOPLE YOU'RE
WORKING WITH?



ME, I HAVE
NOTHING TO HIDE.
ALISSIA LEE, VICE
PRESIDENT OF
PROGRAMMING FOR
UBN.

I WORK TOO
HARD, HAVE A
FONDNESS FOR CATS
AND DISDAIN SHALLOW
PEOPLE --

-- OF WHOM
I KNOW FAR
TOO MANY.



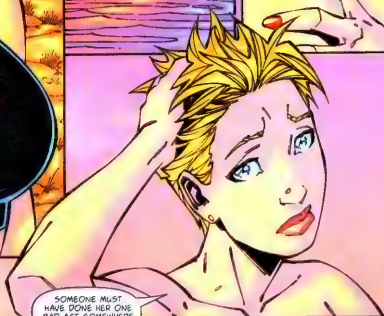
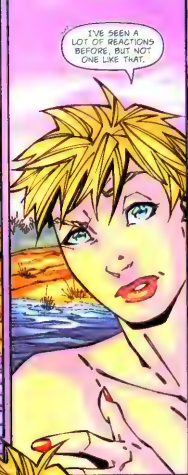
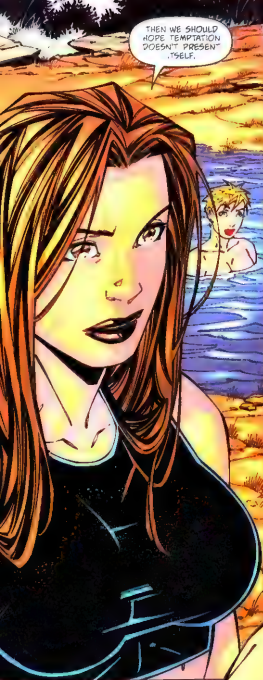
I'M CURRENTLY
INVOLVED WITH A
YOUNG LADY BACK
HOME BUT I DOUBT
IT'LL TURN
PERMANENT.

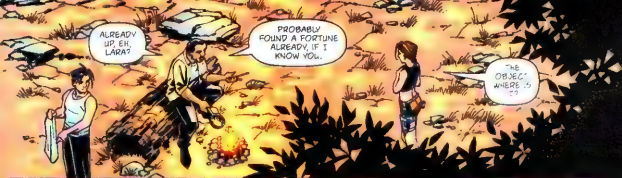


MY TASTE IN
CLOTHES, CARS AND
VACA'TIONS IS
EXPENSIVE.

AND I'M
EASILY
TEMPTED.



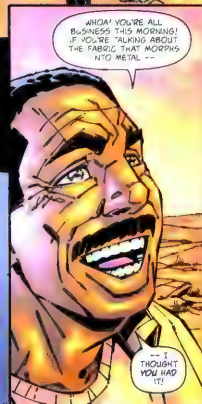




ALREADY
UP, EH,
LARA?

PROBABLY
FOUND A FORTUNE
ALREADY, IF I
KNOW YOU.

"THE
OBJECT"
WHERE IS
IT?



WHOA! YOU'RE ALL
BUSINESS THIS MORNING!
IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT
THE FABRIC THAT MORPHS
INTO METAL --

-- I
THOUGHT
YOU HAD
IT!



NO.

I'LL PASS ON
BREAKFAST.

I WANT
TO BEGIN
SEARCHING.



WHAT'S WITH
HER?

HE LADY
DON'T "BLACK
IT" FLES!



WHY, ON ONE
JOB, LARA GOT US
UP AT 3:30 A.M. TO
FIND THE TSILUIN
IDOL.

RAN US INTO
THE GROUND,
SHE DID!



REMEMBER?

CAMBODIA.

WHO COULD
FORGET?



VIETNAM,
AS I
RECALL.



SLIP OF THE
TONGUE. SEE
YOU LATER.



WHAT
ABOUT
US?

COVER THE
CAMP. I WORK
FASTER
ALONE.



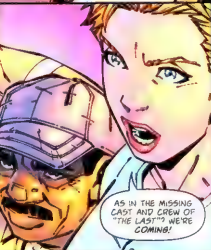
WHAT ABOUT
BACK-UP,
LARA?



I'M SURE I CAN
FIND THE OBJECT
WITHOUT ANY
PROBLEM.



OBJECT?
I THOUGHT WE
WERE LOOKING
FOR PEOPLE!



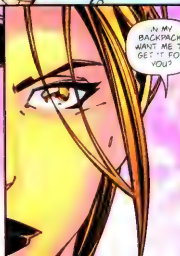
AS IN THE MISSING
CAST AND CREW OF
"THE LAST"? WE'RE
COMING!



OF
COURSE.



LARA,
WHERE'S THAT
PIECE OF METAL
I GAVE YOU
YESTERDAY?

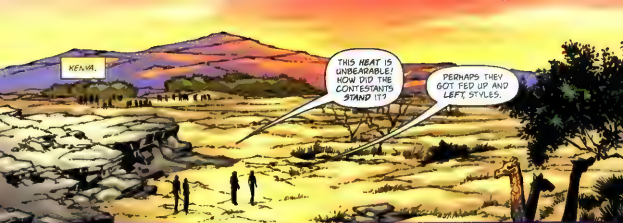


IN MY
BACKPACK.
WANT ME TO
GET IT FOR
YOU?



NAH. JUST
WANTED TO
MAKE SURE IT
WASN'T LOST.





KENYA.

THIS HEAT IS UNBEARABLE!
HOW DID THE CONTESTANTS
STAND IT?

PERHAPS THEY
GOT FED UP AND
LEFT. STYLES.



I'M STILL
BETTING IT WAS
DONE BY PEOPLE
HIRED BY A RIVAL
NETWORK TO MESS
UP OUR RATINGS!

YOU'RE
DREAMING,
STYLES.



I'M NOT THE
ONLY ONE. I'VE
SEEN THE WAY
YOU LOOK AT
CROFT.

YOU AND
ME BOTH.



OPEN
COMPETITION?



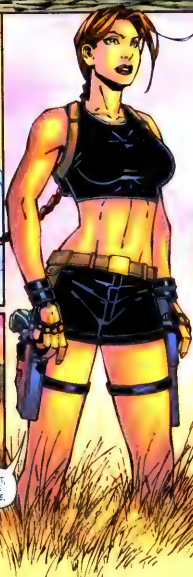
WHY NOT?

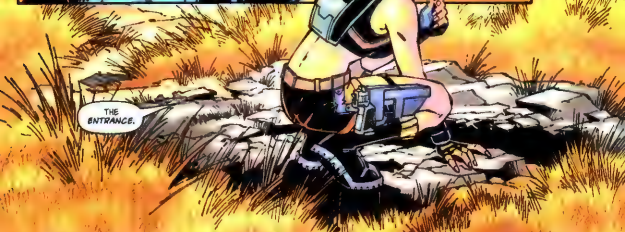
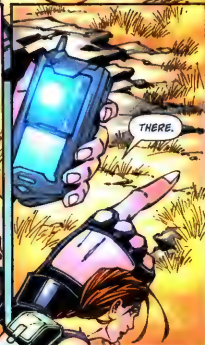


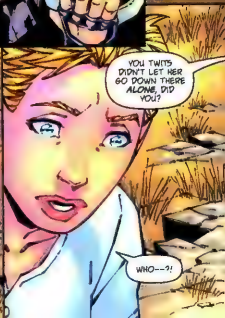
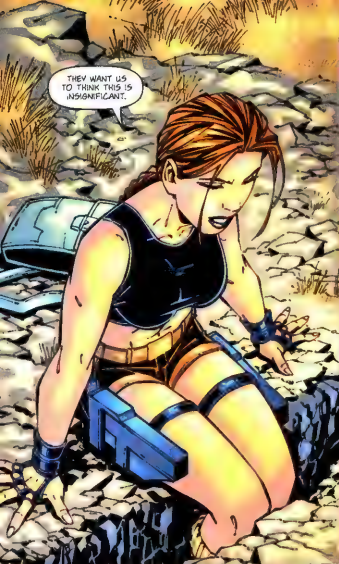
CAN'T IMAGINE
WHAT YOU HOPE TO
FIND OUT HERE! IT'S
FLAT! NOTHING FOR
MILES!

DON'T BE
SO SURE.

IN FACT,
WE'RE
CLOSE.







WHAT...
WHAT IF SHE'S
FALLEN INTO A
BOTTOMLESS
PIT?



A FRIEND

ONE WHO
KNOWS BETTER
THAN TO LET HER
GO ALONE.

WHY?
WHAT'S DOWN
THERE?

DANGER, IF
THE AVATAR
IS THERE.



WHAT'S AN
AVATAR?

WE HAVE TO
GET LARA OUT.
NOW.



HOLD
THE PHONE
PAL..

I KNOW LOTS
OF LARA'S
FRIENDS, BUT NOT
YOU! WHAT'S YOUR
STORY?

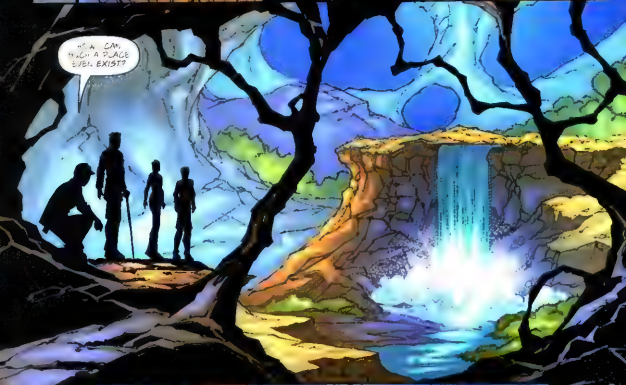


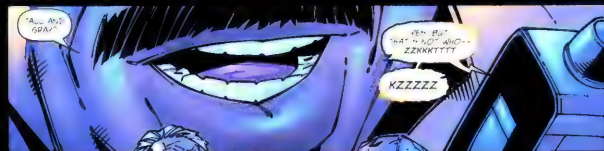
FOLLOW ME
AND SEE FOR
YOURSELF.



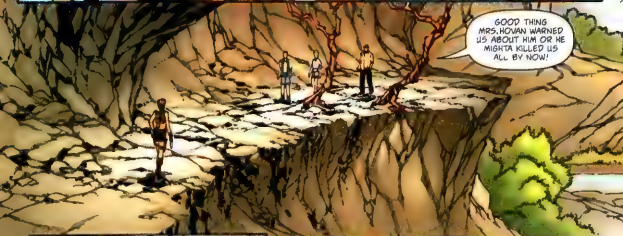
DON'T
KNOW IF I
CAN FIT!

I'LL GO
FIRST.











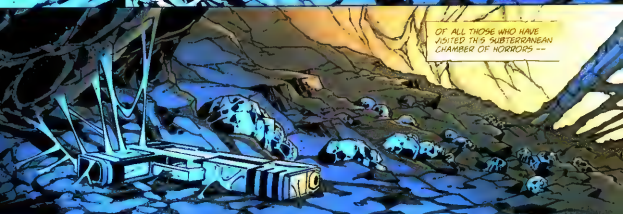


NOT FAR AWAY, THERE'S
A PLACE THAT REEKS OF
DEATH AND CARNAGE.



A PLACE WHERE INNOCENT PEOPLE
WHO ONCE HOPED TO BE THE FINAL
CONTESTANT ON A TELEVISION
SHOW CALLED "THE LAST" --

-- BREATHED
THEIR LAST.



OF ALL THOSE WHO HAVE
VISITED THIS SUBTERRANEAN
CHAMBER OF HORRORS --



ONE
HIT, LIVES.



SADLY, HER
CONDITION --

"... WILL SOON
CHANGE."



"CONTINUED
NEXT PAGE"

Tomb Raider Issue #18

cover by: Adam Hughes



written by:

Alan Jones

edited by:

Gerardo Sandoval

inked by:

Adam Hughes

colored by:

Jonathan D. Smith

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heisler



Tomb Raider

CAT

RARELY, PERHAPS NEVER, HAVE I MET A WOMAN BOTH SO PERPLEXING AND INTERESTING.

WITH EVERY PASSING MOMENT, LARA CROFT FRUSTRATES AND IMPRESSES ME MORE.

IN LIGHT OF WHAT'S TO COME, I CANNOT HELP BUT WONDER HOW THIS DAY WILL END.

I CANNOT THANK
YOU ENOUGH FOR
LETTING ME ACCOMPANY
YOU, MS. CROFT.

YOUR
RELUCTANCE TO
DEAL WITH THE
PRESS IS WELL
KNOWN.

I LIKE
MY PRIVACY.
MR. BUTTERMAN.

AS YOU
WISH.

TERRENCE.

SO, WHY DID
YOU RELENT
AND LET ME
ACCOMPANY
YOU?

DARE I
ASSUME MY
STORY FOR
AMERICAN
GEOGRAPHIC WAS
THE CATALYST?

I ADMIT IT
WAS A VERY
HARSH PORTRAITAL
OF PEOPLE IN YOUR
PROFESSION.

I REALIZE
NUMEROUS TREASURE
HUNTERS DEFILE TOMBS
AND STEAL WHAT THEY
WANT FOR PERSONAL
PROFIT.





QUITE FORMIDABLE. WE MIGHT WELL REQUIRE A BULLDOZER TO GET INSIDE.

A QUESTION, MR BUTTERMAN.

"TERRENCE"

"TERRENCE"

THEY DIDN'T HAVE BULLDOZERS WHEN THEY BUILT IT, DID THEY?

WELL, NO...



SO THERE HAS TO BE ANOTHER WAY.



YOU CAN ACTUALLY READ THOSE CARVINGS?

ENOUGH TO OPEN IT, YES.



GETTING INSIDE'S EASY.



...SURVIVING WASN'T HARD.



WAIT

WHY-- THOSE
ARROWS WOULD
HAVE KILLED US!

IF THE
WOUNDS DIDN'T,
THE POISON
CERTAINLY
WOULD.

DO THIS
ENOUGH AND YOU
LEARN WHAT TO
LOOK FOR.

THAT POOL OF
WATER, IS IT
DANGEROUS?

IN ALL
LIKELIHOOD, IT'S
PROBABLY A
PASSAGEWAY

A TEST

FRT

FWIP

WE HAVE TO--
SWIM TO GET
WHERE WE'RE
GOING?

BUT--
IF IT'S A
TRAP--!

OF COURSE, IT'S
A TRAP. IF YOU'D
RATHER STAY HERE,
THAT'S FINE.

HOW...
HOW DO WE
KNOW HOW FAR
WE'LL HAVE TO
SWIM?



WE
DON'T

LARA'S RESOLVE SURPASSES
THAT OF ANYONE I'VE EVER MET.

IN NECESSARY TIGHT
IN HER LINE OF
WORK, I'M SURE.

AS WE SWIM
DEEPER, ALL I CAN
THINK OF IS AIR.

LARA, ON THE
OTHER HAND, IS
LOOKING FOR
SOLUTIONS.

SOLUTIONS
THOSE POOR
SOULS
OBVIOUSLY
NEVER FOUND.

WHERE'S FOUND
9 TIMES TIMES?

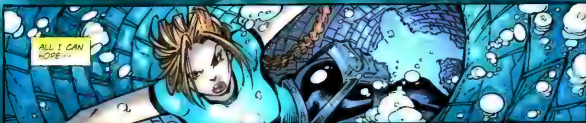


FIVE DIFFERENT
TUNNELS AND SHE
CHOOSES THIS ONE.



I'M TEMPTED TO
HEAD BACK TO
THE SURFACE.

BUT LARA HAS
PROVEN HER
EXPERTISE.



ALL I CAN
HOPE...



-- IS THAT I DON'T
END UP REGRETTING IT.







YOU WERE
RIGHT! WE'RE
SAFE!

HARD!

THAT'S
OIL.



YOU
MEAN--?

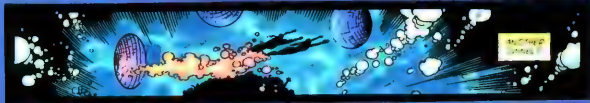
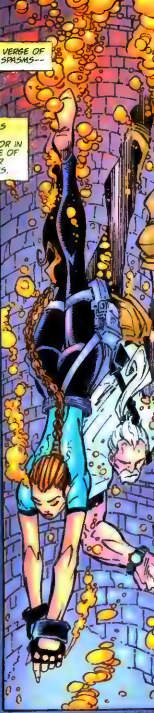
MERCIFUL
HEAVENS...

DIVE!

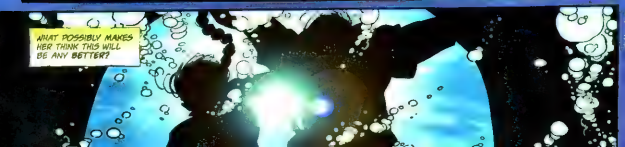


I AM ON THE VERGE OF
INCOHERENT SPASMS--

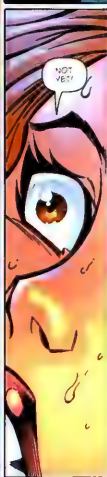
-- LARA'S
CALM
DEMEANOR IN
THE FACE OF
DISASTER
SAVES US.

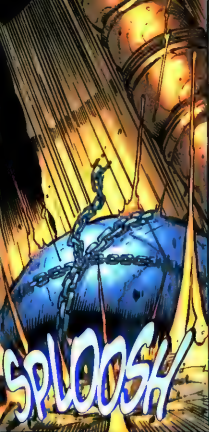


THEY'RE
GONE!



WHAT POSSIBLY MAKES
HER THINK THIS WILL
BE ANY BETTER?



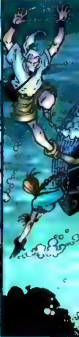


SPLOOSH!



WHEN WILL SHE REALIZE
WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?

NONE
OF THESE
TUNNELS
ARE SAFE!

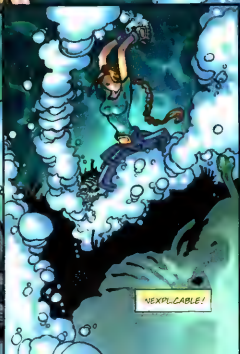


EACH OF THEM IS
UNDOUBTEDLY A
DIFFERENT DEATH TRAP!

WE HAVE TO
GO BACK!

HOW MORBID
CAN YOU BE?!

DIGGING THROUGH THE BONES
OF THOSE WHOSE FINAL FATE
WE MIGHT WELL SHARE?



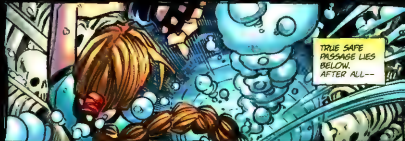
NEXT...CABLE!



UNLESS...



THE TUNNELS ARE A DIVERSION MEANT TO SEDUCE PEOPLE INTO A FALSE SENSE OF SAFETY.



TRUE SAFE PASSAGE LIES BELOW. AFTER ALL--



-- HOW MANY PEOPLE WOULD SEEK SAFE HAVEN IN THE BONES OF THE DEAD?



WH
UP
T

DARE : OPEN MY EYES?

DARE : HOPE WE'VE FOUND ASYLUM?





"PEOPLE LIKE ME WHO MAKE YOU FAMOUS! YOU SHOULD THANK ME!"



"MONEY AND A STORY ON ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT DOESN'T INTEREST ME."



"ONLY THE SECRETS OF THE PAST DO."

"NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND--"



-- I'M GOING BACK TO WORK.



"THIS IS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT."

"NOT BECAUSE OF ANY MONETARY VALUE--"

-- BUT THE FEELING YOU GET FROM KNOWING YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE TO VIEW IT SINCE THE DAY THE TOMB WAS SEALED.

"GLORIOUS!"







HEH.

IMAGINE
THAT.

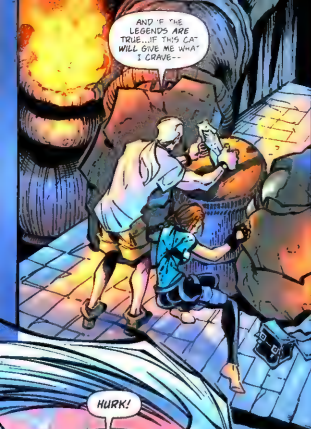
B-DAMN

ARGGH!

PERHAPS
MONEY IS OF
NO CONCERN TO
YOU, BUT IT IS
TO ME.

I'LL NOT WALK
AWAY, UNFULFILLED,
FROM RICHES LIKE
THIS!

UHN!



AND IF THE
LEGENDS ARE
TRUE...IF THIS CAT
WILL GIVE ME WHAT
I CRAVE--



-- I'LL NEED
TWENTY
LIFETIMES TO
SPEND ALL
THIS!



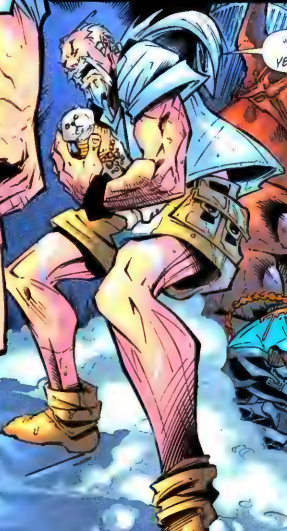
IDIOT! YOU
DON'T
KNOW...

...THE
WHOLE
STORY!



HURK!

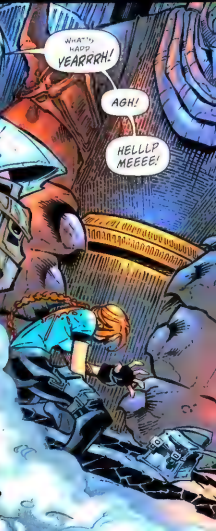
NNGH!



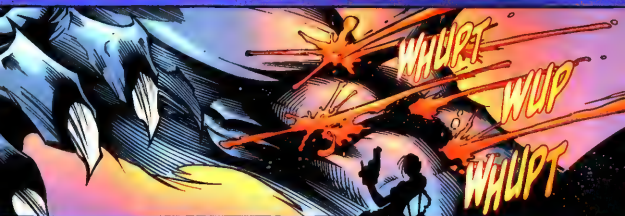
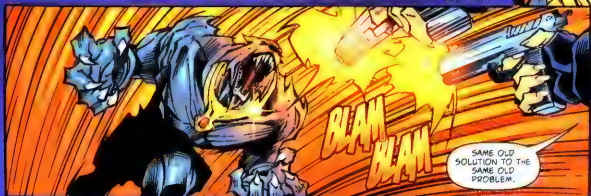
WHAT'S
HAPP
YEARRR!

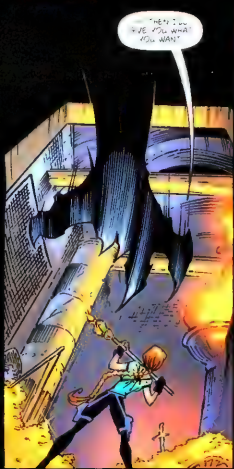
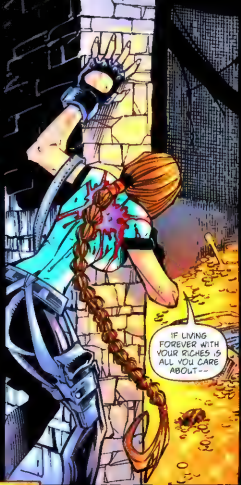
AGH!

HELLP
MEEEE!











THE END.



Tomb Raider Issue #19

cover by: Andy Park, Jonathan Sibal and Jonathan D. Smith



art by: Andy Park

art by: Andy Park

art by: Jonathan Sibal

art by: Jonathan D. Smith

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heisler



THERE ARE THOSE WHO
KNOW NIGHTMARES ARE REAL.

THAT INDISCRIABLE
MONSTROSITIES
ACTUALLY EXIST.

THEY RECOGNIZE THE FEEL OF
DEATH, THE SMELL OF ROTTING
FLESH AND DECAYING BODIES.

THOSE WHO HAVE
EXPERIENCED SUCH
THINGS ARE FEW.

THEIR RANKS ARE ABOUT
TO BE LESSENED BY ONE.

-- UNLESS SOMETHING
CHANGES SOON.



HOW LONG
HAS SHE
BEEN HERE?

HOURS?

IN THE HAZE
OF PAIN,
MEMORIES
DANCE
FITFULLY BY.



HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN
SINCE THE MONSTER
PULLED HER BENEATH
KENNY'S ACID? SURFACE?



SINCE SHE FOUND
THE BODIES?

INNOCENT PEOPLE,
PRESUMED LOST, THAT
SHE WAS SUPPOSED
TO RESCUE?

MUNDANE?

AFFAIR?



THE CREATURE'S
VENOM HAS LEFT
HER BARELY
ABLE TO MOVE.



DAYS?



SINCE IT PULLED HER
THROUGH THE FOUL
GOLD TUNNELS?



PERHAPS IT'S NOT A
QUESTION OF HOW LONG
SHE'S BEEN HERE --

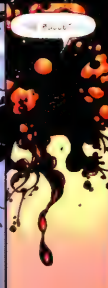
-- BUT HOW LONG
SHE HAS LEFT.

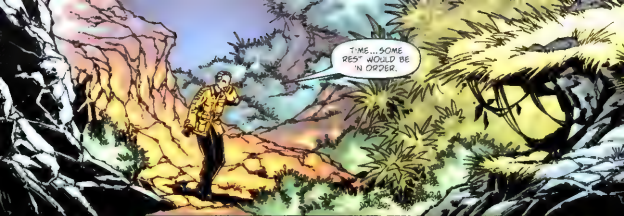
Pieces of ZERO

Part II of IV

OF THE MANY NAMES
HE'S USED, MOST KNOW
HIM AS SAMUEL GULL.

LIKE LARA, HE KNOWS
FULL WELL THAT REALITY
ISN'T CONFINED BY
"WHAT" WHICH WE SEE.





TIME... SOME
REST WOULD BE
'N ORDER.



I HAVEN'T THE
LUXURY.

IF THE
GREATEST
CATASTROPHES IN HUMAN
HISTORY IS TO BE
AVOIDED --

- THE
AVATAR MUST
BE STOPPED



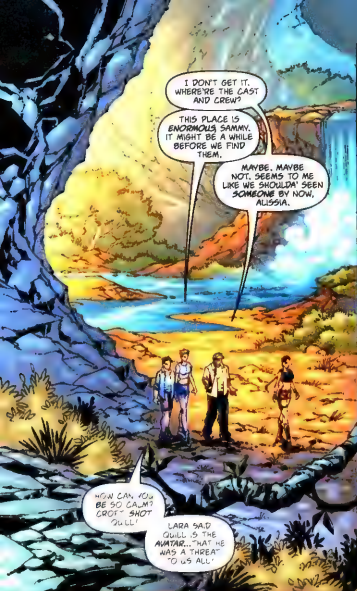
ONE OF THE
TUNNELS.



MUCH AS I'D
PREFER FINDING
GROFT, MORE URGENT
MATTERS REQUIRE MY
ATTENTION.



AVATAR.



I DON'T GET IT.
WHERE'RE THE CAST
AND CREW?

THIS PLACE IS
ENORMOUS, SAMMY.
IT MIGHT BE A WHILE
BEFORE WE FIND
THEM.

MAYBE. MAYBE
NOT. SEEMS TO ME
LIKE WE SHOULD'VE SEEN
SOMEONE BY NOW,
ALUSSIA.

NOW CAN YOU
BE SO CALM? CROT-
SHOT GULL!

LARA SAYS
GULL IS THE
AVATAR... THAT HE
WAS A THREAT
TO US ALL!



MEANIN' HE
DID THE RIGHT
THING, STYLES.

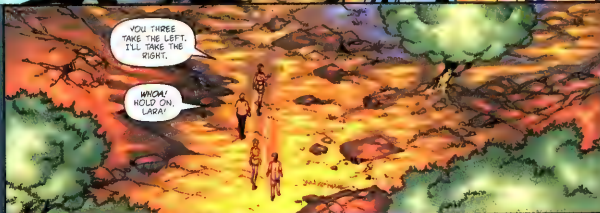
BUT -- HE
SAID HE WAS
HERE TO
HELP!



AND WHAT
THE HELL IS
AN AVATAR,
ANYWAY?

EASE UP,
STYLES. LARA'S
THE EXPERT
HERE -- NOT
YOU!

WE'LL COVER
MORE GROUND IF
WE SPLIT UP.



YOU THREE
TAKE THE LEFT.
I'LL TAKE THE
RIGHT.

WHOA!
HOLD ON,
LARA!



UNTIL WE
FIGURE OUT
WHAT'S GOING ON
HERE, I DON'T THINK
IT'S SAFE FOR
ANYONE TO GO
SOLO.

THE WAY
YOU'VE BEEN
ACTING... IT ALMOST
SEEMS LIKE YOU'RE
TRYING TO DUMP
US, LARA.



WAIT! A
MINUTE. WHAT
IF THERE'S A
TREASURE
AROUND
HERE?

SOMETHING
SO VALUABLE
SHE WANTS
TO FREEZE US
OUT?



I CAN MOVE
FASTER ON MY OWN.
THAT'S ALL.

IF ONE OF YOU
WANTS TO JOIN ME,
FINE, SO LONG AS
YOU CAN KEEP UP.



ME!



FIRST
RULE
OF SAFETY
IS STAYING
TOGETHER,
LARA.

ALL OF
US.



YOU'RE THE
ONE WHO
TAUGHT ME
THAT RULE.



OF
COURSE.



HHMM...



THE BEAST STIRS,
TIGHTENING ITS GRIP.

TO DO SO, IT
ERRANTLY FREES
ONE ARM.

BUT JUST
ENOUGH --

-- TO OPEN
THE WINDOW --

-- FOR A CHANCE.

NOT BY MUCH.

HER WEAPONS ARE
UNACCESSIBLE.

FORTUNATELY, THE
SHARD OF STRANGE
METAL IS JAGGED
ENOUGH --

-- TO DO
MINIMAL DAMAGE.





BULLETS AND
KNIVES DON'T
HURT IT --

-- BUT
THIS DOES?

I KNEW THIS
SHARD WAS
SPECIAL.

GUESS I HAD
NO IDEA HOW
MUCH.



I SHOULD
SHOOT YOU
WHERE YOU
STAND

?!



WHAT? YOU
KILLED ME?

QUILL? WHAT
BRINGS YOU HERE?
AND WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?

WHY, THE TAG
THAT YOU SHOT ME
IN THE BACK LESS
THAN AN HOUR AGO,
LARA.



TEN
SECONDS.

THAT'S HOW
LONG YOU HAVE TO
CONVINCE ME NOT
TO PULL THE
TRIGGER

WARRIOR

NOT LONG AGO,
THEY MET WHEN SHE
WAS IN POSSESSION
OF THE FABLED EYE
OF SHANERETTIN.

THE EYE'S FABULOUS
POWERS ENABLED ITS
OWNER TO GLIMPSE
THE FUTURE.

QUILL ESCAPED
WITH THE EYE --

AFTER IMPLYING
A VERY PARTICULAR
FUTURE AWAITED THEM.

HOW CAN
YOU KILL
ME --

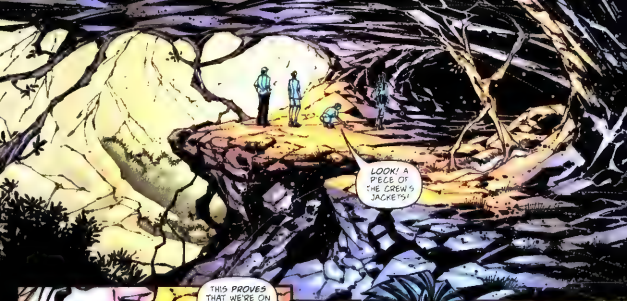
-- WHEN
YOU'VE CLAIMED
TO SEE A FUTURE
IN WHICH WE'RE
LOVERS?

A FUTURE :
DOLB- OF
COURSE. BU
ON THE CHANCE
IS TRUE --

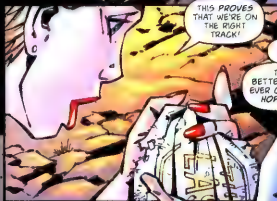
-- YOU CAN'T
PULL "HA"
TRIGGER.

"HE
QUEST-ON
REMAINS. LARA
F YOU D'DN"
SHOOT ME

A-
??



LOOK! A
PECE OF
THE CREW'S
JACKETS!



THIS PROVES
THAT WE'RE ON
THE RIGHT
TRACK!

DUDE!

THIS IS
BETTER THAN WE
EVER COULD HAVE
HOPED FOR!



DO YOU REALIZE
WHAT RATINGS WE'LL
GET WHEN IT'S REVEALED
OUR CAST DISCOVERED
THE LOST VALLEY OF
THE CAVE WOMEN?

CAVE WOMEN?
WHAT THE DEVIL ARE
YOU TALKING ABOUT,
STYLES?



MARKETING,
SAMMY, GO
WITH -

WE NEED
A HOOK!

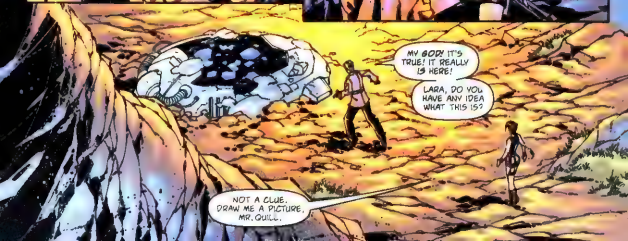
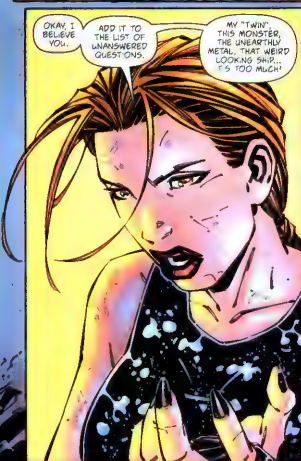
MAYBE LOST
VALLEY OF THE NAKED
AMAZONS WOULD BE
BETTER!

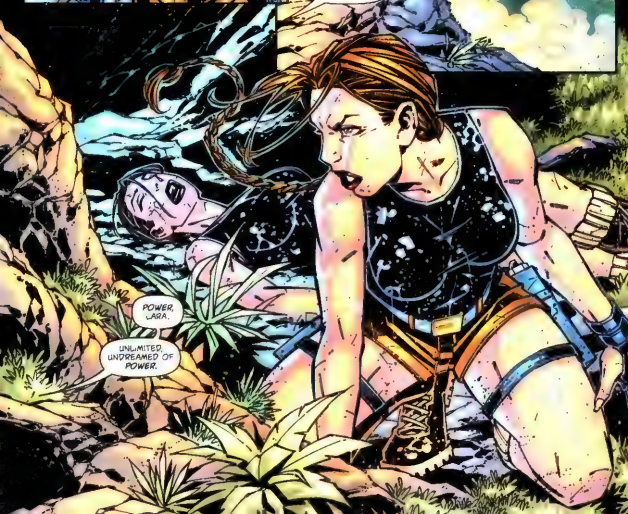
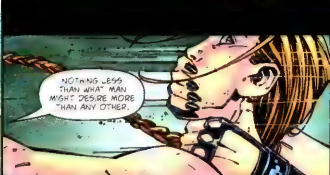


SWEET! HEY!
WHERE'D LARA GO!



I KNEW SHE
WAS TRYING TO
DUST US! FIND
HER!







THIS CRAFT, BARELY THE SIZE OF A SMALL CAR, IS FAR AND AWAY THE MOST VALUABLE ITEM IN EXISTENCE.

WORTH MORE THAN THE GROSS DOMESTIC PRODUCT OF ALL BUT A HANDFUL OF NATIONS.



THIS IS A VESSEL, LARA, FROM THE FUTURE.

ABLE TO TRAVEL FORWARD AND BACKWARD THROUGH TIME ITSELF



HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH?

DON'T FORGET, THE EYE OF SHAHERETIN IS MINE.



I CAN SEE TOMORROW. I WISH I COULD TELL YOU ALL I KNOW.



DANGEROUS KNOWLEDGE --



WAT

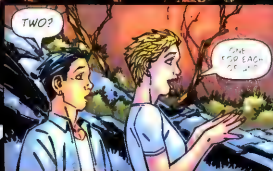
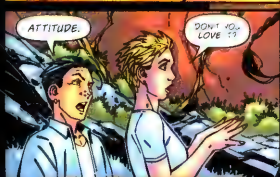


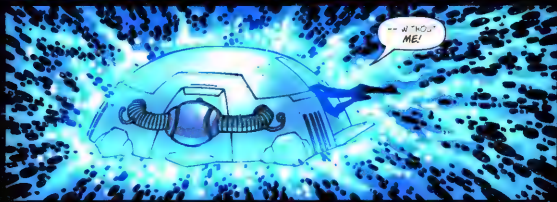
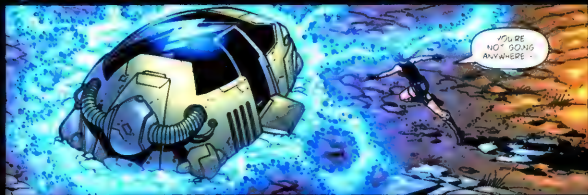
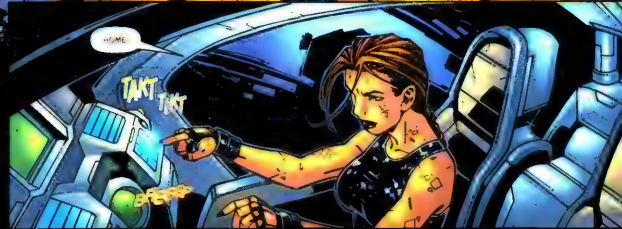
-- FOR A NEOPHYTE WHO DOESN'T KNOW AS MUCH AS HE THINKS!





WITHOUT A DOUBT, THE TOUGHEST WOMAN I'VE EVER SEEN!







UN --

-- BE --

-- LIEVABLE!



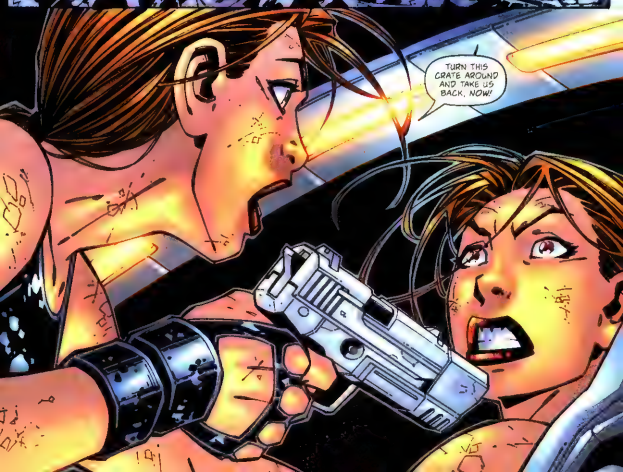
WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE EXPLAIN WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



I DON'T KNOW. BUT I DO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR PEOPLE

YEAH, BUT WHAT ABOUT LARA?

BOTH OF 'EM



TURN THIS GRATE AROUND AND TAKE US BACK, NOW!

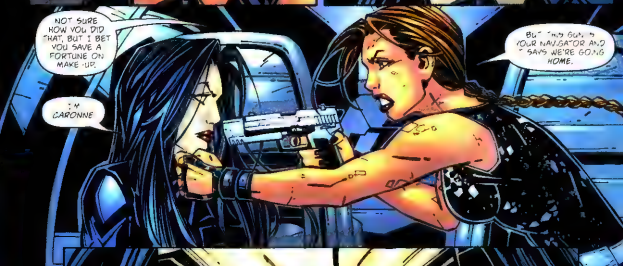


I THINK --



-- NOT.

UNTIL YOU
CAN FLY THIS
CRAFT, WE GO
WHERE I SAY



NOT SURE
HOW YOU DID
THAT, BUT I BET
YOU SAVED A
FORTUNE ON
MAKE-UP.

I'M
CARONNE

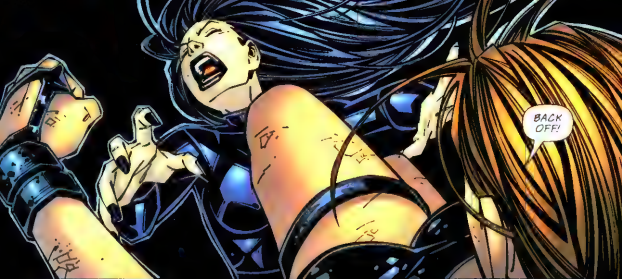
BUT THIS GUN'S
YOUR NAVIGATOR AND
SAYS WE'RE GOING
HOME.



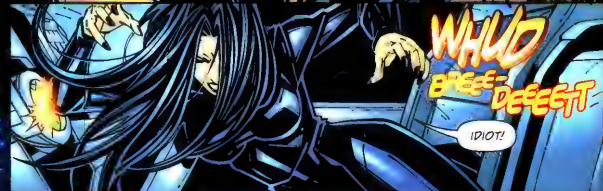
AND WE'LL
GO HOME
ALL RIGHT



MY
HOME!

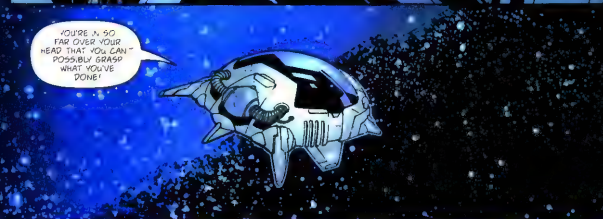


BACK OFF!



WHUD
BREE-DEEST

IDIOT!



YOU'RE IN SO FAR OVER YOUR HEAD THAT YOU CAN POSSIBLY GRASP WHAT YOU'VE DONE!



THANKS TO YOU --

AUTO LAND
TAKT

... WE'VE ONE OF US WILL SURVIVE THE HOUR!



AS MUCH
AS I HATE TO
ADMIT



THE WAY?
ME RIGHT

CONCLUDED
NEXT ISSUE.



Tomb Raider Issue #20

cover by: Andy Park, Jonathan Sibal and Jonathan D. Smith



art by
Andy Park

art by
Jonathan Sibal

art by
Jonathan D. Smith
and Kevin Conrad

art by
Jonathan D. Smith

letters by Robin Spehar and Dennis Henner



WHOW! THAT'S ONE HELLUVA SPREAD, QUILL!

LIKE SOMETHIN' OUTTA A BOND MOVIE!

GUESS THAT MAKES YOU A REGULAR GOLDFINGER OR SUMTHIN'!



HARDLY.

QUICKLY, LAND HERE, WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME.



WHOW. I BET ONE OF HIS BATHROOMS IS WORTH MORE THAN MY WHOLE CONDO!

EACH SPECIALLY DESIGNED, GOLD PLATED TOILET DOES THAT, STYLES.

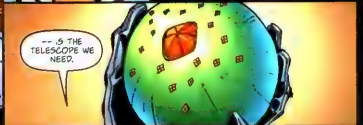
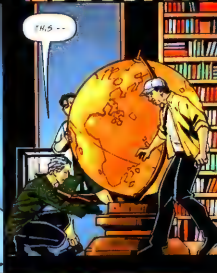
ANY CHANCE YOU FOLKS CAN STOP FUSSIN' 'BOUT INTERIOR DESIGN?

IT'S LARA WE OUGHTA BE WORRIED ABOUT!



INDEED.

IF WE DO NOT ACT SOON, WE MIGHT VERY WELL NEVER RECOVER HER.



Pieces of **ZERO** Part IV of IV





THE FUGITIVES
DIRECTOR
REDSTONE. THEIR SHIP
MATERIALIZED A FEW
MINUTES AGO.

TWO OF THEM?
I EXPECTED
ONLY ONE



WHICH
PROVES I'M
HERE BY MISTAKE.
TIME TO CUT ME
LOOSE!

NOT WHEN
YOU AND YOUR
BOSS ARE IN
VIOLATION OF TIME
CODE 369.

BOSS?
THAT'S NOT MY
BOSS!





MAYBE SO, BUT
THAT DOESN'T MEAN
YOU'RE JUMPING TO
THE RIGHT
CONCLUSIONS

I... GET MY
ANSWERS IN
ME

I ALREADY
KNOW THE
HIGHLIGHTS.



I'M NOT SURE
WHERE YOU PUT IT
INTO THE EQUATION, BUT
YOU WERE OBVIOUSLY
IN THE EARLY 21ST
CENTURY!

A VIOLATION
CARRYING A
MAXIMUM
SENTENCE



OUR FRIENDLY
"TREASURE HUNTER"
CARONNE BROKE INTO A
TEMPORAL AUTHORITY
KANGAR AND STOLE A
TIME JUMPER.

WE TRACKED
HER TO THE PAST
BUT SHE USED
CAMOUFLAGING
TECHNOLOGY TO
EVADE US.

THANKS
CARONNE.

THANKS A
BLOODY
LOT.



INTO THE
CHAMBERS WITH
THEM! LET THEM
STEW UNTIL THE
ZONERS ARE
READY!



5A

INTERESTING
GAME YOU'RE
PLAYING HERE.

YOU'RE THE
GUILTY ONE,
NOT ME.

WHY DRAG
ME DOWN
WITH YOU?



FINE.

DON'T SAY
A WORD.

ONCE THEY
COME BACK WITH
THOSE...WHAT DID
THEY CALL
THEM?

ZONERS.

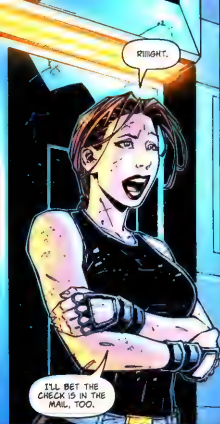


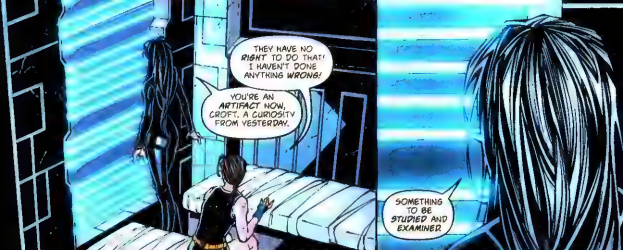
I'LL TELL
THEM EVERYTHING
THAT HAPPENED SO
YOU HANG INSTEAD
OF ME.



CAN YOU
TRULY BE THIS
STUPID?

DON'T YOU
SEE THAT IF NOT
FOR ME YOU'D BE IN
EVEN WORSE
TROUBLE?





THEY HAVE NO
RIGHT TO DO THAT!
I HAVEN'T DONE
ANYTHING WRONG!

YOU'RE AN
ARTIFACT NOW,
CROFT. A CURIOSITY
FROM YESTERDAY.

SOMETHING
TO BE
STUDIED AND
EXAMINED



HOW DO YOU
KNOW SO MUCH
ABOUT ME? HOW DID
YOU MAKE YOURSELF
LOOK LIKE ME?

I WAS AT YOUR
HOUSE BEFORE
GOING TO KENYA. I
KNEW YOU'D LEAD ME
TO THE BEAST.

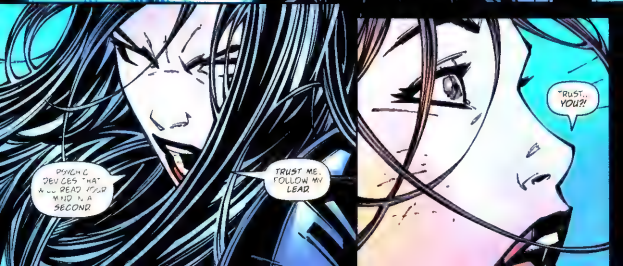
THAT...THING
THAT KILLED THE
CAST OF THE TV
SHOW?



THEY'RE
COMING WITH
THE ZONERS.

IF THEY GET
TO USE THEM,
WE'RE SUNK.

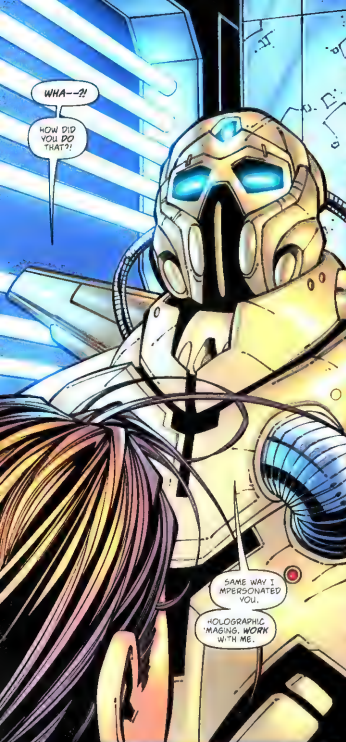
WHAT ARE
ZONERS?



PSYCHIC
DEVICES "HAT"
WILL READ YOUR
MIND IN A
SECOND

TRUST ME,
FOLLOW MY
LEAD

"TRUST...
YOU?!"



WHA--?!

HOW DID YOU DO THAT?!

SAME WAY I IMPERSONATED YOU.

HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGING. WORK WITH ME.



WHERE IS SHE? WHERE IS CARONNE?

WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT? WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

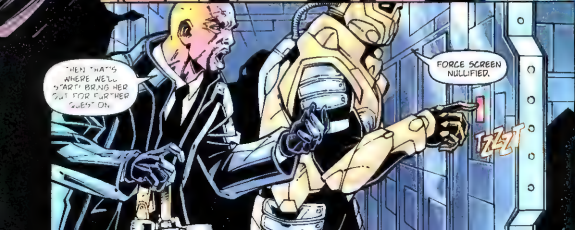


I WAS RUNNING A FLOOR CHECK AND FOUND THIS ONE IN HER CELL ALONE!

CARONNE ESCAPED!

SEAL THE BUILDING!

HER PAL HERE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT THE LOWER LEVEL, DIRECTOR!

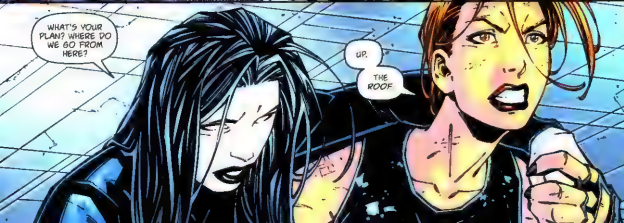


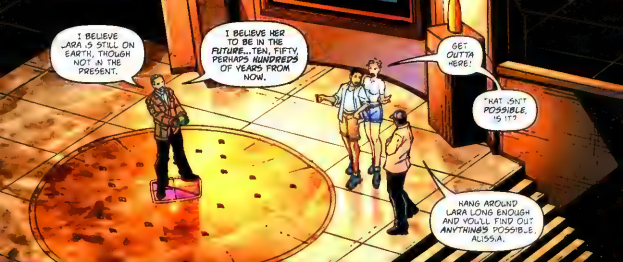
THEN THAT'S WHERE WE'LL START BRING HER OUT FOR FURTHER QUESTION.

FORCE SCREEN NULLIFIED.

FWZ!







I BELIEVE LARA'S STILL ON EARTH, THOUGH NOT IN THE PRESENT.

I BELIEVE HER TO BE IN THE FUTURE...TEN, FIFTY, PERHAPS HUNDREDS OF YEARS FROM NOW.

GET OUTTA HERE!

"HAT SNT POSSIBLE, IS IT?"

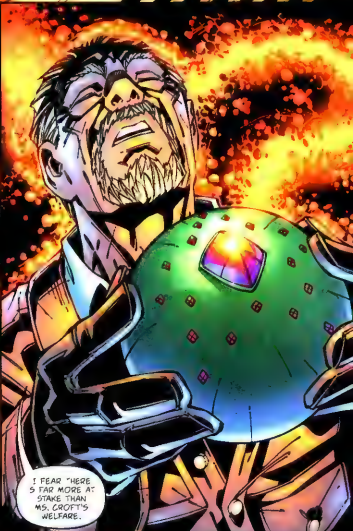
HANG AROUND LARA LONG ENOUGH AND YOU'LL FIND OUT ANYTHINGS POSSIBLE, ALISSA.



DUDE, THE PROSPECTS OF OUR SHOW PULLING RECORD RATINGS ARE SOARING!

WOULD YOU SHUT YOUR PIE HOLE AND THINK OF LARA'S WELFARE FOR A CHANGE, STYLES?

YOU GOT LOTS OF DEAD PEOPLE ON YOUR HANDS, STYLES! THINK OF THEM FOR A CHANGE!



I FEAR THERE'S FAR MORE AT STAKE THAN MS. CROFT'S WELFARE.



IN FACT, THIS EYE OF SHANERETTIN WILL --

BY THE GATES OF HELL!

I NEVER SUSPECTED--



OKAY,
CARONNE, WE'RE
ON THE ROOF.
WHAT'S NEXT?

NOT... SURE.
THERE WAS TO BE...
SOMETHING...

YOU DON'T
HAVE ANYTHING
SPECIFIC IN MIND?
NO PLANE?

NOT EVEN A
PAGER OR CELL
PHONE TO CALL
FOR HELP?

WHAT'S
A CELL PHONE?



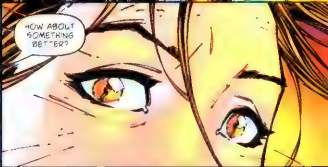
OH, THIS'S
GREAT! NEXT
THING YOU KNOW,
YOU'LL TELL ME
WE HAVE TO
JUMP!



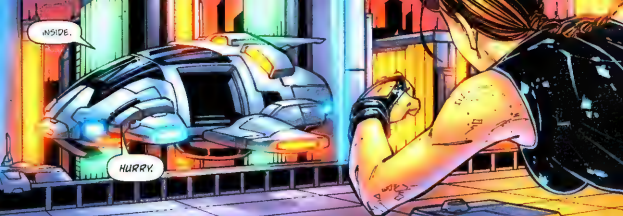
ALL I'M
DOING IS
SAVING US TIME
THERE MUST BE
SOMETHING WE
CAN DO!



WHAT I
WOULDN'T GIVE
FOR ONE OF
THOSE SKY
CYCLES!



HOW ABOUT
SOMETHING
BETTER?



INSIDE.

HURRY.



NICE * MING
FRIENDS OF
YOURS?

I HAVE NO
IDEA WHO
THAT'S IS!



HERE. LEVEL
THE PLAYING
FIELD, LARA.

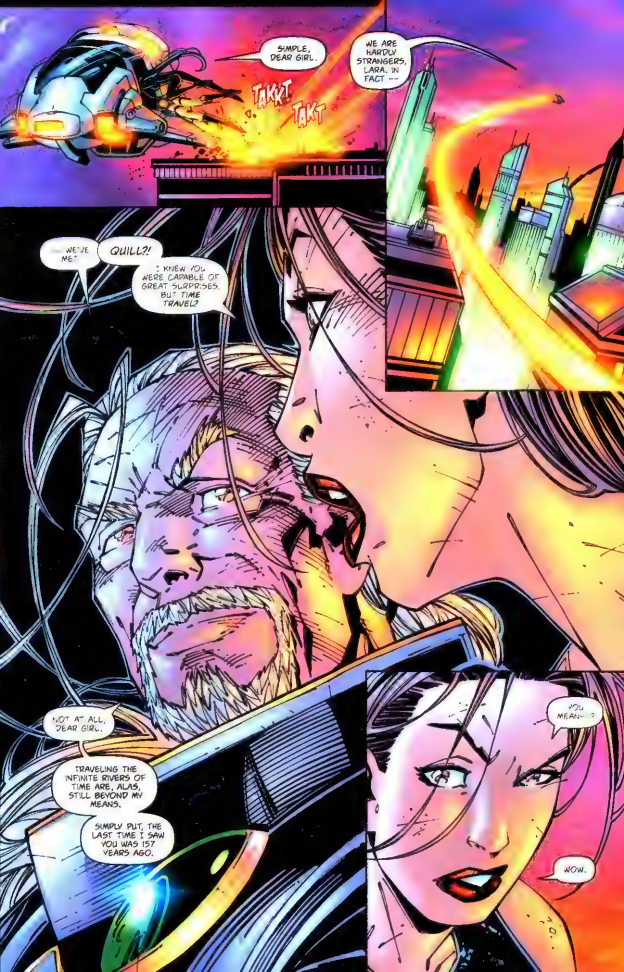
YOU
KNOW
ME?

THESE MUST
BE ANTIQUES
HERE!

HOW DO YOU
KNOW SO MUCH
ABOUT ME?

BAMM

BOAM



SIMPLE,
DEAR GIRL.

WE ARE
HARDLY
STRANGERS,
LARA. IN
FACT ---

TAKT
TAKT

WE'VE
MET

QUILL?!

I KNEW YOU
WERE CAPABLE OF
GREAT SURPRISES.
BUT TIME
TRAVEL?

NOT AT ALL,
DEAR GIRL.

TRAVELING THE
INFINITE RIVERS OF
TIME ARE, ALAS,
STILL BEYOND MY
MEANS.

SIMPLY PUT, THE
LAST TIME I SAW
YOU WAS 157
YEARS AGO.

YOU
MEAN--?

WOW.



I'VE BEEN
BLESSED AND
CURSED WITH THE
LONGEST OF
LIVES, LARA.

FORTUNATELY, THE
ADVANTAGES VASTLY
OUTWEIGH THE
DISADVANTAGES.



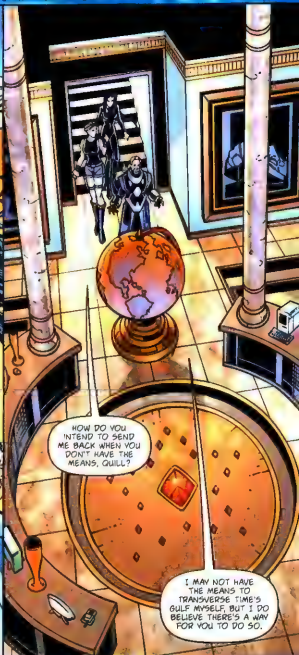
BUT THAT'S
NOT IMPORTANT.



WHAT'S MOST
IMPORTANT IS
GETTING YOU
HOME.

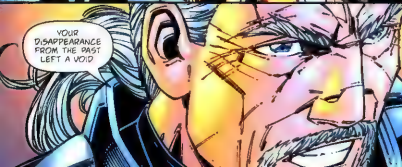
WHAT
ABOUT
ME?

PATIENCE,
CARONNE. EVERY
MOMENT LARA IS
HERE JEOPARDIZES
THE PAST.



HOW DO YOU
INTEND TO SEND
ME BACK WHEN YOU
DON'T HAVE THE
MEANS, QUILL?

I MAY NOT HAVE
THE MEANS TO
TRANSVERSE TIME'S
GULF MYSELF, BUT I DO
BELIEVE THERE'S A WAY
FOR YOU TO DO SO.



YOUR
DISAPPEARANCE
FROM THE PAST
LEFT A VOID

A VOID
NATURE
ABHORS.

YOU ARE
THE ONLY
ONE WHO CAN
MAKE THE JUMP
AND YOU MUST
DO SO SOON.



I DON'T GET IT, QUILL. HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT ALL OF THIS?



I PRESUMED HE'D DANGEROUS. A THREAT.



I WAS WRONG.



STILL HUNTING TRINKETS, CROFT? IF SO, TIME TRAVEL WOULD PROVIDE THE ULTIMATE ACCESS.

OTHER WORLDS HAVE AS WELL, AND ONE OF THEM WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MONSTER YOU ENCOUNTERED.



A WAY TO RECOVER ANY ITEM AND SOLVE ANY MYSTERY.

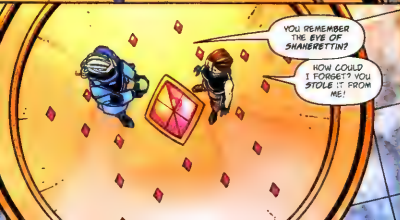
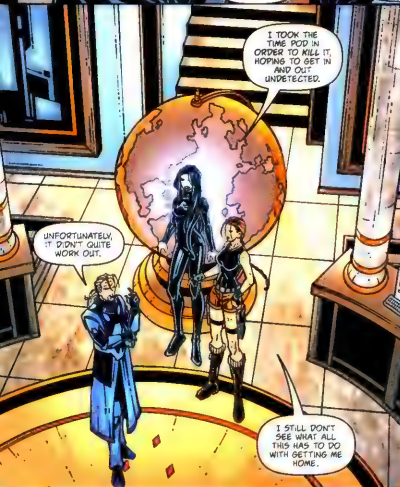
EARTH IS NOT THE ONLY WORLD TO DEVELOP SUCH TECHNOLOGY.



THAT... THING WAS AN ALIEN?

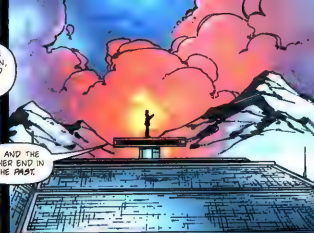
ONE WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO END UP HERE.

AN ANOMALY IN THE TIME STREAM SENT HIM TO YOUR ERA.





THINK OF THE
EYE AS A CHAIN,
WITH ONE END
HERE IN THE
FUTURE --



-- AND THE
OTHER END IN
THE PAST.



THE TIME
STREAM WILL SERVE
AS THE LINKS IN THE
CHAIN TO GUIDE YOU
BACK.



THE EYE HAS
ALLOWED ME TO
SEE BEYOND
TOMORROW.

IT WILL ALLOW
YOU TO SEE
YESTERDAY, AND
FIND IT.



YOU'RE SO
CONFIDENT...AS
THOUGH YOU KNOW
THIS WILL WORK.

OF COURSE,
LARA. AFTER ALL,
THIS IS HOW I
REMEMBER IT.



NOW,
LARA.

COME BACK
TO WHERE YOU
BELONG.





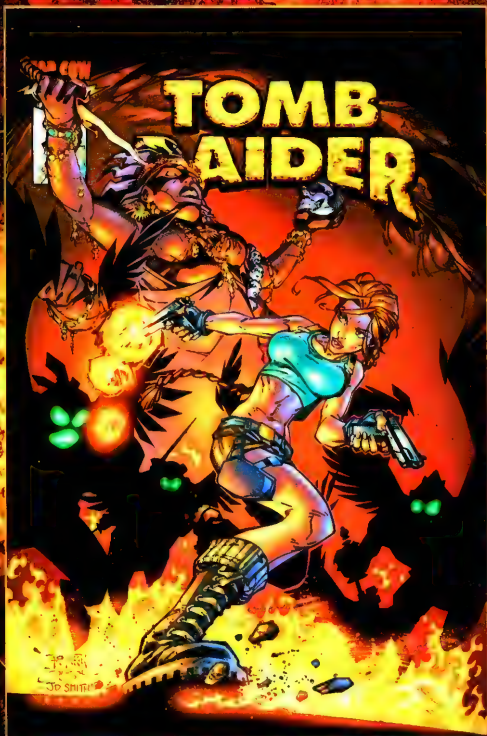
JUST DONT
EXPECT ME TO
COOPERATE.

THE END.



Tomb Raider Issue #21

cover by: Randy Green, Jonathan Schall and Jonathan D. Smith



written by:

John Ney Rhodes

illustrated by:

Randy Green

colored by:

Jonathan Schall

inked by:

Jonathan D. Smith

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heitsler



DZITSANG
RAVINE.

NOW.

WE CALL THE
HIMALAYAS
THE ROOF OF
THE WORLD.

AND NO
WONDER...

YOU CAN'T GET
ANY CLOSER
TO THE INFINITE
THAN THIS...

WITHOUT DYING
ONCE OR TWICE.



CLIMBING
HERE...

IT'S NOT AS THOUGH
YOU'VE ENTERED
ANOTHER WORLD.

YOU HAVE.

ENTERED
ANOTHER
WORLD...

SO HARSH, AND
SO BEAUTIFUL.

SO DISJUNT FROM
THE WHIRLWIND OF
DISTRACTIONS THAT
THE WORLD BELOW
CALLS LIFE.



DREAMS CAN BE
MORE SUBSTANTIAL
THAN THE MOUNTAINS
THEMSELVES HERE.

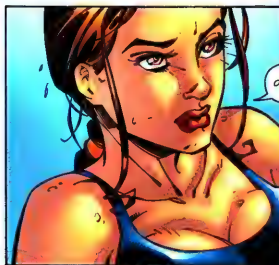
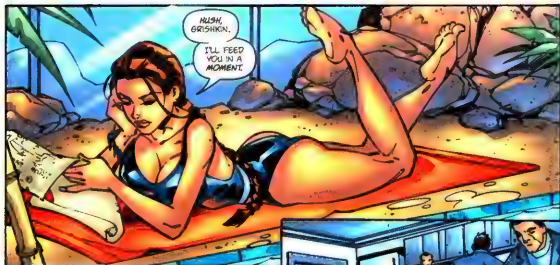


PERHAPS EVEN
MORE REAL

I HOPE
I'M NOT
INTRUDING











I'D ADVISE AGAINST SHOOTING HER.

FOR ONE THING--



A NINE-MILLIMETER SLUG IS JUST POWERFUL ENOUGH TO ENRAGE HER.

SHE'S A MUTANT, AS YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED--

BRED TO TAKE ON WAR ELEPHANTS, IS MY CURRENT HYPOTHESIS.



FOR ANOTHER THING-- SHOULD YOU HURT HER--

I'LL LOSE MY TEMPER.

PLACE YOUR WEAPONS ON THE FLOOR, GENTLEMEN--



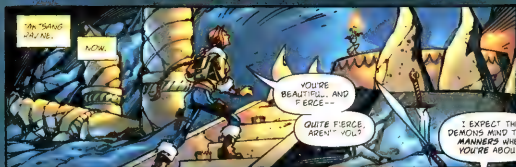
WITH YOUR COATS, PLEASE--

AND BACK SLOWLY TOWARD THE LIFT.

NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I BELIEVE I'LL RUN UP TO THE KITCHEN AND FIX US ALL A NICE CUP OF TEA...



WHILE YOU GENTLEMEN DECIDE WHETHER YOU'D RATHER SPILL YOUR GUTS TO ME, OR BRISKIN.





DAKINIS ARE ALWAYS
TRAMPLING ON CORPSES.

ORDER--

SYMBOLIC ONES.

DIVINE WISDOM
VANQUISHING
ILLUSION AND
DESIRE...



THEN SHE DANCES ON
WHAT'S LEFT OF THEM.

I'VE SEEN HER DO IT
A HUNDRED TIMES.



BUT THIS IS THE
FIRST TIME I'VE
EVER SEEN--



VANQUISHED ILLUSION
AND DESIRE WEAR
TECHNO-ORGANIC WINGS.

I BELIEVE I'VE FOUND
WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR.

AND I WASN'T
EVEN PRAYING.

THANK YOU.







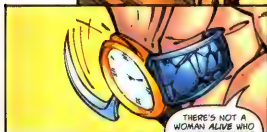
SO I SEE



SHE'S VERY GOOD.

Oh, PLEASE--

SURELY THERE'S NOTHING TO BE GAINED BY PRETENSE AT THIS POINT?

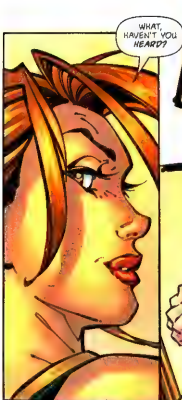


THERE'S NOT A WOMAN ALIVE WHO COULD'VE DEvised SUCH A DARING PLAN--

OR EXECUTED -- SO FLAWLESSLY



APART FROM YOURSELF, MISS CROFT.



WHAT,
HAVEN'T YOU
HEARD?



LARA CROFT
LOOKALIKES ARE
ALL THE RAGE,
THESE DAYS.

JUST LAST
MONTH--

PUMF

I MET THE MOST
OBNOXIOUS
SHAPECHANGER...



VERY SKETCHY
OBSERVATION ON
YOUR PART, MISTER
ADAMS.

HENHGH

THERE ARE A
FEW POINTS OF
RESEMBLANCE,
CERTAINLY...

BUT YOUR
THIEF'S STYLE
IS NOTHING LIKE
MY OWN.



TELL LORD
VYMES THAT I'LL
FIND OUT WHO
ROBBED HIM...

AND
RETRIEVE
HIS STOLEN
RELICS.

ASSUMING HE CAN
PROVE THAT THEY
WERE LEGITIMATELY
ACQUIRED.



FOR AN
APOLOGY...

AND TWO
MILLION
POUNDS

TAKTSANG
RAVINE.

NOW.

THIS IS DEFINITELY
THE PLACE.

A FEW BUMPS
AND BRUISES...

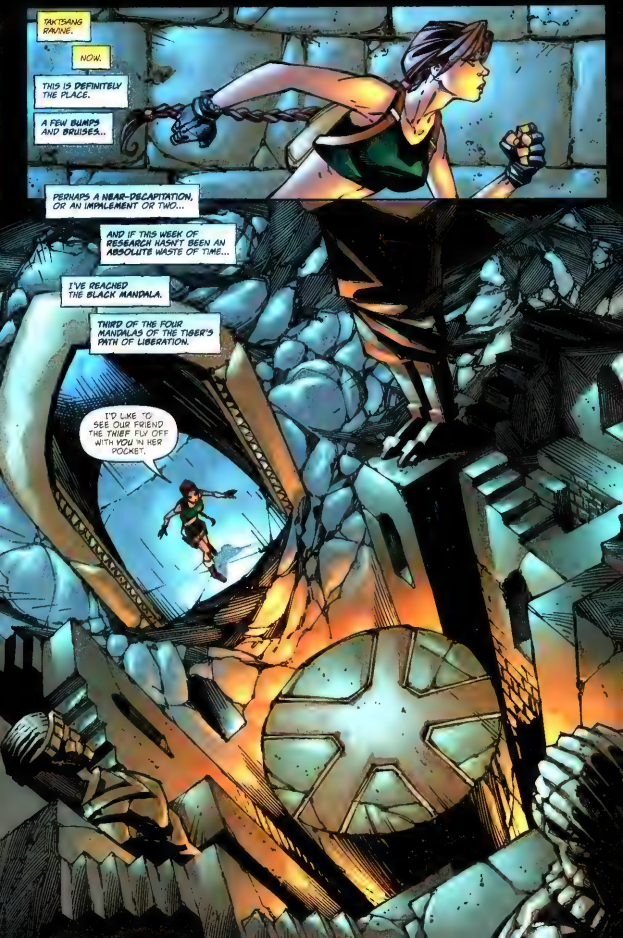
PERHAPS A NEAR-DECAPITATION,
OR AN IMPALEMENT OR TWO...

AND IF THIS WEEK OF
RESEARCH HASN'T BEEN AN
ABSOLUTE WASTE OF TIME...

I'VE REACHED
THE BLACK MANDALA.

THIRD OF THE FOUR
MANDALAS OF THE TIGER'S
PATH OF LIBERATION.

I'D LIKE TO
SEE OUR FRIEND
THE THIEF FLY OFF
WITH YOU IN HER
POCKET.





MMH...

FIVE DOORS...

FIVE GUARDIANS

IGNORANCE...

HATRED...

PRIDE?

YES...

THAT
WOULD
FIT.

YOU'D BE
CRAWLING,
THEN...

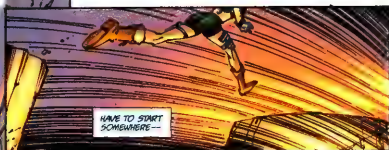
AND ENVY

QUITE THE
POSSE...

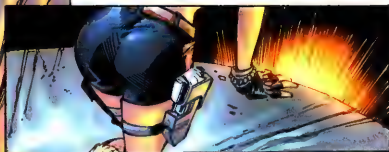
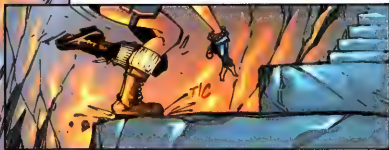
THE FIVE
POISONS.

THE LOCAL VERSION
OF THE SEVEN
DEADLY SINS.

OH WELL...



HAVE TO START
SOMEWHERE--



OUCH.

STUPID
GIRL--





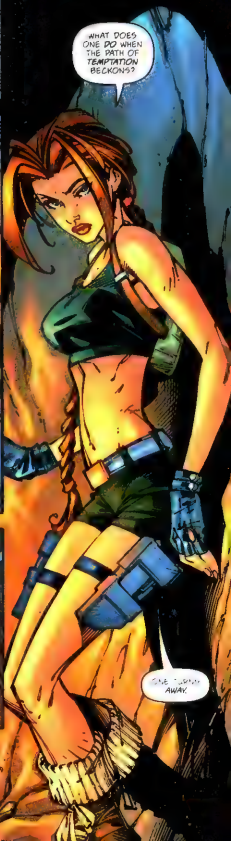
LEFT-



I'D SAY WE
CAN SAFELY ADD
ANOTHER POISON
TO THE LIST,
GENTLEMEN...

RECKLESSNESS...

SNOW WHITE
WOULD'VE KNOWN
BETTER.



WHAT DOES
ONE DO WHEN
THE PATH OF
TEMPTATION
BECKONS?

ONE TURNS
AWAY.

CROFT MANOR.

ONE WEEK AGO.



IF LORD VAMES IS
TO BE BELIEVED...

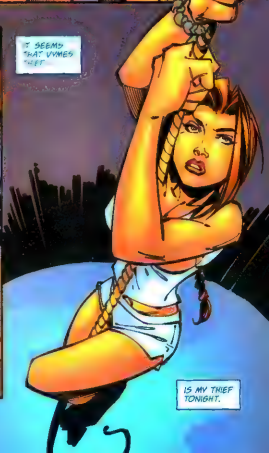
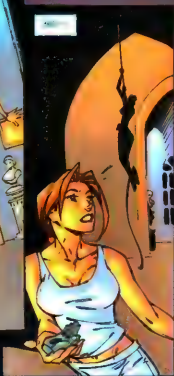
SHE'S QUITE THE
CONNOISSEUR,
OUR THIEF.



SHE COLLECTS
MANDALAS...

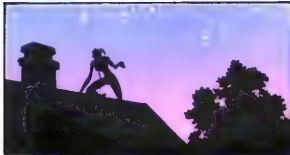
TIBETAN.
TENTH CENTURY...





IT SEEMS
THAT VIMES
THEF

IS MY THIEF
TONIGHT.



I AM
SORRY.

I AM NO
THIEF
LARA.

I DON'T
KNOW...

YOU SEEM TO
FIT THE CLASSIC
DESCRIPTION.

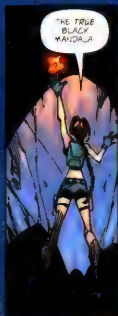


MY NEED FOR
THE POWER OF THE
FOUR MANDALAY FAR
OUTWEIGHS YOUR
OWN.

WITHOUT IT, MY
SISTERS WILL
REMAN FOREVER
BOUND WITHIN THE
SAMBARA
PEARLS...

FOUR
MANDALAY







Tomb Raider Issue #22

cover by: Randy Green, Jonathan Deibel and Jonathan D. Smith



cover by: Randy Green

cover by: Jonathan Deibel

cover by: Jonathan D. Smith
with Chad Fidler
and Myrton Dewey

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heisler

IT SEEMED LIKE
THE SIMPLEST WAY
TO ARRANGE AN
ENCOUNTER WITH MY
FRIEND THE THIEF.

ACQUIRE
THE BLACK
MANDALA...

AND WAIT

I LIVE FOR
SIMPLE PLANS

THEY'LL GET YOU IN
SIMPLE TROUBLE
EVERY TIME.

LET'S
BEGIN WITH A
KOAN, SHALL
WE?

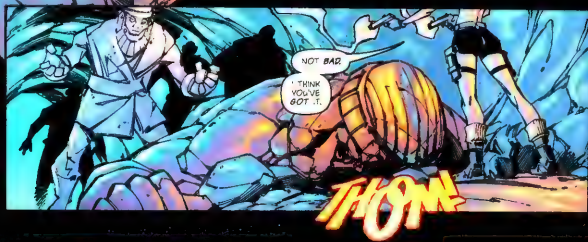
WHAT'S
THE SOUND
OF ONE HAND
CLAPPING?

CHUNK

WRONG.

KOOM
KOOM
KOOM KOOM
KOOM KOOM
KOOM KOOM
KOOM
KOOM









MY
LORD--
I DID MY
BEST,
AS MUCH AS
ANY MAN COULD
DO IN YOUR
SERVICE--





TWENTY-SIX
ROUNDS TO
DROP ONE
MONSTROSITY.

KUTCH
KUTCH

THAT'LL
NEVER DO.

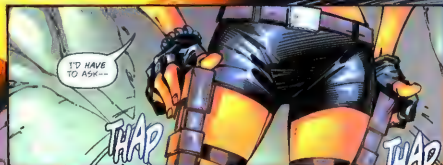
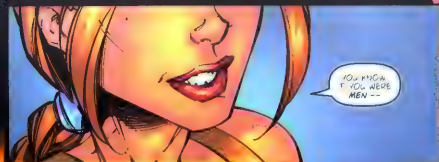
I'LL BE
HERE
ALL DAY.

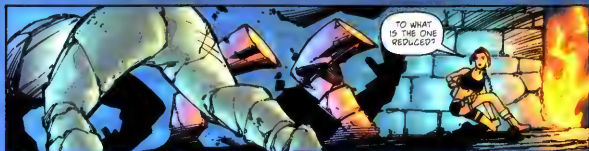
AND IT DOESN'T LOOK
AS THOUGH THE REST
OF THIS LOT ARE
GOING TO QUEUE UP--

TO LET ME PICK
THEM OFF ONE
AT A TIME.

TZZZK

THIS IS
RIDICULOUS.









THE
TAKTSANG
RAVINE

THE PATH
OF THE TIGER.

«YOU
NEEDN'T
HOVER.»

«I CLIMB
MY OWN
MOUNTAINS.»



«I'M NOT
AS YOUNG
AS I WAS
YESTERDAY.»

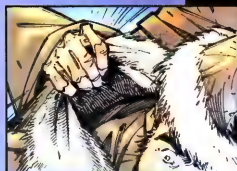
«BUT THE
OLD HORSE
KNOWS THE
TRAIL —»



«TETSEN—»



«TETSEN!»



«PLEASE.»

«DO NOT
DROP MY
WINGS.»



THOOM







"HONESTY!"



WITH ALL
RESPECT
GREAT
QUEEN--

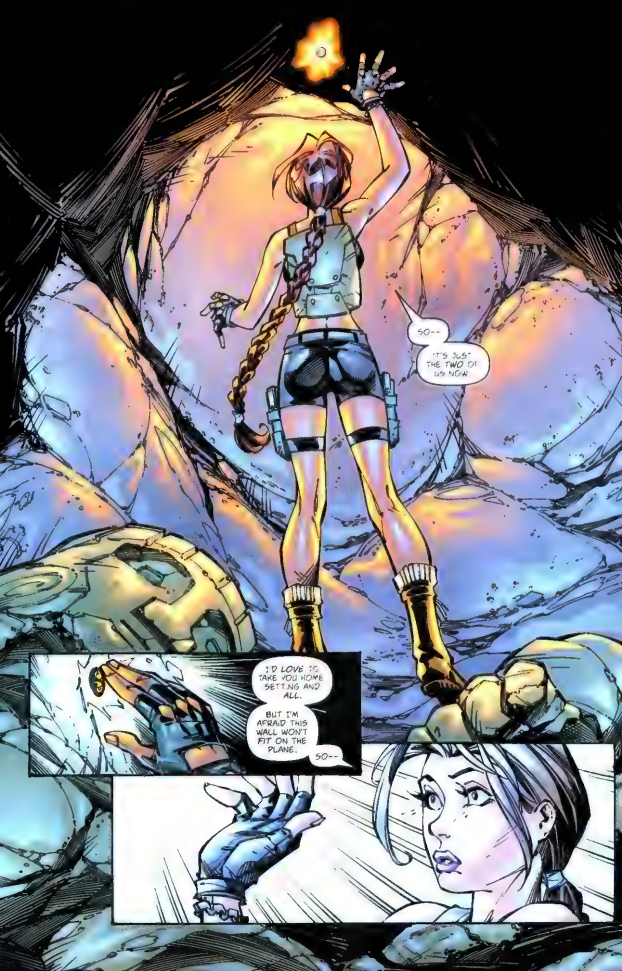
DOUGHT NOT A
BING OF
TRANSCENDENT
COMPASSION HAVE
THE GRACE--



TO BREAK
A SILLY
COSMIC
LAW--

TSZUK

WHEN THE
LIVES OF
TWO WORLDS
ARE AT
STAKE?



SO--

IT'S JUST
THE TWO OF
US NOW

I'D LOVE TO
TAKE YOU HOME
SETTING AND
ALL.

BUT I'M
AFRAID THIS
WALL WON'T
FIT ON THE
PLANE.

SO--



THIS IS NOT
PROMISING.

PROMISING
ANYTHING
BOOR THAT IS.

WHO SET
GUARDIANS TO
PROTECT THIS
MANDALA?

IT CAN
OBVIOUSLY---

TAKE CARE
OF YOURSELF.





I'D SETTLE
FOR A
DORMOUSE.



OR A
DOOR.



OR A
WINDOW.

THERE
CAN'T BE
MUCH AIR
IN HERE...



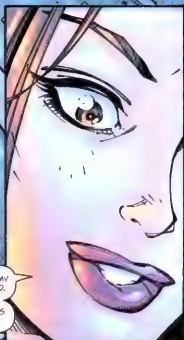
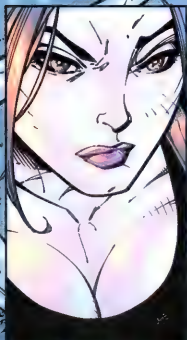
PARDON
ME--

I DON'T
SUPPOSE YOU
COULD DIRECT
ME TO THE
EXIT?

DON'T
TELL ME
THERE'S NO
WAY OUT OF
THIS.

THERE'S
ALWAYS A WAY
OUT OF
ANYTHING.

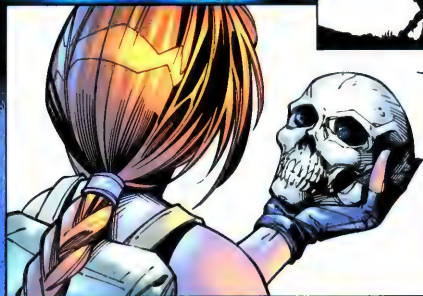




OH MY
GOD.
SHE WAS
HERE.



L'V'D A
BLAME...

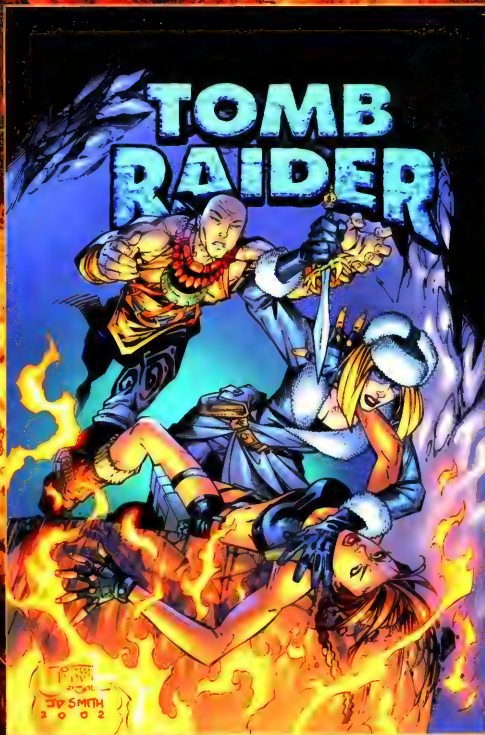


TO BE
CONTINUED!



Tomb Raider Issue #23

cover by: Randy Green, Jonathan Sibal and Jonathan D. Smith



story by:
John Ney Jones

script by:
Randy Green

art by:
Jonathan Sibal

colors by:
Jonathan D. Smith
with Chad Fidler

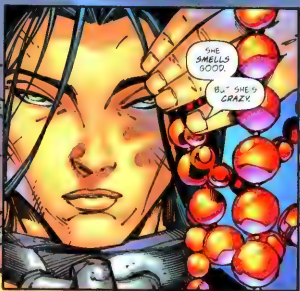
letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heitsler



MASTER--

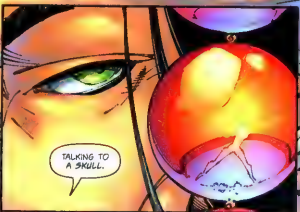


"THE TERTON
IS HERE



SHE
SMELLS
GOOD.

BUT SHE'S
CRAZY.



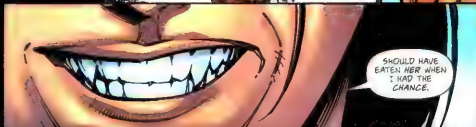
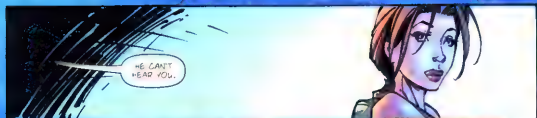
TALKING TO
A SKULL.

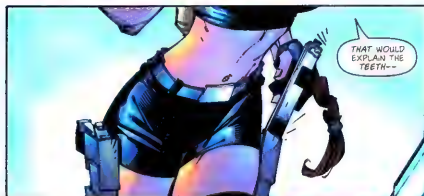














HAH!
I'M NOT A
CANNIBAL.
I'M TSANG
DO KHYI.

I LIKE YOU
LARA.
YOU SMELL
GOOD.



YOU'RE
NO WHITE
RABBIT--

CERTAINLY
NOT!

BUT I
SUPPOSED
YOU'LL DO



YOU CALLED
THIS SAMSARA.
AS N--

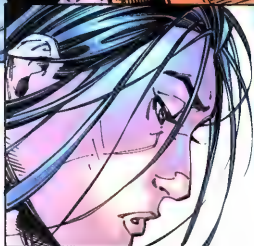
THE REALM
OF LIMITATION.
DESIRE AND
ILLUSION.

UNENLIGHTENMENT.



WELL, I'M
READY TO BE
LIBERATED

ANYTIME
YOU ARE.



I CAN HELP
YOU. BUT I CAN'T
DIE FOR YOU.

YOU HAVE
TO DO IT
YOURSELF.

DIE?





YOUR BODY STOPS.
AND YOUR SPIRIT
PASSES THROUGH THE
BARDO STATE--



TO THE HELL
REALMS, IF
YOU'RE NOT
ENLIGHTENED.



I DON'T
KNOW HOW
PEOPLE DO IT
WHERE YOU'RE
FROM--



BUT THAT'S
THE WAY WE
DIE AROUND
HERE.

OUTSIDE
THE TEMPLE.

YOU MAY NOT
PASS---

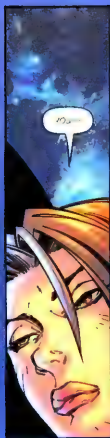
STAND
BACK!

WTHACK

THERE'S NO
JUSTICE IN
THIS.

YOU
MUST FREE
THE CROFT
GIRL--

AND MY
SISTERS!



My...



DRUGGED
ME!



I POISONED
YOU. YOU ASKED
ME "O



My...



WHERE ARE
MY PISTOLS?



WHERE ARE MY
CLOTHES?

WITH YOUR
BODY!

NOW PREPARE
YOURSELF--

IF YOU WISH TO
RETURN TO YOUR
BODY BEFORE THE
MEAT ON YOUR
BONES IS COLD



FIND A PATH
THROUGH THE
HELL-BORN--

UM-- FIGHT
I MEAN--

AND MOUNT
THE SCREAMING
THRONE.



WHAT DO
YOU FEAR?

I'M NOT
AFRAID OF
DYING--
IF THIS
IS WHAT
BEING DEAD
IS LIKE.



NOT
AFRAID OF
HEIGHTS?

THE
DARK?

VIOLENCE?

NOT
REALLY.

EVERYONE'S
AFRAID OF
SOMETHING.

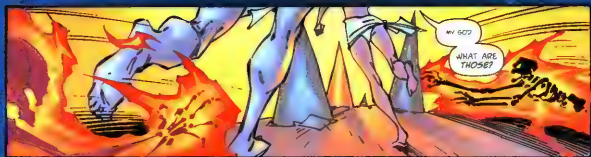


BEING
BORED.



DOES THAT
COUNT?











IS THIS
THE ONLY
WAY OUT?

ISN'T ONE
ENOUGH?

USE THE
KEY.

THIS IS
THE ONLY
KEY?

YES!

HAVE YOU
LIED TO ME?
EVERYONE
ELSE HAS.

LARA--

WHY ARE YOU
CRYING?

ASK ME WHEN
I'VE STOPPED



CRUNCH
TICK TICK TICK

YOU CAN KILL
THIS PATHETIC
FLESH, BUT YOU
CAN'T KILL ME.

I'LL BE
BACK...

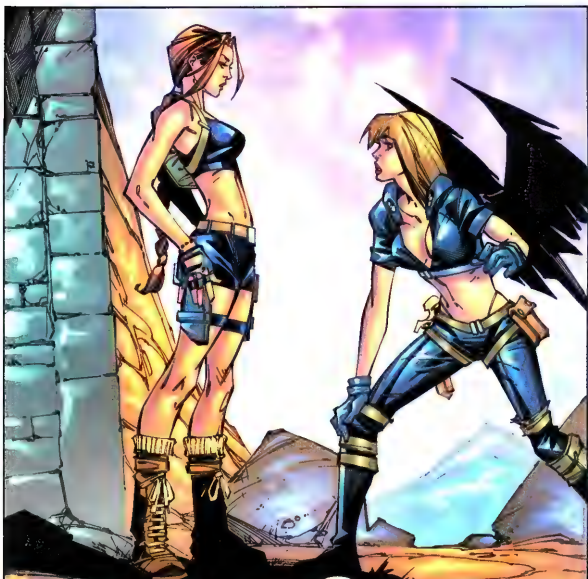


KRUSCHHH



HELLO
U'D A

HER



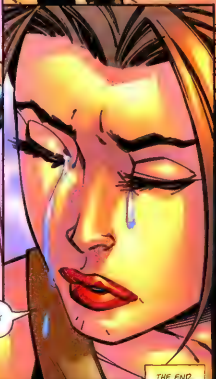


BETTER YOU
THAN LYMES
BESIDES...

I OWE YOU
SOMETHING.



I READ
ALL YOUR
BOOKS...



WHEN I
WAS JUST
A GIRL.

THE END



Tomb Raider

Issue #24

cover by: Andy Park, Jonathan Sibal and Jonathan D. Smith



cover by: John Ney Rhodes

cover by: Gerardo Sandoval

cover by: Jonathan Sibal
and Jason Gorder

cover by: Jonathan D. Smith

written by: Robin Spicher and Dennis Heisler

IT'S THE
CURSE THAT NO
ARCHAEOLOGIST
ESCAPES.

HERE, ESPECIALLY,
IT'S TOO EASY TO
THINK--

HOW QUICKLY THE
THINGS THAT MEAN
THE MOST TO US--

HOW QUICKLY NOW
BECOMES THE PAST.

BECOME RELICS.

THIS BROODING
ARCHAEOLOGIST IS
ON HOLIDAY TODAY,
THANK YOU VERY
MUCH.

IT'S BEEN TOO LONG
SINCE I'VE HAD ONE
OF THESE--

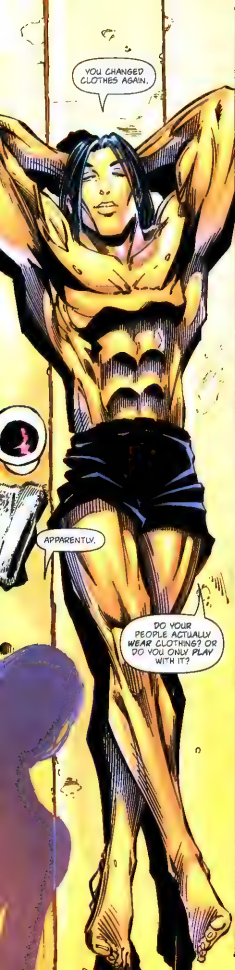


A LAZY,
ABSOLUTELY
PERFECT
DAY.



AND IF I'M ANY JUDGE
OF THOUSAND-YEAR-
OLD TIBETAN MONKS...

I MAY HAVE A PERFECT
NIGHT AHEAD OF ME,
AS WELL.



YOU CHANGED CLOTHES AGAIN.

APPARENTLY.

DO YOUR PEOPLE ACTUALLY WEAR CLOTHING? OR DO YOU ONLY PLAY WITH IT?



IT'S A MATTER OF PERSONAL CHOICE. NOT A CULTURAL CHARACTERISTIC.

I WEAR THE SAME THING FOR WEEKS ON END WHEN I'M WORKING.

SO I HAVE TO MAKE UP FOR THAT WHEN IT'S TIME TO PLAY.



BESIDES--

I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND AN OUTFIT THAT MAKES YOU BABBLE AND DROP THINGS.



AND THAT'S MY RESEARCH PROJECT FOR THE DAY.



LET'S SWIM.
THERE'S
SOMETHING I
WANT TO SHOW
YOU.

ANOTHER
CRANKY
OCTOPUS?
LIVING IN A
MUDDY OLD
SHIP?

NO...

BUT YOU
HAVEN'T BEEN
IN TOUCH.

HELLO.

MISS CROFT

I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR YOU
TO RETURN MY STOLEN
ARTifacts, as per the
TERMS OF OUR
AGREEMENT.



NO, YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT. I HAVEN'T CALLED.

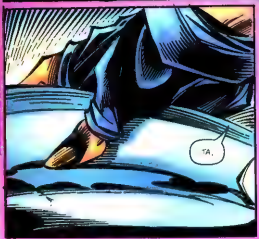


WHEN I ACCEPTED YOUR COMMISSION, I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT YOU WERE HUMAN.

IT'S SINCE BEEN SUGGESTED TO ME THAT YOU'RE NOT.



AND I DON'T DO BUSINESS WITH DEPRAVED IMMORTAL FIENDS.



TA.





POOR TSANG.

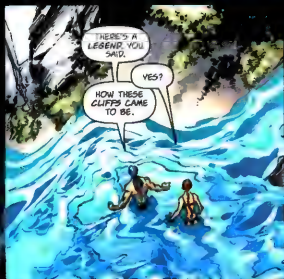
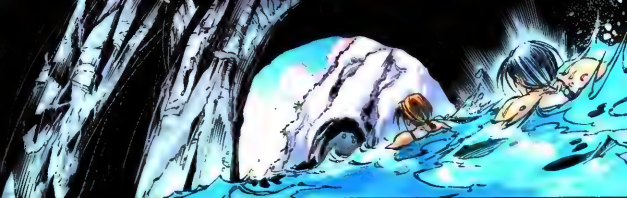
IF HE WERE ANY
SWEETER, HE'D
DISSOLVE IF YOU
GOT HIM WET.

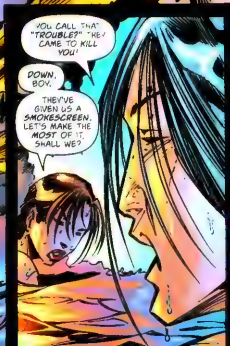
I DON'T MEAN TO
PLAY WITH HIM,
BUT I CAN'T HELP
MYSELF.

I BELIEVE IN ATLANTIS.

I BELIEVE IN LIVING
MASKS AND FALLEN
ANGELS AND
VOLCANO SPIRITS.

BUT I CAN'T
BELIEVE HE'S REAL.





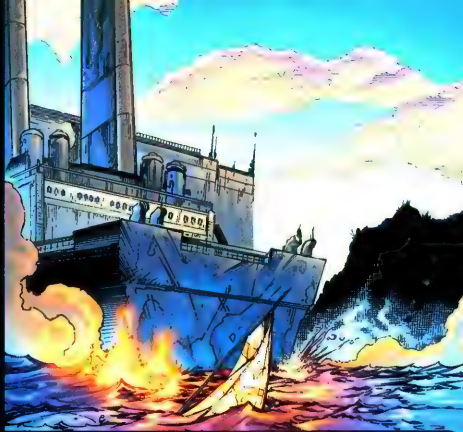


FOLLOW ME.
AND DON'T TOUCH
ANYTHING THAT
I DON'T TOUCH.

ANYTHING

LARA--

WE'VE GOT
MORE TROUBLE

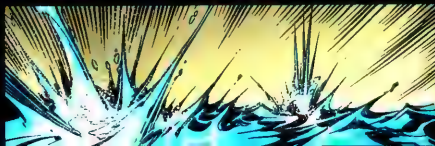


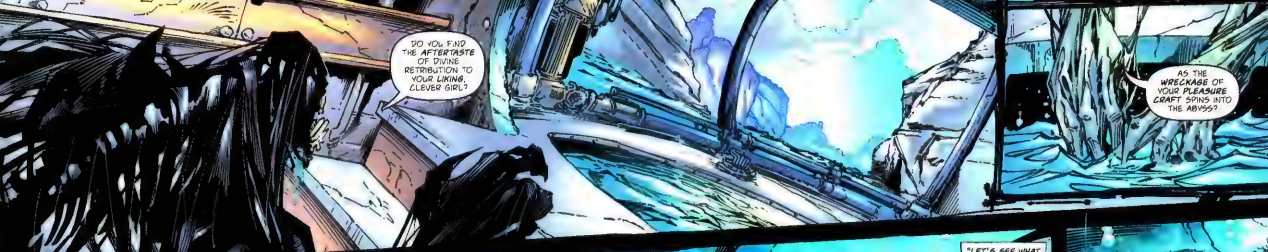
JAVAKASA'S
HERE.



AND
WE'RE
NOT

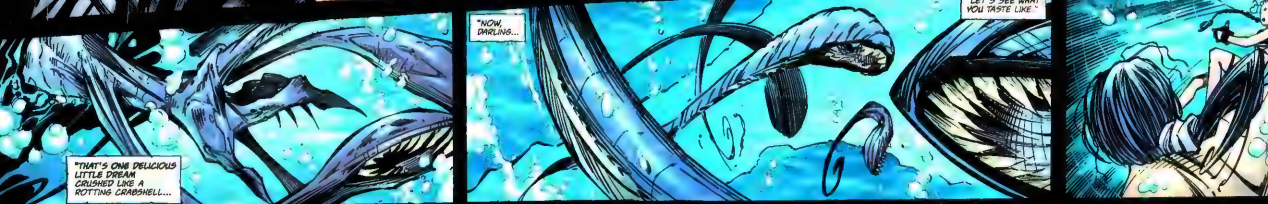
DIVE





"DO YOU FIND
THE AFTERTASTE
OF TRINE
RETRIBUTION TO
YOUR LIKING,
CLEVER GUY?"

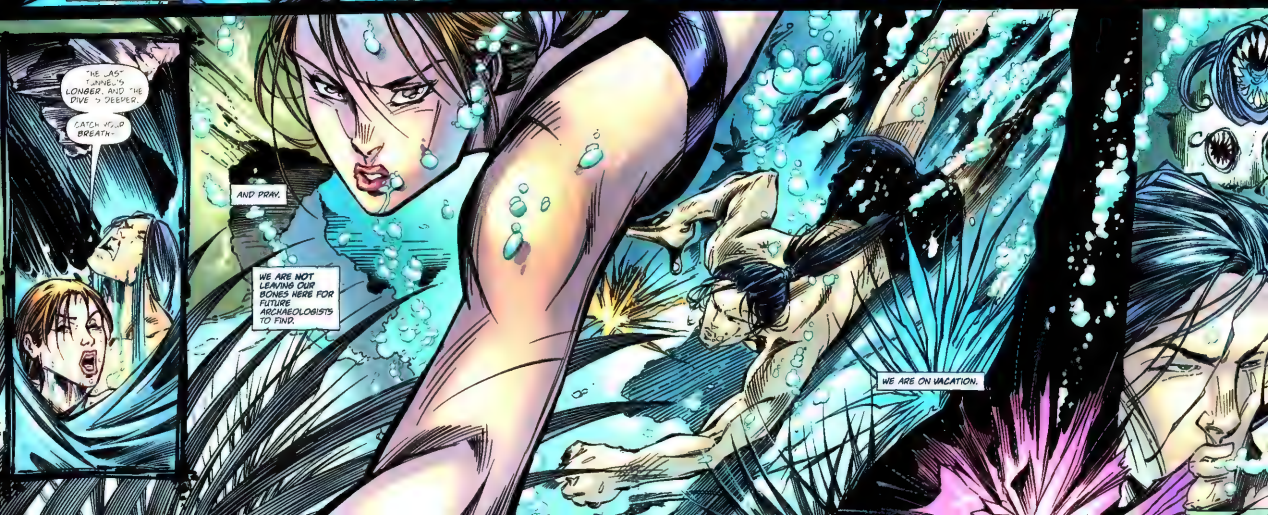
"AS THE
WRECKAGE OF
YOUR PLEASURE
CRAFT SPINS INTO
THE ABYSS?"



"THAT'S ONE DELICIOUS
LITTLE DREAM
CRABBED LIKE A
ROTTING CRABSHELL..."

"NOW
DARLING..."

"LET'S SEE WHAT
YOU TASTE LIKE."



"HE ASKED
'UNNEE' TO
LONGER, AND 'HE
DIVE' TO 'DEEVED'
CATCH YOUR
BREATH."

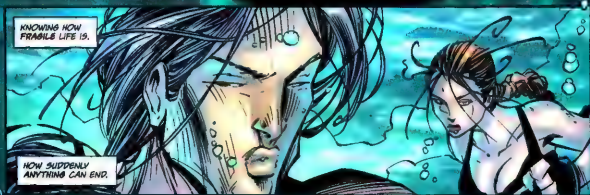
AND PINK.

WE ARE NOT
LEAVING OUR
BONES HERE FOR
FUTURE
ARCHAEOLOGISTS
TO FIND.

WE ARE ON VACATION.

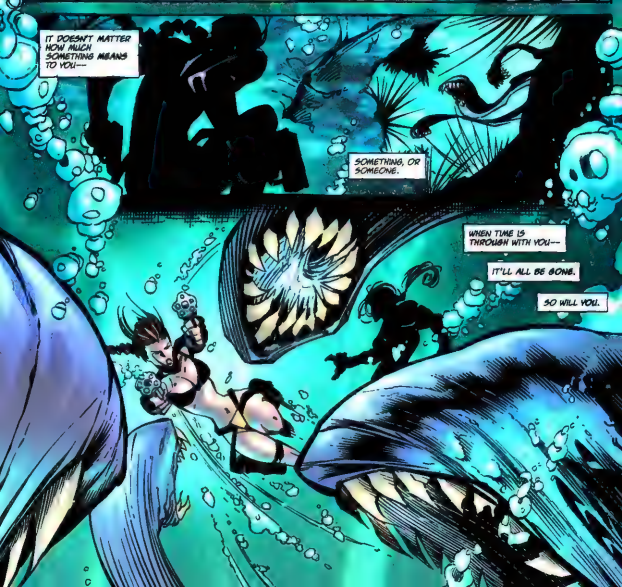


IT IS A
CURSE.



KNOWING HOW
FRAGILE LIFE IS.

HOW SUDDENLY
ANYTHING CAN END.



IT DOESN'T MATTER
HOW MUCH
SOMETHING MEANS
TO YOU—

SOMETHING, OR
SOMEONE.

WHEN TIME IS
THROWN WITH YOU—

IT'LL ALL BE GONE.

SO WILL YOU.



NOW IS THE EDGE
OF HISTORY--

AND WE'RE ALL A
HEARTBEAT AWAY
FROM OBLIVION

UNLESS WE
FIGHT.

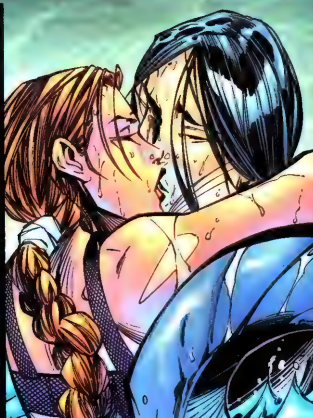
BUT ONCE OR TWICE
IN A LIFETIME YOU
MAY LOOK UP--

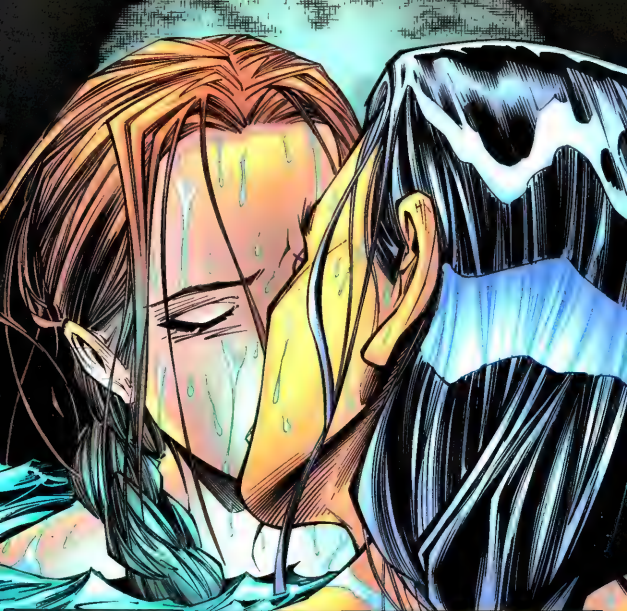
TO FIND YOU'RE NOT
FIGHTING ALONE.

AND IT'S
GOOD, THEN--

IT'S SO
GOOD.

TO BE ALIVE.







COME ON--

WE'RE NOT SAFE YET.

ARE WE EVER?

NOT THAT I'VE NOTICED.

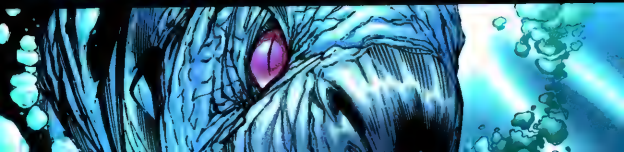
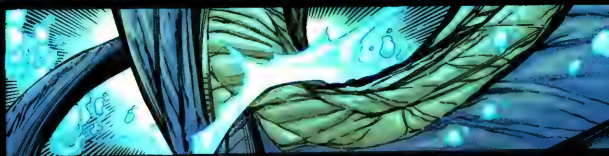
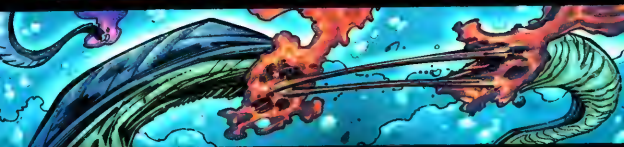
HE'S NOT REAL.

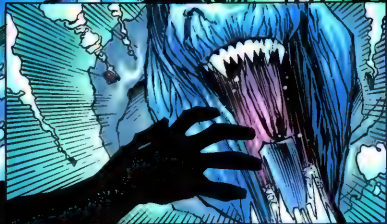
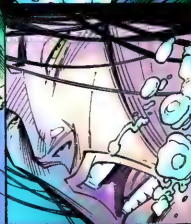
HOW CAN HE BE SO HOT AND SO COOL AT THE SAME TIME?

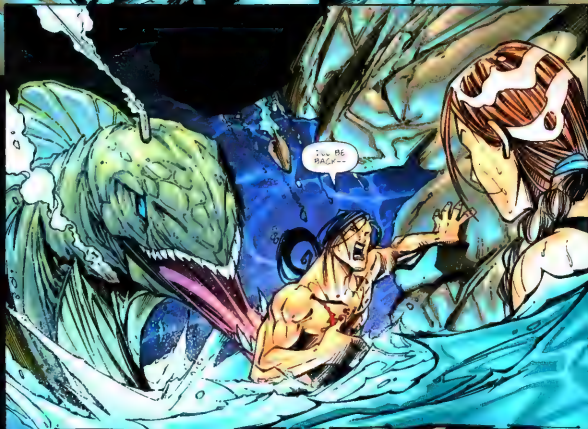
AND SO FUNNY?

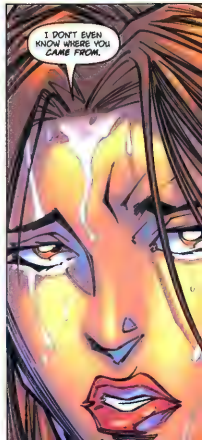
I WONDER...

IS IT POSSIBLE TO KISS AND LAUGH AT THE SAME TIME?









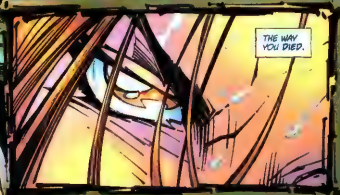
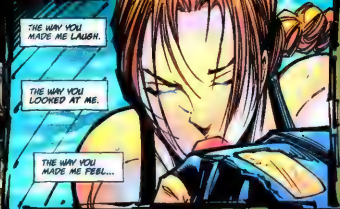


BUT I WILL
REMEMBER.

THE WAY YOU
MADE ME LAUGH.

THE WAY YOU
LOOKED AT ME.

THE WAY YOU
MADE ME FEEL...



THE WAY
YOU DIED.



JAVANASA!

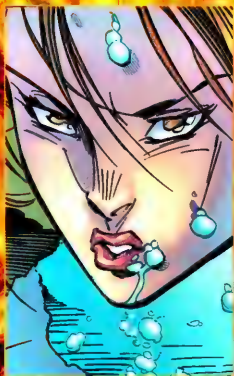
YOU MAY
BE A GOD
TODAY--



BUT
TOMORROW--

YOU'RE
HISTORY.

NEXT ISSUE: MIKE TURNER
DRAWS PART 1 OF ENDSAME
IN TOMB RADER #25!



Tomb Raider Issue #13

cover by: Michael Turner and Peter Steigerwald



scripted by:
John Ney Jones

story by:
Michael Turner

illustrated by:
Michael Turner
and Billy Tan

lettered by:
Jonathan D. Smith
with Tyson Wenger
and Brian Buccellato

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heitsler

SORRY I HAD TO
CONFISCATE YOUR
GUNS, LARA...

I KNOW YOU
FEEL NAKED
WITHOUT THEM.

FORGET IT,
DETECTIVE--

I'LL
SHOOT YOU
LATER.

IT'S SWEET OF
YOU TO TRY AND
CHEER ME UP, LARA,
BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT
I NEED FROM YOU
RIGHT NOW.

I'LL DO
WHAT I CAN
FOR YOU, YOU
KNOW THAT.

BUT THE
MISSING PERSONS
I USUALLY LOOK
FOR HAVE BEEN
MISSING FOR,
WELL...

CENTURIES?

AT LEAST

SARA PEZZINI, NEW YORK
HOMICIDE DETECTIVE, CURRENT
BEARER OF THE WITCHBLADE.

LARA CROFT,
ADVENTURER, TOMB
RAIDER, PHANTHROPS

THERE,
LARA-- IN THE
CLEARING.

THAT'S WHERE
SWEET LITTLE
MRS. MURPHY AND
HER HUSBAND
DISAPPEARED.*

*IN WITCHBLADE #50



"AFTER SHE GREW CLAWS
AND FED HIM TO SOME..."

"SOME TANGLED THING
STRAIGHT FROM HELL."



"ONE MINUTE, THEY WERE
WALKING AND I REMEMBER...
THE WAY HE WAS HOLDING HER."

HE STILL
COULDN'T BELIEVE
THAT HE HADN'T LOST
HER. THAT THE MIRACLE
HAD HAPPENED. THAT
SHE HADN'T DIED.

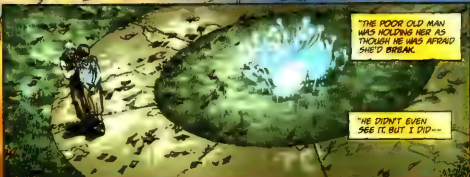
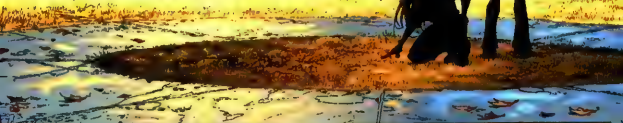
THEN THE
WEAVE BURST
OUT OF THE
GROUND.

RIGHT
HERE.

THE
WEAVE?

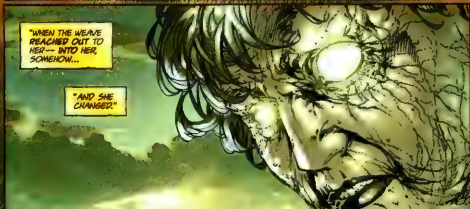
THAT'S
WHAT THE
WITCHBLADE
CALLED IT.

THEN
WEAVE IT
IS. GO ON.



"THE POOR OLD MAN
WAS HOLDING HER AS
THOUGH HE WAS AFRAID
SHE'D BREAK."

"HE DIDN'T EVEN
SEE IT. BUT I DID--"



"WHEN THE WEAVE
REACHED OUT TO
HER-- INTO HER,
SOMEHOW..."

"AND SHE
CHANGED."

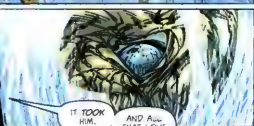


"SHE THREW HIM LIKE HE
WAS A RAG DOLL—

"THIS TINY LITTLE
WOMAN, WHO COULDN'T
WALK THE DAY BEFORE.

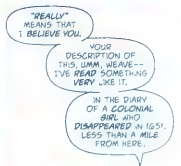
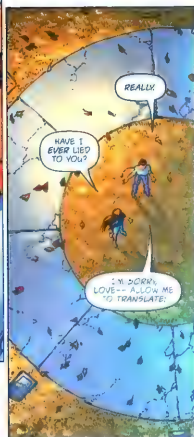


AND—



IT TOOK
HIM.

AND ALL
THAT LOVE
WAS GONE.





SARA'S LOVELY

BUT HER LITTLE FRIEND
GIVES ME CHILLS

AND NOT IN
A GOOD WAY

THE WITCHBLADE...

I CAN'T
BELIEVE SHE
SLEEPS WITH
IT...

AND IT
DOESN'T
SLEEP.



EIGHT CORNERS
ARRANGED IN A
PERFECT
OCTOGRAM...

HAVE WE A
PATTERN
HERE?



SOMETHING'S
EATEN THROUGH
THIS STONE...
RECENTLY.

THERE'S NO
DUST...

HOW MANY OF THESE
ANCIENT ENTITIES ARE
HERE... BESIDES THE
ONES WE KNOW?



THE WITCHBLADE,
THE ANGELS,
THE DARKNESS...



HELLO?



HELLO?

WE WERE
BROKEN AND
ALONE.

THAT SOUNDS
DISTRESSING.

NOW WE ARE
LIGHT.





IS THAT THE LIGHT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT? CATCH ME COMING INTO THAT.

IT LOOKS NASTY, STICKY...



WHAT IS IT?

IT REFERRED TO ITSELF IN THE PLURAL, "WE"

BUT GOD, WHAT IS IT?



ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.

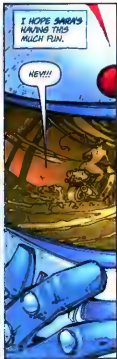
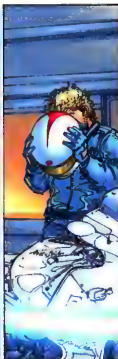
FOLLOW IT HOME.

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH IT IF I CATCH IT?

I WOULDN'T CARE TO TOUCH IT...

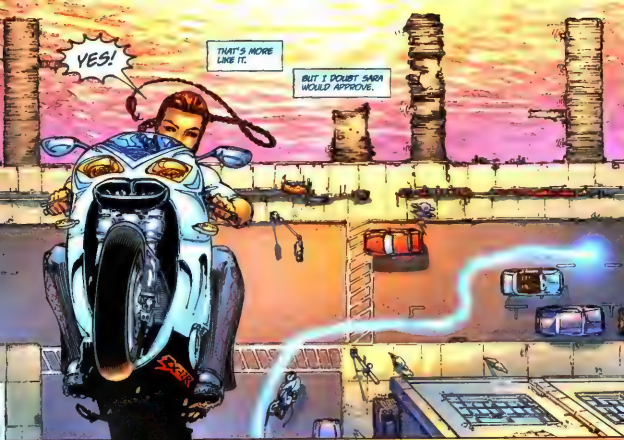


THOUGH AT THE RATE IT'S MOVING NOW, THAT ISN'T LIKELY TO BECOME AN ISSUE...



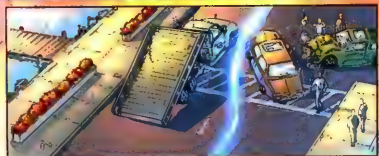
I HOPE SARAS HAVING THIS MUCH FUN.

HEY!!!

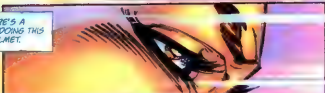


THAT'S MORE
LIKE IT.

BUT I DOUBT SARA
WOULD APPROVE.



I'M SURE THERE'S A
LAW AGAINST DOING THIS
WITHOUT A HELMET.



NEW YORKERS REALLY
DON'T KNOW HOW
TO DRIVE.





SKRRRRRRRR

THERE YOU ARE.

STICKY
LITTLE
BASTARD

YOU MADE
MY SABA
GIRL



GOD-- IT'S
TAKING THE TUBE--

THE SUBWAY,
I MEAN.



AND I'VE JUST
BROKEN ONE OF
SARA'S LAWS AGAIN.



YOU'RE RUNNING
OUT OF PLACES TO
GO, NASTY--

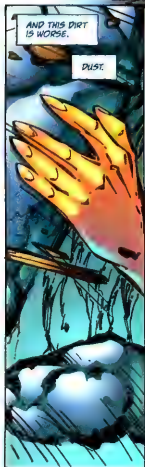


FFFP



OWWWW!

THAT WAS A
DIRTY TRICK.



AND THIS DIRT
IS WORSE.

DUST.



TOO MUCH DUST
BETWEEN MY HANDS
AND THE STONE.

I CAN'T
GRIP IT...



THAT COULD BE A
LEDGE DOWN THERE
IN THE DARK.

IF I'M LUCKY...



OWWW--

BRUISED BUT
BREATHING.

I SUPPOSE
THAT COUNTS
AS LUCK...



THERE ARE
DOZENS OF THEM--

HUNDREDS.

AND THEY LOOK
SO PEACEFUL--

LIKE DROPS OF RAIN
WHO'VE FALLEN ASLEEP
ON THE WAY DOWN.

IS THIS WHAT THEY DO
WHEN THEY'RE NOT
INFESTING PEOPLE OR
MURDERING THEM?



"DOESN'T"
HAVE SENSE.

MMM...

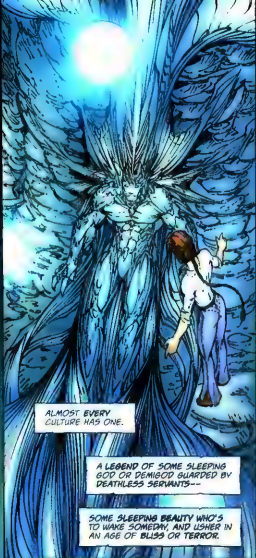
IT MAKES
SENSE.



YOU MUST BE
THE ONE WHO
SLEEPS.

KEEP ON
SLEEPING, WON'T
YOU? UNTIL I CAN
INTRODUCE YOU
TO SARA...

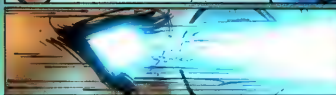
YOU LOOK
LIKE A JOB FOR
A GIRL WITH A
WITCHBLADE.



ALMOST EVERY
CULTURE HAS ONE.

A LEGEND OF SOME SLEEPING
GOD OR DEMIGOD GUARDED BY
DEATHLESS SERVANTS--

SOME SLEEPING BEAUTY WHO'S
TO WAKE SOMEDAY, AND USHER IN
AN AGE OF BLISS OR TERROR.



AAAAHHH--





HE LOOKED
INTO ME--

INSIDE
ME.

AND HE
CHOSE ME.

AND HE PUT
SOMETHING--

GOD, WHAT
IS IT?

IT FEELS GOOD BUT
IT HURTS, IT HURTS
SO MUCH--

HE PUT SOMETHING
INSIDE ME.

THE WEAVE.

IT'S IN MY BODY
IN MY HEAD--

GOD IT HURTS--

LIKE A
STORM--

GOD, IT FEELS
SO GOOD--

BREAKING.

IT DOESN'T
MATTER WHAT YOU
DO TO ME-- YOU
CAN'T CHANGE ME.
I'M NOT A TOY.

ANYONE'S
TOY.

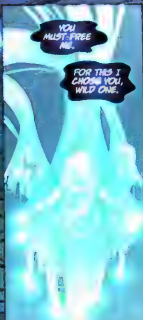
GET
OUT OF
ME.



YOU WERE
BORN... AND
ALONG WITH YOU
ARE LIGHT.

YOU ARE
STRONG NOW.
AND FREE.

YOU
ARE SAFE.



YOU
MUST FREE
ME.

FOR THIS I
CHOOSE YOU,
WILD ONE.



MY
SINNERS ARE
MY CAPTORS.

I CANNOT
FREE MYSELF.



I-- WANT
TO. BUT--

IS THAT BECAUSE YOU WANT
ME TO WANT TO? OR--

GOD-- THOSE THINGS--

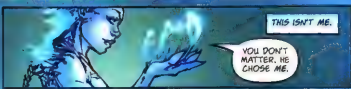


I WANT TO
SMASH THEM.
I HATE THEM.

NO!

I DON'T HATE
THEM--

THE SLEEPER
DOES.



THIS ISN'T ME.

YOU DON'T
MATTER. HE
CHOSE ME.



STOP THIS--

THE WILD
LARA. NOT
THE NICE ONE.



I DON'T WANT
TO DO THIS--

YOU'RE
AFRAID OF THE
LIGHT INSIDE YOU.
THE WILDNESS.
THE FREEDOM.



I CAN'T STOP
THIS.

YOU'RE AS
WORTHLESS AS
THESE SHELLS.

BUT I'M
ALIVE!



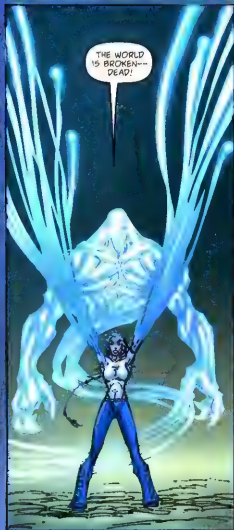
GET OUT
OF MY WAY!
YOU
THINGS--



HE CHOSE
ME!



HE'S
MINE!
AND I'M
HIS!
AND WE
SEE!



THE WORLD
IS BROKEN--
DEAD!



AND WE--





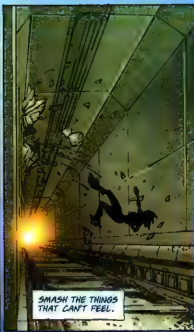
WE'LL MAKE IT
LIVE AGAIN.

TOGETHER.



WE'LL END THE
UGLINESS--

EVERYTHING THAT'S
NOT RED AND GREEN
AND FLOWING.



SMASH THE THINGS
THAT CAN'T FEEL.



THE DEAD THINGS.
THE MACHINES.



NOW.





POLICE RADIO TALKED ABOUT A TOTAL BABB WITH A BRAD ROCKETING THROUGH THE SUBWAY ON A STOLEN BIRE--



OH, LARA--

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON BUT--

I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF IF--



EXPLOSION.

A NASTY ONE.

UNDERGROUND.

LARA



PLEASE, LARA--

IT'S OKAY IF YOUR HAIR IS A LITTLE MULLSED UP AND YOU'VE GOT ASHES ON YOUR CHIN--



JUST BE ALIVE.

BE ALIVE NOW.



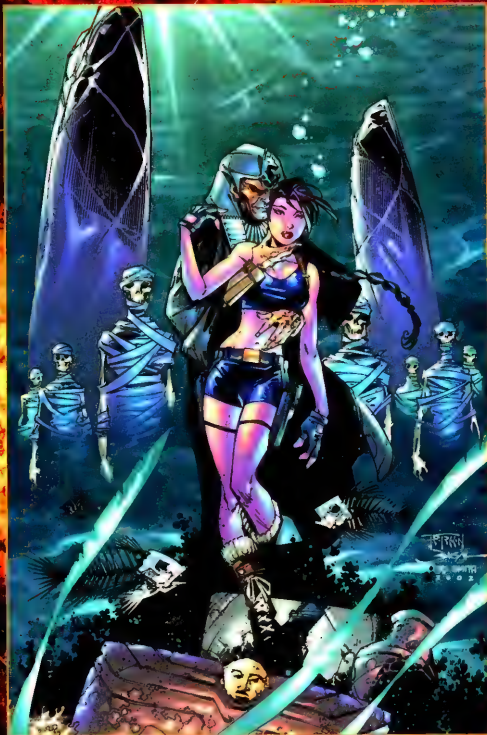


SABA,
YOU CAN
KEEP THE
GUNS.

TO BE CONTINUED
IN WITCHBLADE #60
AND EVO #1

Tomb Raider Issue #26

cover by: Randy Green, Jonathan Sibal and Jonathan D. Smith



written by
John Ney Richmond

art by
Randy Green

color by
Jonathan Sibal

lettered by
Jonathan D. Smith

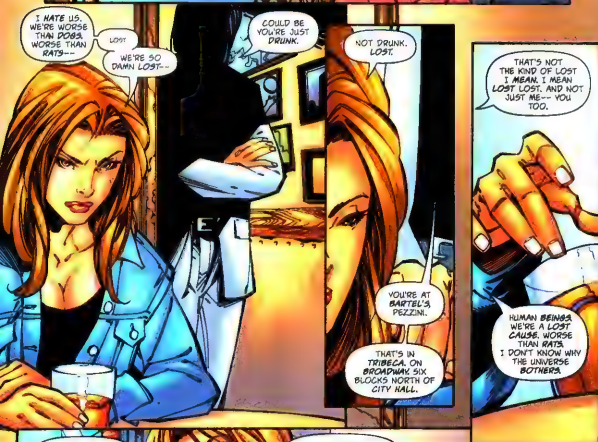
letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heisler



NEW YORK.

I THOUGHT
YOU WERE
DEAR

NAH.
I JUST WENT...
UNDERGROUND...
FOR A WHILE.



I HATE US.
WE'RE WORSE
THAN DOGS.
WORSE THAN
RATS--

LOST
WE'RE SO
DAMN LOST--

COULD BE
YOU'RE JUST
DRUNK.

NOT DRUNK.
LOST.

THAT'S NOT
THE KIND OF LOST
I MEAN. I MEAN
LOST LOST, AND NOT
JUST ME-- YOU
TOO.

YOU'RE AT
BARTEL'S
PEZZINI.

THAT'S IN
TRIBECA. ON
BROADWAY SIX
BLOCKS NORTH OF
CITY HALL.

HUMAN BEINGS
WE'RE A LOST
CAUSE. WORSE
THAN RATS.
I DON'T KNOW WHY
THE UNIVERSE
BOTHERS.



HOW LONG HAVE
WE BEEN DYING?
PEOPLE, I MEAN--

ABOUT AS LONG AS
WE'VE BEEN KILLING. A
COUPLE MILLION YEARS.
AT LEAST.

A MILLION YEARS
OF PRACTICE, AND
WE STILL CAN'T DEAL
WITH IT. WE SUCK.



LARA'S DEAR
I LOVED HER.
AND I KILLED
HER.

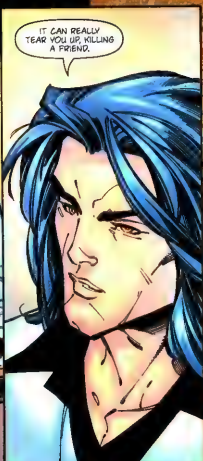
AND THIS IS
THE BEST I CAN DO
TO SAY GOODBYE.
SLAM HAPPY HOUR
MARGARITAS
NO SALT...

HELL,
ESTACADO...

I CAN'T
EVEN CRY.



BABY, I KNOW--
IF ANYBODY
DOES.



IT CAN REALLY
TEAR YOU UP, KILLING
A FRIEND.



BUT TRUST
ME--



IT'S BETTER
THAN LETTING A
FRIEND KILL
YOU.





NICE TRY, JACKIE BOY--
BUT IT WASN'T THAT SIMPLE.

IF LARA HAD KILLED
ME, IT WOULDN'T
HAVE BEEN LARA.

AND IT WOULDN'T
HAVE BEEN HER FAULT.

I'M THE ONE WHO DRAGGED
HER INTO THE ENDGAME--

BECAUSE THE WITCHBLADE
AND I WEREN'T ON ENOUGH
TO DO MY JOB.

I WOULD'VE BEEN THE ONE
WHO FOUND THE WEAVE, IF I
HADN'T SENT HER LOOKING
FOR MY MISSING PERSONS--

IF I'D SEEN THE CLUES THAT
WERE RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME.

THE ONE WHO SLEPT WOULD NEVER
HAVE TURNED HER INTO CYBER-
PSYCHO ARMAGEDDON GIRL.

AND THE END WAS WORSE.
IT WASN'T EVEN A FAIR FIGHT--

ME AND THE WITCHBLADE
AND THE REAL LARA--

THE LARA INSIDE--

AGAINST THE CYBER-PSYCHO
THING SHE'D BECOME.

BUT HEY, WE WERE
FRIENDS-- RIGHT, LARA?

I ASKED YOU TO HELP ME,
SO YOU HELPED ME...

YOU BEGGED ME TO KILL
YOU, SO I KILLED YOU.

WHAT ARE
FRIENDS FOR?



FUNERAL?



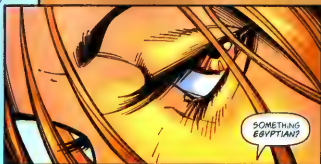


YOU THINK YOU
KNOW SOMEONE
SO WELL, AND THEN
THEY DIE.

AND YOU FIND
OUT YOU WERE SO
WRONG.

WHAT KIND OF
SEND-OFF WOULD
YOU HAVE WANTED,
LARA?

A FUNERAL?
A WAKE?



SOMETHING
EGYPTIAN?



NO...

SOMETHING
NORSE, MAYBE.

DRIFTING OFF TO
VALHALLA ON A BURNING
LONGBOAT...



YEAH...

GUNS IN
HAND



THIS IS DYING---

THIS UNDERTOW.

HEAR ME, O YE
FRIENDS OF SEBAU.
FOR I AM BROTHER TO
THE SICKTON AND
THE NIGHT!

DENY MY ENEMY
INHERITANCE TO THE
HOUSE OF OSIRIS THE
HETWARR, WHO SEARED
THEE WITH FIRE UPON
THE PLAINS OF
SEHEM!

DRIVE HER
FROM THE PATHS
OF LIGHT!

NAIL, O YE WHO
OPEN UP THE HIDDEN
WAYS-- FALLEN OF THE
HOUSE OF OSIRIS,
OVERCOMERS OF THE
HOLY ONES!

SEIZE YE THE SOUL
OF MY ENEMY, AS THY
BROTHER SET DID SEIZE
OSIRIS, IN HIS DAY OF
VENGEANCE!

AS SHE HATH
TREASURED IN THE
HIDDEN PLACES OF THE DEAD
AND PLUNDERED OUR
INHERITANCE, LEAVING US IN
ETERNAL HUNGER, DUST
AND DARKNESS--

LET ME BE THE
JUDGE AND REDEEMER
OF HER SOUL!

THIS IS DEATH.

FOR LARA CROFT--

TOMB RAIDER.



"LOOK UPON HER,
MY SLAVES!"

"ALL THE TREASURE SHE
HAS TAKEN FROM THE
WORLD OF SHADES—



"THESE ARE NOTHING
COMPARED TO THE
TREASURE SHE IS.



"NO QUEEN OF THE TWO
KINGDOMS EVER BURNED WITH
SUCH UNWOMENLY PASSION, SUCH
INSTANTANEOUS RAGE FOR LIFE.

"BUT I SHALL
TAKE HER—

"POSSESS HER, IN ALL
HER WILDEDNESS—

"TASTE HER TEARS
AND MORE.



"MY BEDCHAMBER WILL ECHO
WITH A THOUSAND LIES—

"FOR EVERY GRAIN OF SAND THAT THIS
BEAUTIFUL JACKAL TOOK FROM MY
BURIAL CHAMBER IN THE WORLD ABOVE.



"MY VOW OF VENGEANCE
HAS BEEN FULFILLED!

"THE VIOLATOR OF MY TOMB
HAS BECOME MY BRIDE."



NO SALT...

DID YOU LIKE SALT
ON YOURS, LARA?

CHRIST--

I NEED TO
GO HOME.

CAN I
SETTLE UP?

I HAD THE
MARGARITAS.
I DON'T KNOW
HOW MANY--

BIG GUY TOOK
CARE OF IT. HEY,
LET ME CALL YOU
A CAB.

UHM...

BIG GUY SAID
HE'D BREAK MY
ARMS IF I
DIDN'T.



AND LESS THAN A
DAY AFTER THE SO-
CALLED TOMB RAIDERS
ALLEGED RAMPAGE AND
ASSUMED DEATH--

THE CITY OF NEW
YORK FILED SUIT TODAY
AGAINST THE ESTATE OF THE
FORMERLY-CELEBRATED
ARCHAEOLOGIST, LARA
CROFT--



--SEEKING OVER
SIXTY MILLION
DOLLARS IN
REPARATIONS--



--FOR THE
HOLOCAUST THAT
"SHOOK THE CITY TO ITS
FOUNDATIONS AND
BELOW, THIS WEEK.

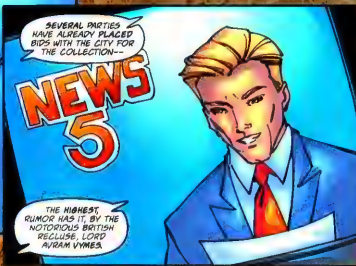


THE VALUE OF THE CROFT ESTATE IS UNKNOWN-- BUT MISS CROFT'S PERSONAL COLLECTION OF ANTIQUITIES HAS BEEN DESCRIBED BY EXPERTS AS "PRICELESS."



THERE IS HEATED SPECULATION CONCERNING THE FATE OF THE CROFT COLLECTION, SHOULD THE CITY'S SUIT PROVE SUCCESSFUL, THE CITY COULD TRANSFER THE COLLECTION HERE--

OR LIQUIDATE IT.



SEVERAL PARTIES HAVE ALREADY PLACED BIDS WITH THE CITY FOR THE COLLECTION--

NEWS 5

THE HIGHEST, RUMOR HAS IT, BY THE NOTORIOUS BRITISH RECLUSE, LORD AVRAM VYMES.



I HATE PEOPLE



WE ARE A LOST CAUSE.



COBRA-HEADED
MERSENER MAY HAVE
SHOWN YOU MERCY WHEN
YOU PLUNDERED MY TOMB
IN THE WORLD ABOVE,
LARA CROFT--

BUT SHE WHO
LOVES SILENCE HAS
NO POWER IN THE
SUNLESS CAVERNS OF
THE DUAT WHERE
AMENHOTEP IS GOD
OF GODS!

COUNTLESS
TIMES HAVE YOU
ENTERED THE DUAT
TO STEAL FROM US.
THE EATERS OF
DUST--



THE DEAD AND
THE UNDEAD WHO
HAVE BEEN
FORGOTTEN BY
THE WORLD
ABOVE.

WE WHOSE
NAMES HAVE
BECOME LESS THAN
SHADOWS IN THE
DESERT SANDS OF
TIME.

AND MAY THE
KNOWLEDGE BE A
CURSE UPON YOU IN
THE ETERNITY OF
BONDAGE, WHICH
AWAITS YOU--



YOU ARE HERE
BECAUSE YOU
BELONG HERE!

THIEF!

YOU HAVE
CHOSEN
THIS!





MY POWER IS
WITHOUT MEASURE,
HERE-- IS IT NOT SO,
MY SERVANTS?

GREAT
ONE--

IN ALL THE
WORLDS, THERE
IS NO POWER
BUT THINE.

MIGHTY
AMENHOTEP,
GOD OF ALL
GODS--

MY SERVANTS
KNOW MY POWER,
LARA-- BUT THEY DO
NOT FEAR ME.

THEY WORSHIP ME,
THEY OBEY ME, BUT
THEIR SPIRITS HAVE WORN
EMPTY, HOLLOW...

THE TORMENTS
I INFLICT UPON THEM
ARE THE SAME TO THEM
AS MY PRAISE. OH, THEY
SCREAM AT MY
COMMAND--

BUT THEY
FEEL NOTHING.
THEY DO NOT
FEAR ME.



THAT IS
BITTERNESS TO A
GOD, LARA... WORSE
THAN THESE DAYS OF
DARKNESS, THESE
FEASTS OF DUST...

BUT YOU WILL
MAKE MY LIFE
SWEET AGAIN.



YOU WILL
BE MY SUN,
LARA.



YOUR HEAT WILL
BLIND ME TO THE
LEERING SHADOWS OF
THIS WORLD OF ROT
AND ECHOES.



AND
PERHAPS...

PERHAPS,
I WILL COME TO
LOVE YOU...

IN MY
WAY.



PERHAPS
LIFE BEATS STRONG
ENOUGH IN YOUR BREAST
TO ROLL BACK THE SHADOWS, AND
RESTORE THIS WORM-EATEN
MOCKERY OF AN AFTERWORLD
TO THE PARADISE IT
SHOULD HAVE BEEN...

THAT IT
WAS.

THEY HAVE
LONG SINCE
FORGOTTEN.

BUT PERHAPS
YOU CAN REMIND
THEM HOW TO FEAR,
LARA, HOW TO
SCREAM...

"THE TIME THAT MEN CALL
LIFE IS NOTHING. A TIME TO
PREPARE FOR LIFE, TO
PROVIDE FOR ETERNITY--

THE "TRUE" LIFE
BEGINS WITH DEATH.

"THE PHARAOHS OF MY LINE WHO
HAD PASSED INTO ETERNITY BEFORE
ME, BUILT TOMBS TO SATISFY THEIR
NEEDS IN THE AFTERWORLD.

"I BUILT A CITY WITH THE BLOOD
OF TEN THOUSAND SLAVES, AND
THE PAIN OF MORE...

"THE PHARAOHS WHO HAD GONE BEFORE
ME FILLED THEIR TOMBS WITH SHABTIS TO
SERVE THEM IN THE AFTERWORLD--

"CRUDE CLAY TOYS
ANIMATED BY SPELLS.

"I PEOPLED MY DEATH-
CITY WITH SERVANTS
WORTHY OF A GOD.

"MY COUNCILORS,
MY SLAVES,
MY FRIENDS--

"THE HUNDREDS OF
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
WHO FEARED AND
WORSHIPPED ME...

"ALL JOINED ME IN
MY DEATH, LARA."



"YOU SEE,
I WAS CHEATED.

"I HAD PREPARED FOR
THE AFTERWORLD--

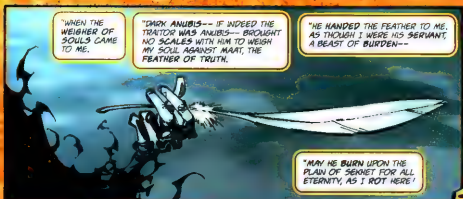
"AS NO PHARAOH BEFORE
ME HAD EVER PREPARED.



"I WAS A PHARAOH!
A GOD--

"AND THE SON
OF A GOD!

"BUT NO SOONER HAD
I BEEN SEALED INTO MY
NECROPOLIS, TO BEGIN
MY ETERNAL REIGN--



"WHEN THE
WEIGHER OF
SOULS CAME
TO ME.

"DARK ANUBIS-- IF INDEED THE
TRAITOR WAS ANUBIS-- BROUGHT
NO SCALES WITH HIM TO WEIGH
MY SOUL AGAINST MAAT, THE
FEATHER OF TRUTH.

"HE HANDED THE FEATHER TO ME,
AS THOUGH I WERE HIS SERVANT,
A BEAST OF BURDEN--

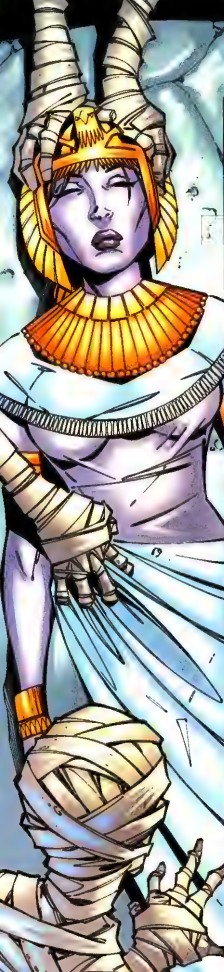
"MAY HE BURN UPON THE
PLAIN OF SEKHET FOR ALL
ETERNITY, AS I ROT HERE!



AND MY
WORLD
CHANGED

"AND I TOOK IT."





"IN THE WORLD ABOVE, THE
NILE ROSE FROM HER BANKS
TO OVERWHELM MY
GLORIOUS NECROPOLIS--

"WASHING AWAY THE GLORY
I HAD BUILT, LEAVING MUCK
AND ROT IN ITS PLACE.

"ONLY THE TWO COLOSSI I
HAD GIVEN MY FACE TO, AND
SET TO GUARD THE APPROACH
TO MY PARADISE, WERE
UNTOUCHED BY HER RAGE.

"THE BEAUTY, THE PERFECTION
THAT I HAD SACRIFICED SO
MUCH TO RENDER IMMORTAL...

"IT ROTTED AWAY
IN AN INSTANT.

"ONLY I REMAINED
PERFECT--

"UNCHANGER"



BUT NOW I
REGAIN THE BLISS
THAT IS MY
BIRTHRIGHT--

THE BEAUTY.
THE PLEASURE.
THE PAIN.



THE FEATHER
OF TRUTH THAT
WAS THE
INSTRUMENT OF
MY DOOM--

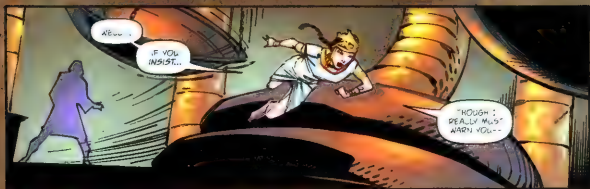



NOW BECOMES
THE SEAL OF
YOURS.



DID SOMEONE
SAY SOMETHING?
WHERE'S SARAH?
I THOUGHT--

WHAT
HAPPENED TO
NEW YORK?





DEAD OR NOT,
I'M A BRITON, AND
TO US, TRUTH'S NOT
A FEATHER--

IT'S A
SWORD



A SWORD?

SHOW THIS
REBEL, MY SLAVES--
WHAT POWER SWORDS
AND TRUTH AND PRIDE
HAVE HERE!



SPEAKING OF
PRIDE--

YOU AND YOUR
SLAVES OUGHT TO
KNOW THAT I'VE FOUGHT
DEAD THINGS MORE TIMES
THAN I CAN COUNT, AND
I HAVEN'T LOST A
FIGHT YET.



BUT YOU'RE
NOT ALIVE NOW,
LARA. YOU ARE A
DEAD THING--

IN THE HANDS
OF A GOD!



I'VE HEARD THAT
LINE BEFORE-- MORE
TIMES THAN I'VE FOUGHT
DEAD THINGS,
ACTUALLY.

STILL, I'VE
NEVER BEEN IN ANY
HANDS I DIDN'T
CHOOSE TO BE
IN.

uhh

ALL RIGHT-- BE
THAT WAY, BUT I'M
WARNING YOU--

IT'S YOUR
FUNERAL--

TO BE
CONTINUED...



Tomb Raider Issue #27

cover by: Randy Green, Jonathan Smith and Jonathan D. Smith



scripted by:
John Ney Rhodes

art by:
Randy Green
with Joel Gomez

inked by:
Jonathan Smith

colored by:
Jonathan D. Smith

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heisler

NEW YORK CITY.

SARA PEZZINI'S EYES TELL HER THAT THIS FULL MOON IS SHINING DOWN ON MILLIONS OF PEOPLE.

HER HEART TELLS HER THAT NONE OF THEM ARE LARA CROFT.

YOU THINK YOU KNOW SOMEBODY SO WELL...

AND THEN THEY DIE. AND YOU FIND OUT YOU WERE SO WRONG.

NONE OF US KNEW YOU, LARA-- KNEW WHO YOU REALLY WERE.

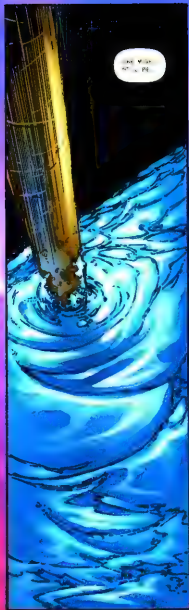
WHAT KIND OF SENDOFF WOULD YOU HAVE WANTED?

A FUNERAL? A WAKE?

...

SOMETHING HORSE, MAYBE? DRIFTING OFF TO VALHALLA ON A BURNING LONGBOAT?

...



STILL...

YOU SPENT SO MUCH TIME IN THAT PLACE, LARA...

BETWEEN YESTERDAY AND NEVER, WHERE ALL OUR MYSTERIES GO.

WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU'D END UP THERE, SOMEDAY.

TAKE...
TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, GIRLFRIEND.

WHOA...

NOW THAT'S GOT TO MEAN SOMETHING.

GUNS DON'T GO TO HEAVEN, SO, MMM... WELL, WHAT CONCLUSIONS CAN WE DRAW HERE, DETECTIVE PEZZINI?

BESIDES THE OBVIOUS--

DEAD OR ALIVE, THAT GIRL JUST CAN'T STAY OUT OF TROUBLE.

AND
ELSEWHERE...

ELSEWHEN..

IT'S ONE LETDOWN
AFTER ANOTHER,
SO FAR---

BEING DEAD.

IF I AM
DEAD,

I WOULDN'T BE
SWEATING LIKE THIS IF
I WAS HAVING AN OUT-
OF-BODY EXPERIENCE.

SO...
AMENHOTEP,
IS IT?

AMENHOTEP
THE THIRD, I'D
GUESS. FROM THE
HIEROGLYPHS
I GLIMPSED ON THE
WAY DOWN...

I DON'T BELIEVE
WE'VE BEEN
PROPERLY
INTRODUCED--

WHICH IS
SCARCELY SURPRISING,
CONSIDERING THAT YOUR
EMBALMERS MUST HAVE
PULLED YOUR BRAINS OUT
THROUGH YOUR NOSE THREE
THOUSAND YEARS
BEFORE I WAS
BORN.

THERE'S NO
TIME HERE
FOR A DUEL.

NOR IS THERE
ANY TRUTH FOR YOU
TO CLING TO--

THERE'S
ONLY ME.

THE FEATHER OF TRUTH-- HE DESTROYED IT WITH A GESTURE.

BUT HOW COULD THAT BE?

TO THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS, THE FEATHER OF TRUTH WAS THE GODDESS MAAT. IT WASN'T A MERE SYMBOL.

IT'S PROBABLY BEEN MILLINIA SINCE HE GOT TO TELL A WOMAN WITH A FACE ON HER FACE HOW WONDERFUL HE IS.

HOW COULD A PHARAOH HAVE THE POWER TO OBLITERATE A GOD?

SOMETHING IS VERY WRONG HERE.

PERHAPS THIS DEAD ESOMANNAC WILL GIVE ME A CLUE OR TWO AS TO WHAT... IF I FLATTER HIM A BIT.

MIGHTY PHARAOH--

DON'T LAUGH, LARA.

I SEE NOW THAT YOU HAVE THE POWER OF A GOD. WHY DO YOU DWELL IN SUCH A DESOLATE PLACE, THEN-- WITH NO COMPANIONS BUT FIENDS AND WITHERED CREATURES OF THE TOMB?

WHERE ARE YOUR NOBLE ATTENDANTS? THE FAITHFUL SLAVES WHO FOLLOWED YOU INTO DEATH? WHERE ARE YOUR WIVES?

AND WHY DO YOU LOOK LIKE THE MASCOT FOR A BLOODY DEATH METAL BAND?

I-- HAD THESE THINGS. ALL YOU SAY, AND MORE...

BUT ASK THE GODS, AND THEY WILL TELL YOU, TOMB RAIDER--

THESE THINGS WERE STOLEN FROM ME--

BY THEVES LIKE YOU!

NO GODS--

OH, PLEASE--

ORDINARILY, I'D BE
DELIGHTED TO HAVE AN
ANCIENT TEMPLE THROW
ITSELF AT ME...

BUT...

CAN'T I JUST TAKE
YOUR WORD FOR IT,
POTENT ONE?

OH, THANK GOODNESS...

I KNOW THESE
GODS...

AND THEY'RE THE **GOOD**
GUYS IN THE PANTHEON.

BRIGHT HORUS, AVENGING SON
OF THE LIFE-GOD OSIRIS...

AND **ISIS** THE ENCHANTRESS,
OSIRIS' BRIDE, WHOSE CLEVERNESS
AND DEVOTION RESTORED HER
MURDERED LORD TO LIFE.

ACCORDING TO TRADITION, BOTH
PROTECT THE SOUL WHO GREETED
THEM PROPERLY IN THE AFTERLIFE.

UHHH...

HAIL, HORUS--
AVENGER OF THY FATHER
OSIRIS, NEMESIS OF EVIL!
HAIL, **ISIS**-- GIVER OF LIFE
TO THY BROTHER OSIRIS,
WHO TURNS ASIDE ALL
EVIL!

LET THE PATH OF
LIFE BE OPENED
BEFORE ME! KEEP FROM ME
THE SHADOWS OF THE
DEAD WHO WOULD WORK
EVIL AGAINST ME--

HER SPEECH IS
STRANGE, MOTHER. IS
IT OUR PROTECTION
THAT THIS MORTAL
SEEKS?

AVE, MY
SON.

"HEN
SHE'S A
FOO..."

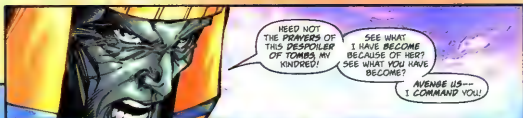


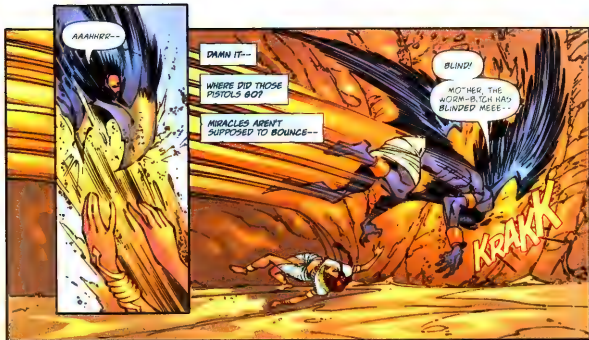
IT PROBABLY
WOULDN'T HELP

BUT I WISH...

I WISH...

I SO WISH I HAD
MY PISTOLS.









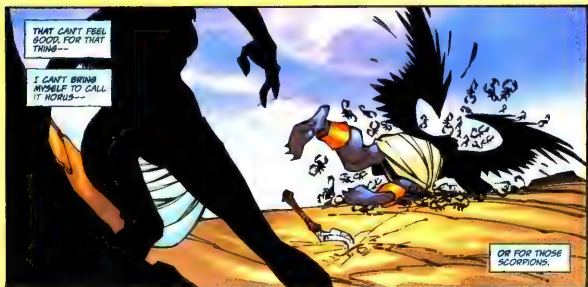
--LHN--
DIDN'T YOUR
MOTHER EVER
TELL YOU--



--STING
BEFORE YOU
BLOAT.

WHUP

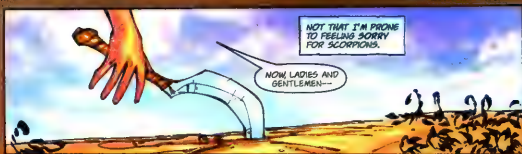
AND LOOK
BEFORE YOU
LEAP WHILE
YOU'RE AT IT



THAT CAN'T FEEL
GOOD, FOR THAT
THING--

I CAN'T BRING
MYSELF TO CALL
IT HORUS--

OR FOR THOSE
SCORPIONS.





BRAVE WORDS, CHILD--- BUT THEY RING HOLLOW... AS YOUR BONES SHALL BE WHEN THE CLAWS OF MY CHILDREN HAVE SCRAPED AWAY THEIR MARROW.

I SEE THE FEAR YOU CANNOT HIDE. THE TREMBLING OF YOUR HANDS...

ACTUALLY?



I'M NOT SO MUCH TREMBLING AS HEFTING--- GETTING THE FEEL OF THESE?

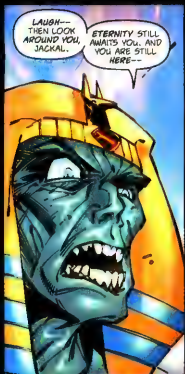
AND YOU'LL NOTICE I'M SMILING?



I'VE GOT TWENTY-SIX BULLETS.



TWENTY-FOUR.



LAUGH--
THEN LOOK
AROUND YOU,
JACKAL.

ETERNITY STILL
AWAITS YOU. AND
YOU ARE STILL
HERE--



HERE WITH
ME.

THAT'S
ODD...

NOT THAT
ANYTHING
HERE ISN'T.



BUT THE PHAROAH HASN'T
STIRRED A STEP SINCE
HE BROUGHT ME HERE.

IT COULD BE
THAT HE'S LAZY.



OR THERE COULD BE
A DESPERE REASON.

THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS ATTACHED
GREAT SIGNIFICANCE TO THE LOCATION
OF THE OBJECTS IN THEIR TOMBS...

THEMSELVES
INCLUDED

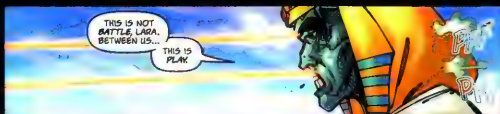
HONESTLY,
MIGHTY
PHAROAH--

I CAN'T TAKE
MY WRETCHED FATE
TOO SERIOUSLY WHEN
I SEE YOU STANDING
THERE, FLAPPING YOUR
ARMS LIKE A BOOBB.



COME TO ME,
LARA... AND I MAY
LEAVE THAT CLEVER
TONGUE OF YOURS
INSIDE YOUR
MOUTH.

COME
NOW.





THAT CLARIFIES MATTERS
IN THE MOST UNAPPEALING
WAY I CAN IMAGINE.



THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS DID
BELIEVE IT WAS POSSIBLE TO
DIE AFTER DEATH.

THAT FEAR WAS THE BASIS OF
MOST OF THEIR MORTUARY
AND FUNERAL CUSTOMS.



THEY BELIEVED THAT A PERSON'S
BEING WAS COMPOSED OF MANY
SOULS-- EIGHT AT LEAST--

AND THAT THESE ENTITIES
LIVED TOGETHER WHILE THE
BODY LIVED, BUT WENT THEIR
SEPERATE WAYS AFTER DEATH.

THE PHAROAH FANCIES THAT THE
BRAVE ROBBERS OF THE WORLD
OWE COMPENSATION FOR
PILLAGING HIS TOMB AND MAKING
A SHAMBLES OF HIS AFTERLIFE...

COMPENSATION IN
THE FORM OF ME.

HE ALSO SEEMS TO BELIEVE
HIMSELF INVINCIBLE. BUT...

WE KNOW THEIR NAMES,
BUT THAT'S ABOUT ALL
WE KNOW ABOUT THEM.



THE TWO KAS, THE AKH, THE
SEKHEM, THE KHAIBIT, THE BA--

THE BA!



I OBEY,
POTENT ONE.

EH?



FORGIVE
ME.

I KNEW ONLY
THAT YOU WERE
ANGRY WITH
ME.

THAT'S IT.



I NEVER
DREAMED YOU'D
DO ME THE HONOR
OF MAKING ME
YOUR QUEEN.

HE DOES HAVE
A WEAKNESS.

MIS SA.

THE LITTLE BIRD WHOSE JOB
IT IS TO BRING HIM AIR AND
FOOD IN THE UNDERWORLD.

THE
HELLCAT
SHEATHS HER
CLAWS AND
PURRS?

AM I TO
BELIEVE
THIS?

THE HELLCAT WANTS TO
SINK HER CLAWS INTO
YOUR BA, DEAR.

AND IF SHE HAS TO DO A
BIT OF PURRING TO GET
INSIDE YOUR TOMB, WELL...

PURR. PURR.

CAN'T YOU
READ MY MIND?
LOOK INTO MY
EYES, THEN...

I... LIKE THIS
FEELING, MIGHTY-
ONE. IT'S NEW
TO ME.

SURRENDER...

MMMMMM...



COME
THEN--



SSSSSHHHH!
GGRRRRMMMBLE

"THE DUST
IS THICK AND
SOFT UPON
MY TOMB."



SO
EAGER?

DO YOU NOT
FEAR WHAT MIGHT
FIND YOU IN THE
DARK?

NO, POTENT
ONE...

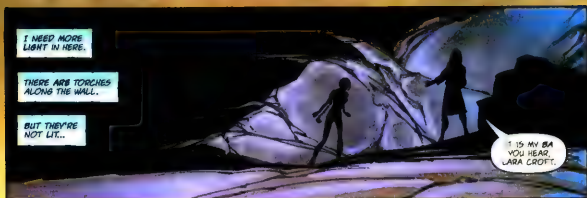
I'M MORE CONCERNED WITH
WHAT I MIGHT NOT BE
ABLE TO FIND IN THE DARK.

THESE CEILINGS ARE SO
HIGH, AND THE SHADOWS
ARE SO DEEP.

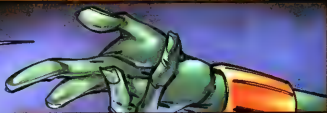
BUT I HEAR
SOMETHING...
LIKE WINGS
ABOVE US.

WHAT
IS IT?





YOU COULD
SEE THEM ALL, IF
I WANTED YOU TO
SEE THEM, LARA.
WOULD YOU LIKE
THAT?



IT DOESN'T
MATTER WHAT
I WANT, MY
MASTER. WHAT DO
YOU WANT TO
SEE?



YOUR FLESH
IS COLD BUT
I CAN WARM IT.

SHALL
I DANCE FOR
YOU?

DANCE!

WHY DO YOU
DANCE IN THE
SHADOWS, WENCH?
MOVE CLOSER!
I WISH TO SEE
YOU.

BUT THE
SHADOWS ARE
EVERYWHERE,
MASTER.



NOT
SO!

LIGHT! LET
THERE BE
LIGHT!





WELL THAT WAS
A THOROUGHLY
DEGRADING
EXPERIENCE,
BUT IT WORKED.

AND JUST
IN TIME.



THE BA IS
CIRCLING--

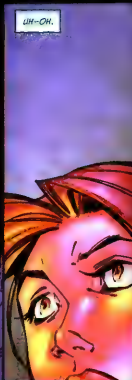
THERE.

IN THE
SHADOWS.



IT'S A LONG SHOT AT
A SMALL TARGET...

I HOPE I CAN GET
IT THE FIRST SHOT.

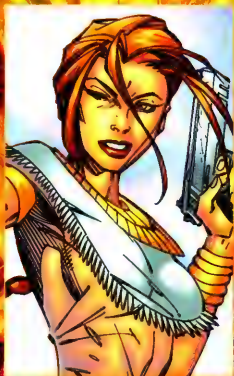


UH-OH.

ONE BULLET ISN'T
GOING TO BE ENOUGH.

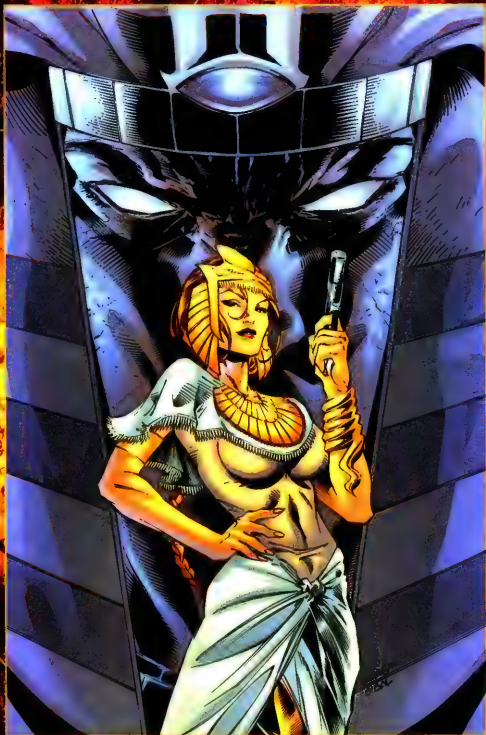


TO BE CONTINUED



Tomb Raider Issue #28

cover by: Clarence Lansang, Jonathan S. and Jonathan D. Smith



John Ney Kaiser

Scott Benfield

Jonathan S. and

Jonathan D. Smith

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heisler



OUCH—

WELL...

SKREE

I WAS WISHING FOR A TARGET I COULD HIT.

I SHOULD HAVE WISHED FOR A ROCKET LAUNCHER WHILE I WAS AT IT.

IT SEEMS YOUR TREACHERY HAS GAINED YOU A DANCING PARTNER, TOMB RAIDER. AND I WONDER...

WILL YOU FIND THE TOUCH OF MY BAY TALONS MORE TO YOUR LIKING THAN THE TOUCH OF MY HANDS?

SPEAKING HYPOTHETICALLY? I'D IMAGINE SO.

I CERTAINLY COULDN'T LIKE IT LESS—

SLISH

GET YOUR PRIORITIES STRAIGHT, LARA.

DODGE FIRST, MOUTH OFF SECOND

AAAH—

WHAT'S WRONG
WITH THIS PLACE?

BAS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE
THE TEDDY BEARS OF THE
EGYPTIAN AFTERLIFE...

NOT BLOODY
ASSAULT
HELICOPTERS.

JUST FOR THE
RECORD MIGHTY
PHARAOH...

...THE
ANSWER IS
YES.

REEEEK

KOOM

IT'S CIRCLING
BACK---

ABOVE THE
TORCHES.

I'D RATHER
PLAY TAG WITH
YOUR VULTURE
THAN TOUCH
YOU.

KOOM HRRRAWKK

THE FIRE MAY DO WHAT
MY FIREPOWER HASN'T...

IF I CAN CLIP
ITS WINGS
BEFORE IT'S
PAST THEM--

PFF

PFF





NOW, MIGHTY PHARAOH--- YOU'VE GOT NO BAT TO BRING YOU SUSTENANCE IN THIS MISERABLE PLACE.

I SUGGEST YOU COMPOSE YOURSELF AND CONSERVE WHATEVER LIFE-ENERGY YOU HAVE LEFT--

LEAVE ME ALONE, IN OTHER WORDS,

IN DEATH



DO YOU TRULY BELIEVE... THAT I WILL STARVE?

WASTE AWAY WITHOUT MY BAT?



CAN A PLAGUE DIE OF SICKNESS?

CAN A WAR BLEED TO DEATH?




I AM NOT A MAN,
TOMB RAIDER-- I AM
NOT A GOD!

I AM ABOVE
THE GODS!



YOU'RE
INSANE.



I AM
HUNGER!
AND I WILL
NOT BE DENIED!



Kkk-SKRUSH

KkkSKRAK

MY COLOSSI
COULD NOT
PROTECT THE RICHES
OF MY TOMB FROM
YOUR KIND IN THE
WORLD ABOVE--

BUT YOU
COULD NOT
STEAL THEM
FROM ME EITHER,
COULD YOU?

AND HERE
THEY ARE, MORE
THAN LIFELESS
STONE, CARVED IN
MY IMAGE--

THEN YOU'D BEST
GAIN SOME ALTITUDE,
MS. CROFT--

THEY ARE MY
HANDS--

OH MY
KID--
THE COLOSSI
OF MEANING.
BUT--

AND HOPE THOSE
BRUTES CAN'T
CLIMB WALLS AS
WELL AS THEY CAN
SMASH THEM



THE EMERALDS
OF YOUR EYES?
THE MORY OF
YOUR SKIN?

IF YOU'RE GOING
TO TRY TO JUSTIFY
THIS SADISM, I WISH
YOU'D MAKE A BETTER
JOB OF IT.

I HAD
NOTHING TO DO
WITH THE PILLAGING
OF YOUR TOMB.
AMENHOTEP...

THOUGH I MUST
SAY THAT I'D HAVE
GIVEN IT A NICE COAT
OF GRAFFITI THE LAST
TIME I VISITED THE
VALLEY OF THE
KINGS...

IF I'D KNOWN
WHAT A BASTARD
YOU WERE.

SKITCHH

KRAAK

UH OH.

THIS COLOSSUS IS
MORE RESOURCEFUL
THAN ITS MASTER.

IT'S SNAPPING
THE STATUE OFF
ITS PEDESTAL...

THE STATUE YOURS
TRULY IS CLIMBING ON.

OH, YESSS,
LARA...

RUN AS FAST
AS YOU CAN, LITTLE
BIRD-- CLIMB AS HIGH
AS YOU DARE. YOU
WILL ALWAYS BE
WITHIN MY REACH.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT I'D DIE
WITH MY SHADES ON...

AND WITH A CERTAIN
AMOUNT OF DIGNITY.

MY PEOPLE
HAVE MANY
SAVINGS ABOUT
LITTLE BIRDS,
MIGHTY
PHARAOH.

"A BIRD
IN THE
HAND--

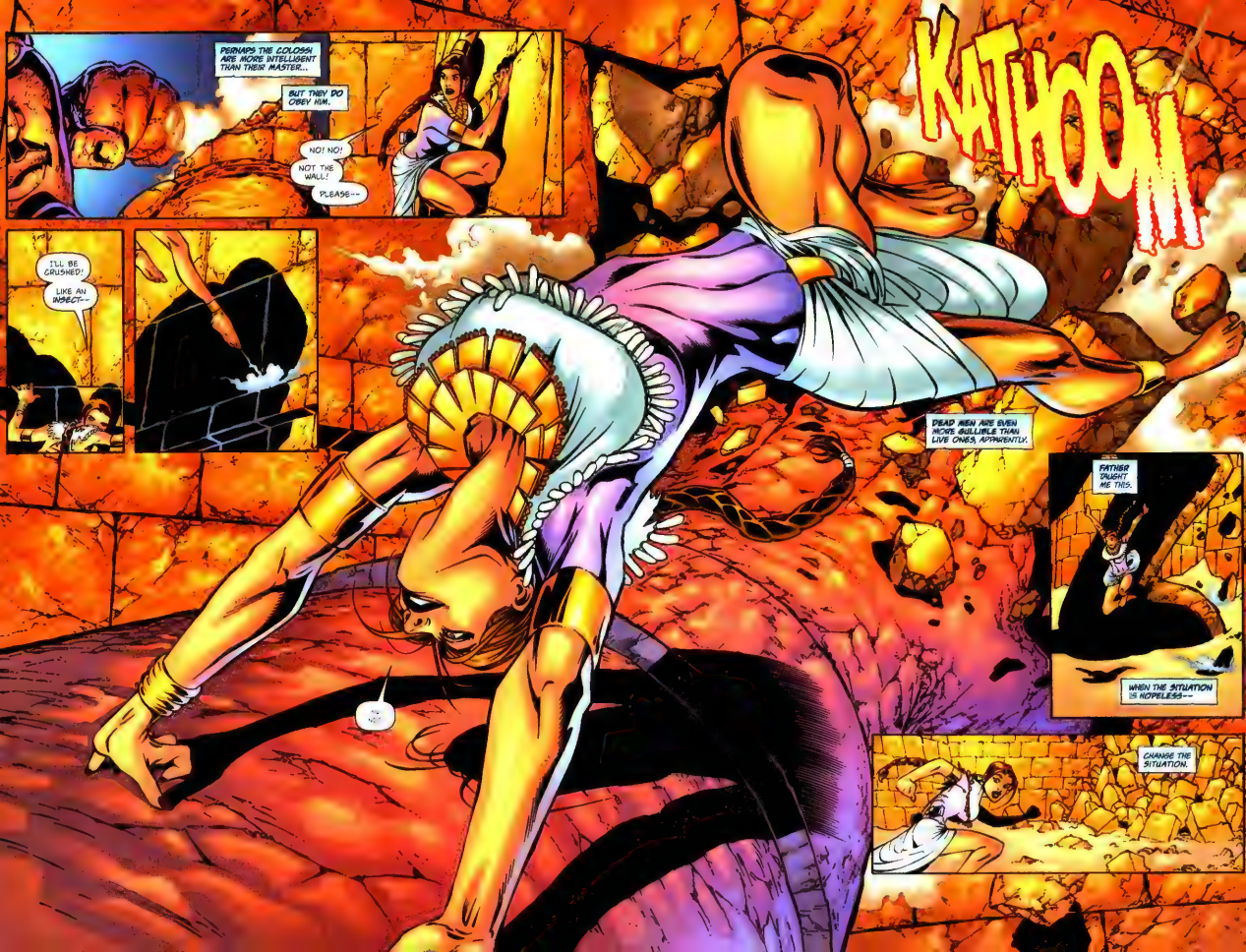
IS WORTH
TWO IN THE
BUSH."

I MAY BE
WITHIN YOUR
REACH, BUT
YOU'LL NEVER
CATCH ME.

I'M
EXCEPTIONALLY
DETERMINED. WHILE
YOU'RE MERELY
INSANE.

SILENCE
HER!

CRUSH HER
LIKE AN INSECT!
BRING THE WALLS
DOWN IF YOU
MUST!



PERHAPS THE COLOSSI
ARE MORE INTELLIGENT
THAN THEIR MASTER...

BUT THEY DO
OBEY HIM.

NO! NO!
NOT THE
WIFE!
PLEASE...

I'LL BE
GUILTED!
LIKE AN
OBJECT--

DEAD MEN ARE EVEN
MORE GUILTY THAN
LIVE ONES, APPARENTLY.

FATHER
THIGHT
ME THIS.

WHEN THE SITUATION
IS HOPELESS--

CHANGE THE
SITUATION.



AREN'T YOU DONE YET?

WHISH

AND AN INESCAPABLE PRISON MAY NOT BE SO INESCAPABLE---



ONCE IT'S HAD A HOLE PUNCHED IN ITS WALL.

THE NEAT STAIRWAY OF RUBBLE LEADING TO THE HOLE IS A PLUS.




I HADN'T ANTICIPATED THAT --



OR THIS.

I UNDERSTAND NOW.



TAKE A LAST LOOK
AT THE STARS MIGHTY
PHARAOH---



OR A
FIRST LOOK,
AS THE CASE
MAY BE.

IT'S
OVER.



THIS GAME
IS OVER. I WILL
TOY WITH YOU
NO LONGER,
WOMAN---



YOU'LL TOY NO
LONGER--- PERIOD
YOU SEE...

I KNOW NOW
WHY THIS PLACE
IS AS IT IS, AND
I CAN SET YOU
FREE---

IF YOU HAVE
THE COURAGE...
OR IF YOU DON'T,
ACTUALLY.





THE THINGS
YOU KNOW ABOUT
YOURSELF, YOUR
LIFE...

mighty
one.

YOU DON'T
TRULY REMEMBER
THEM, DO YOU?



"THEY'RE ONLY
STORIES YOU READ--"

"ON THE WALLS
OF THIS TOMB."



NO
NO!



"YOU'VE SEEN THE
LIGHTNING THAT WERE
BURIED NEAR THE
SARCOPHAGUS OF
AMENHOTEP?"

"THE ANSWERS?"



I'LL BET YOU A
SILVER SCARAB FOR
EVERY YEAR I'VE BEEN AN
ARCHAEOLOGIST-- NOT A
JACKAL OR DESPOILER
OF GRAVES--

HERE'S ONE
YOU HAVEN'T
SEEN.

BEHIND THIS
ODDLY-PLACED
BAS-RELIEF OF
NEHEBKAU, HE WHO JOINS
THE SPIRIT-DOUBLE TO
UMM... WHATEVER THE
SPIRIT-DOUBLE IS JOINED
TO A GOD WHO'S ALSO
THE GUARDIAN OF THE
ENTRANCE TO THE
UNDERWORLD.



"LIKE THE OTHERS,
IT'S A DOLL--"

A MAGICAL
SURROGATE
FOR A HUMAN
BEING--

MEANT TO
SERVE THE
PHARAOH IN THE
AFTERLIFE.



THIS PHARAOH
TOOK THE IDEA
A STEP BEYOND
TRADITION,
THOUGH.

THE EGYPTIANS
DIDN'T BELIEVE IN
SIN AS SUCH-- BUT
THEY DID BELIEVE IN
RETRIBUTION AFTER
DEATH.



A MAN WHO
LIED DURING LIFE
WOULD HAVE HIS
BONES BROKEN.

A GREEDY
MAN WOULD HAVE
HIS GUTS TORN OUT
BY SOME NASTY
BEAKED THING.

A MAN WHO
STOLE WOULD
BURN, AND SO
ON.

AMENHOTEP
MUST HAVE REALIZED
THAT HE COULD AVOID
HIS FAIR SHARE OF THAT
UNPLEASANTNESS I.E..

GUESS
WHAT?



OH
THIS BOX
IS EMPTY.



OF COURSE
IT'S EMPTY.

I DON'T WANT
TO HAND YOU THIS.
THAT WOULD BE
SILLY OF ME.

BUT I DO
WANT YOU TO
SEE IT.



mighty one,
allow me to
introduce you to the
afterlife stunt double
of the pharaoh
amenhotep the
third--

his whipping
boy, his
stand-in...



you.



NO!

JACKAL,
YOU LIE!
I--



YOU ARE
IN DENIAL.



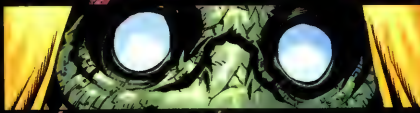
BUT YOU CAN SEE THAT YOUR POWER DOES END WHERE THIS USHTABI BEGINS CAN'T YOU?

NO?
WELL, IF YOU CAN'T ACCEPT THE TRUTH ANY OTHER WAY, PERHAPS WE SHOULD PROCEED DIRECTLY--

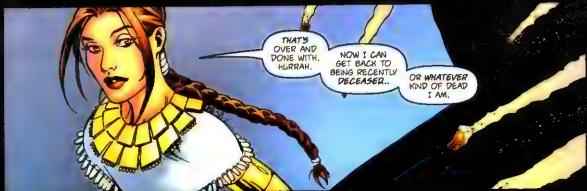


TO SHOCK THERAPY!

KRISH







THAT'S
OVER AND
DONE WITH.
HURRAH.

NOW I CAN
GET BACK TO
BEING RECENTLY
DECEASED...

OR WHATEVER
KIND OF DEAD
I AM.



UHM...



NEHEKALI?

TRKK

TSHHHAK



YOU'RE THE
GUARDIAN OF THE
ENTRANCE TO THE
UNDERWORLD, AREN'T
YOU? SO...

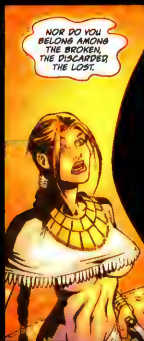
WHAT KIND
OF DEAD
WOULD YOU
SAY I AM?



NOT.



YOU DO NOT
BELONG TO
THE PAST.

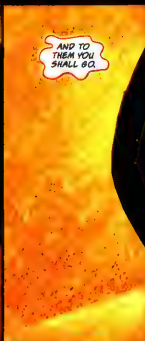


NOR DO YOU
BELONG AMONG
THE BROKEN,
THE DISCARDED,
THE LOST.



YOU HAVE
A PLACE IN
TIME.

A LIFE
TO LIVE.



AND TO
THEM YOU
SHALL GO.



UHN!



HURRAH.

I'VE GOT
CLOTHES
AGAIN.





Tomb Raider

Issue #29

cover by *Clay Gore*



Editorial Director
John Ney Miller

Executive Editor
Gerardo Sandoval

Managing Editor
Jonathan Dyer
and
John Garber

Managing Editor
Jonathan Dyer

Letters by *Robin Spehar* and *Dennis Hetsler*

SUSSEX,
ENGLAND.

VYMESHAL.

Benelli

LORD VYMES—

VYVIMASA.

I'M COMING
FOR YOU.



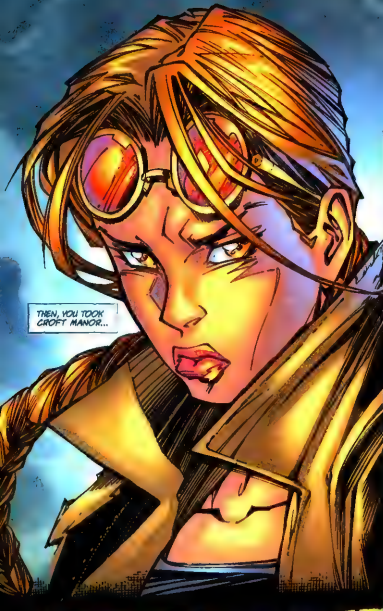
FIRST, YOU
TOOK TSANG.

MY ALMOST--

COULD
HAVE
BEEN--

SHOULD
HAVE BEEN--

2011
J. WALKER



THEN, YOU TOOK
GROFT MANOR...



MY ANCESTRAL HOME.



AND MY FATHER'S
LEGACY TO ME...

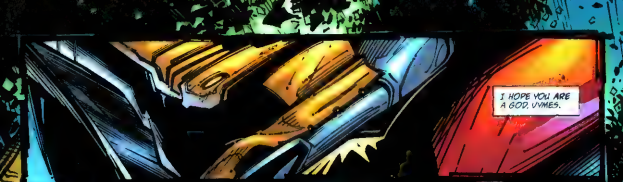
THE GROFT
COLLECTION.

MY PURPOSE,
MY OBSESSION...

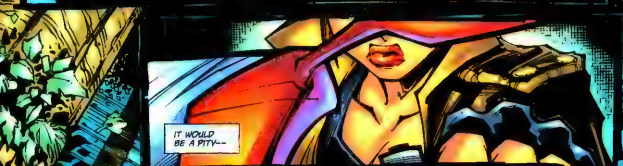
MY PRIDE.



YOU STOLE
THAT TOO.



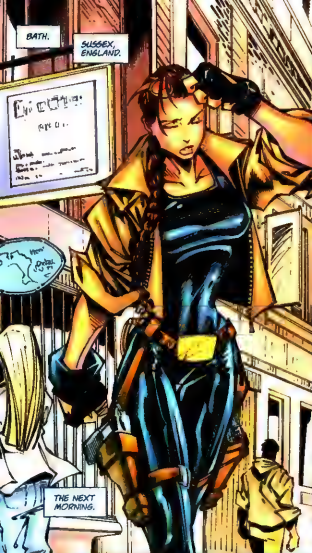
I HOPE YOU ARE
A GOD, VIMES.

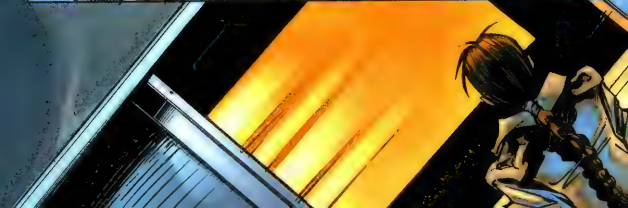


IT WOULD
BE A PITY...



IF I COULD ONLY
DESTROY YOU ONCE.







LARA

YOU'LL
PARDON THE
INTIMATE ADDRESS,
WON'T YOU?

I FEEL AS
THOUGH IT'S
APPROPRIATE, AFTER
ALL THE TEARS AND
LAUGHTER WE TWO
HAVE SHARED.



AFTER
WHICH, I THINK
IT LIKELY YOU'LL
NO LONGER
FANCY YOURSELF
IMMORTAL.

OR DIVINE.

SOMEDAY SOON WE'LL
SPEAK FACE TO FACE,
LORD UNDES.



YOU'RE
DIFFICULT TO
KILL, LARA.

AND I
RESPECT THAT.
TENACITY, IT'S AN
ATTRIBUTE WE
SHARE.

BUT YOU WILL
BEAR IN MIND AT
ALL TIMES THAT I AM
A GOD—AND
CONDUCT YOURSELF
ACCORDINGLY!



OR I WILL SEW
THOSE DELECTABLE
BEE-STUNG LIPS OF
YOURS TOGETHER WITH
CATBUT AND A RUSTY
NEEDLE.



LOOK
AT ME!

IT IS YOUR
FAULT THAT I REMAIN
TRAPPED IN THIS
BLOATED, CANCEROUS,
UNKISSABLE BODY.

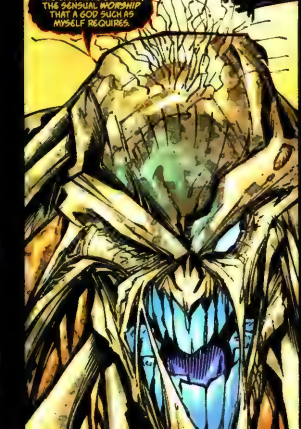
YOU CLOSED
THE PATH OF THE
TIGER TO ME!

DENIED ME ACCESS
TO THE ANCIENT HOME OF
THE ASHURA AND THE
APPARITION OF SOUL-TRANSFER
THAT WOULD HAVE PERMITTED ME
TO CLOTHE MY MAGNIFICENT
ESSENCE IN A LOVELY
TOUCHABLE NEW BODY—

A STOLEN
BODY.

YES!

A BODY TO INSPIRE
THE CARNAL ADORATION,
THE SENSUAL WORSHIP
THAT A GOD SUCH AS
MYSELF REQUIRES.



THE POINT,
VYVES.

OR I'M
HANGING UP.





I'VE GIVEN
THE SITUATION A
SLIGHT DEAL OF
CONSIDERATION,
LARA DEAR.

WHY DON'T WE
LET BIONNES BE
BIONNESS?

I HAVE
SETTLED YOUR
DEBT WITH THE
CITY OF NEW
YORK.

I AM PREPARED
TO RESTORE CROFT
MANOR AND THE CROFT
COLLECTION TO YOUR
CUSTODY AND TO
ABANDON MY VENDETTA
AGAINST YOU--

IF YOU WILL ONLY
PROCURE FOR ME
THE WATER OF
DEATH--

WHAT?

AND THE
WATER OF LIFE.
A FEW LITERS OF
EACH WOULD
SUFFICE.



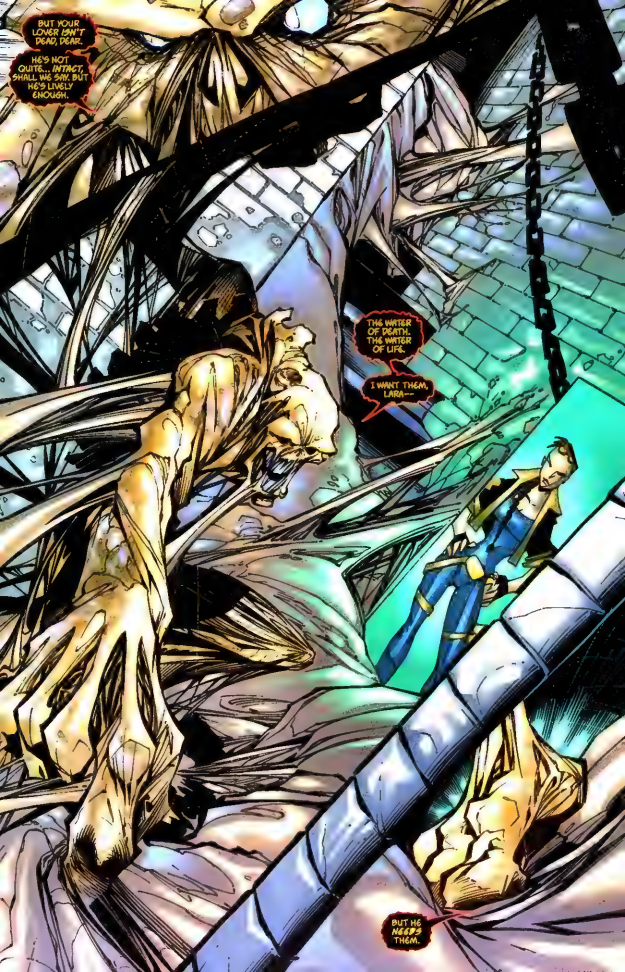
BUT YOUR
LOVER ISN'T
DEAD, DEAR.

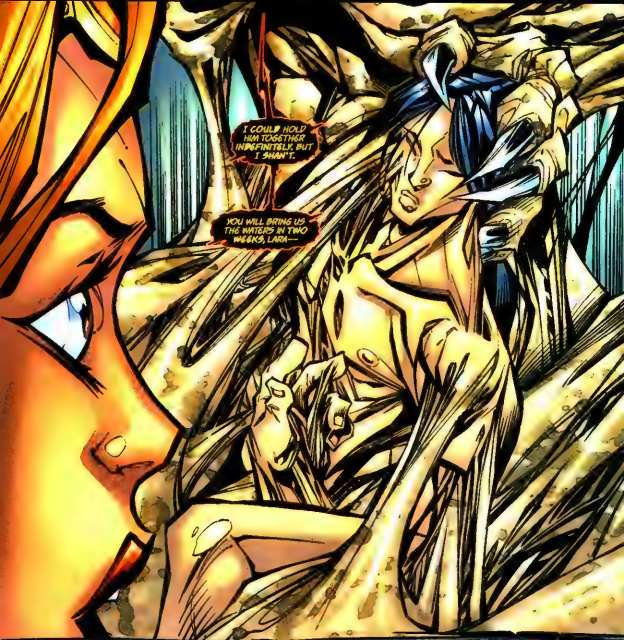
HE'S NOT
QUITE... INTACT,
SHALL WE SAY, BUT
HE'S LIVELY
ENOUGH.

THE WATER
OF DEATH.
THE WATER
OF LIFE.

I WANT THEM,
LARA—

BUT HE
NEEDS
THEM.





I COULD HOLD
HIM TOGETHER
INFINITELY, BUT
I SHOULDN'T.

YOU WILL BRING US
THE WATERS IN TWO
WEEKS, LARA—



OR I WILL END THIS
RELATIONSHIP WITH YOUR
PATCHWORK LOVER, AND INITIATE
ONE THAT WILL BE MORE
PLEASURABLE TO ME.



I EAT CONSTANTLY,
LARA, AND I DO LIKE TO
PLAY WITH MY FOOD.

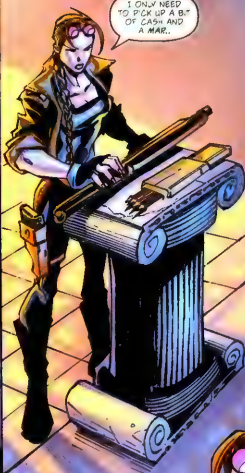
TA.





NO THANK YOU

DO YOU REQUIRE MY ASSISTANCE MISS COFF?



I ONLY NEED TO PICK UP A B* OF CASH AND A MAR..



STICK

K-CHICK K-CHICK



AND A FEW TOOLS.

THE VATICAN.



VIMES GAVE ME TWO WEEKS TO FIND HIS FAIRYTALE WATER.

I WOULDN'T HAVE TIME FOR RESEARCH...

EVEN IF I HAD ACCESS TO MY LIBRARY.



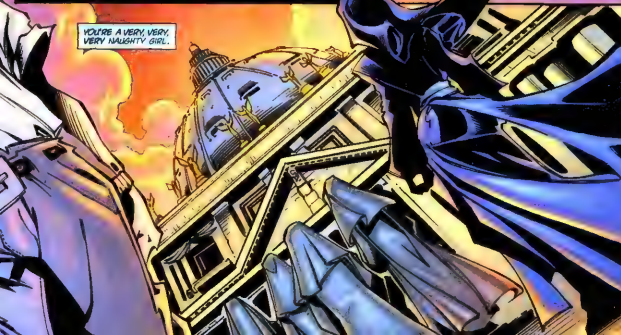
SO I'LL HAVE TO PICK SOMEONE'S BRAIN.

THERE'S NO GETTING AROUND IT.

LARA--



YOU'RE A VERY, VERY, VERY NAUGHTY GIRL.



UNFORTUNATELY, THE MAN
WHO'S THE LIKELIEST TO KNOW
WHAT I NEED TO KNOW—

KNOWS A LOT OF
OTHER THINGS AS WELL.



THINKS THE POWERS THAT
BE WOULD RATHER THE
REST OF US DIDN'T KNOW.

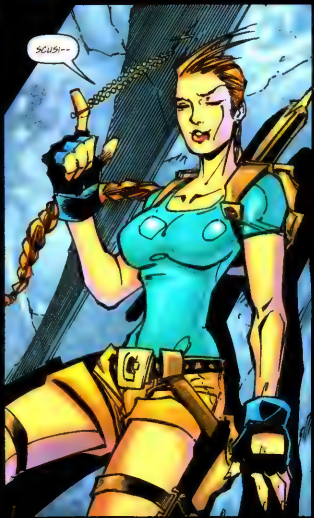
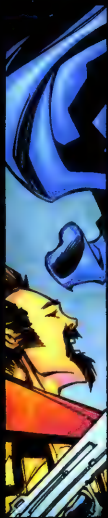


IS THAT
HE'S MAD

BUT THAT'S NOT
THE WORST OF IT.

THE REAL PROBLEM
WITH MAD VALER—

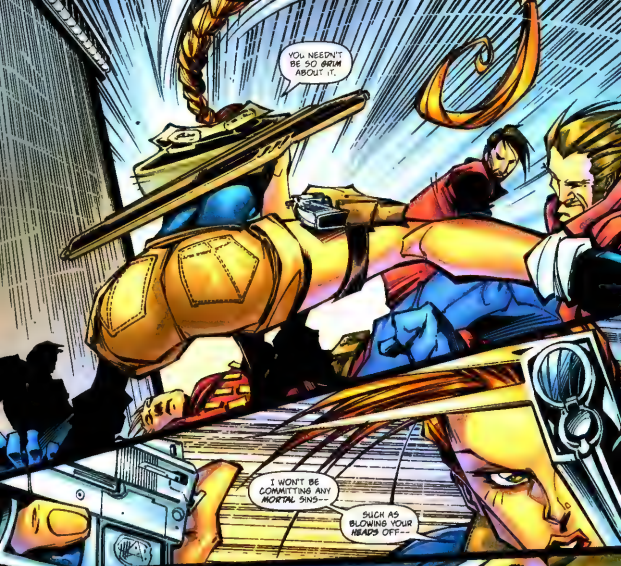


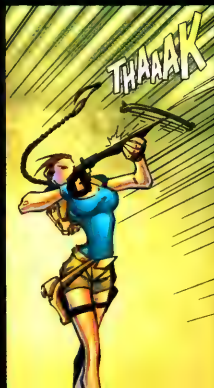
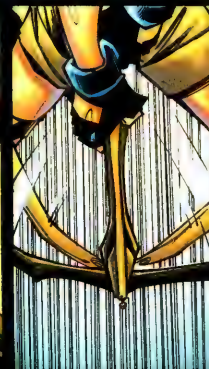
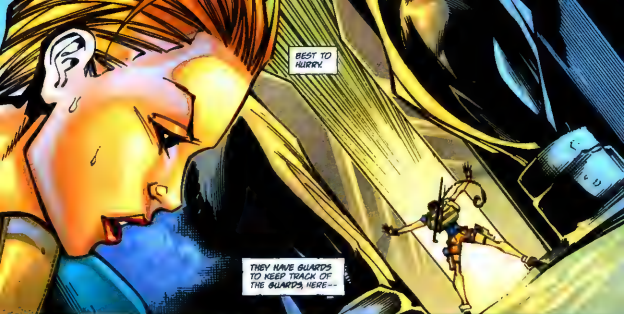




CATCH ME AT THE
CONFESSONAL ON
MY WAY OUT...

AFTER I'VE
DONE RUNNING
FOR THE DAY

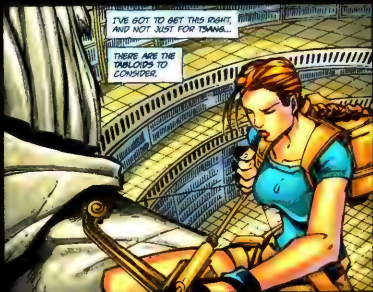






LOVELY.

BUT THAT WAS
THE EASY SHOT.



I'VE GOT TO GET THIS RIGHT,
AND NOT JUST FOR TSANG...

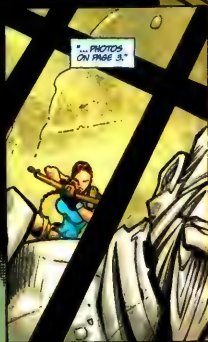
THERE ARE THE
TABLOIDS TO CONSIDER.



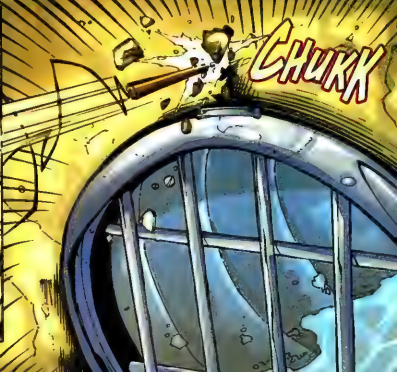
IMAGINE THE
HEADLINES—

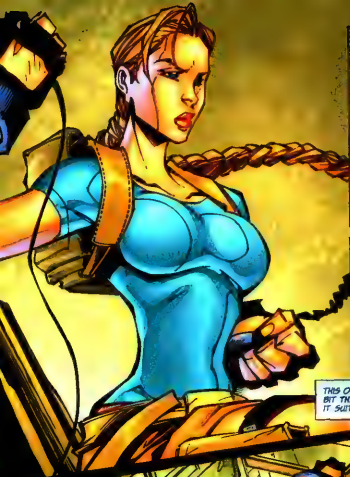
THANK

"DISGRACED ADVENTURESS
FOUND MASHED TO PULP IN
SECRET VATICAN LIBRARY!"

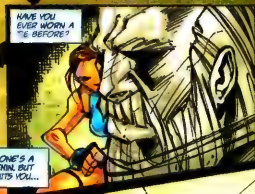


...PHOTOS
ON PAGE 3."



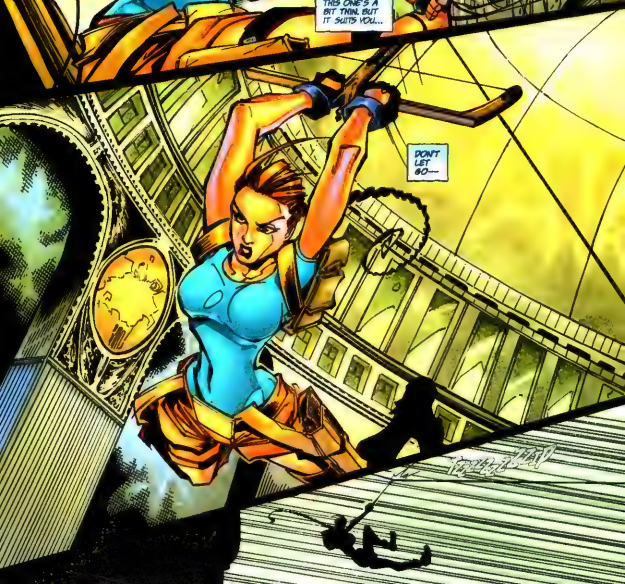


HAVE YOU
EVER WORN A
"E" BEFORE?



THIS ONE'S A
BIT THIN, BUT
IT SUITS YOU...

DON'T
LET
GO...





WHOOF.

THANK
GOODNESS THAT'S
DONE WITH.

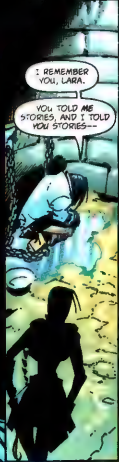


NOW FOR
THE FUN.



WALWA?
IT'S LARA
CROFT.

REMEMBER
ME?
WALWA?

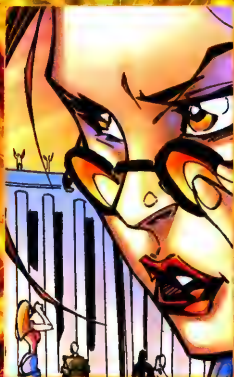


I REMEMBER
YOU, LARA.
YOU TOLD ME
STORIES, AND I TOLD
YOU STORIES--



BEFORE
I WAS A
WOLF.

TO BE
CONTINUED.



Tomb Raider Issue #30

cover by: Tony Daniel, Jonathan Bibal and Jonathan O. Smith

LARA CROFT TOMB RAIDER



scripted by

John Ney Rhodes

plotted by

Tony Daniel

inked by

Jonathan Bibal

colored by

Jonathan D. Smith
and Brian Buccicelli

lettered by: Robin Sphear, Dennis Heisler and Martin Bernier

ROME.

WITHIN THE WALLS
OF THE VATICAN.

THAT'S RIGHT,
VALVA-- I TOLD
YOU STORIES.

AND YOU
TOLD ME
STORIES,
"OO.

DID I,
AUNT
LARA?

I SKIN
HUMANS.

YOU DO,
AND I NEED
YOU TO TEL
ME AGAIN.

VALVA--



THEY'RE SILVER,
BUT THE SECUTOR
CALLS THEM
IRONS.

DON'T THESE
PEOPLE KNOW
THE INQUISITION'S
OVER?

THEY'RE TO
KEEP ME FROM
CLIMBING UP TO
GET MY SKIN.

SEE? THEY
SAV. IT'S
UNHOLY.

NONE OF THEM
W'LL TOUCH IT BUT
"THE SECUTOR.

I KNEW I
SHOULDN'T HAVE
LEFT YOU...

BUT YOU
SEEMED SO...
HAPPY HERE, THE
NIGHT I FOUND
YOU--

THAT WAS
WHEN THEY GAVE
ME MEAT AUNT
LARA...

SHRR...

THEY DON'T
GIVE ME MEAT
ANYMORE.





CEASE THY
TRANSGRESSION

KNEEL
BEFORE THE
SECUTOR, THAT
HE MAY SHOW
THEE MERCY



ZZZAK
ZZZAK

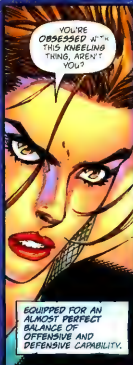
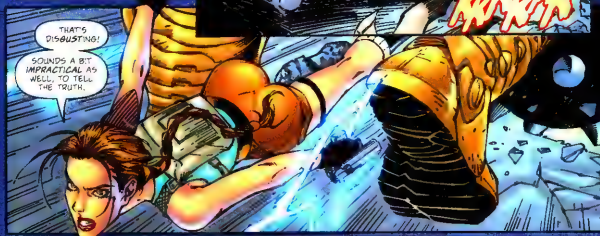
I'M NOT THAT
MUCH OF AN
OPTIMIST, THANK YOU
VERY MUCH--

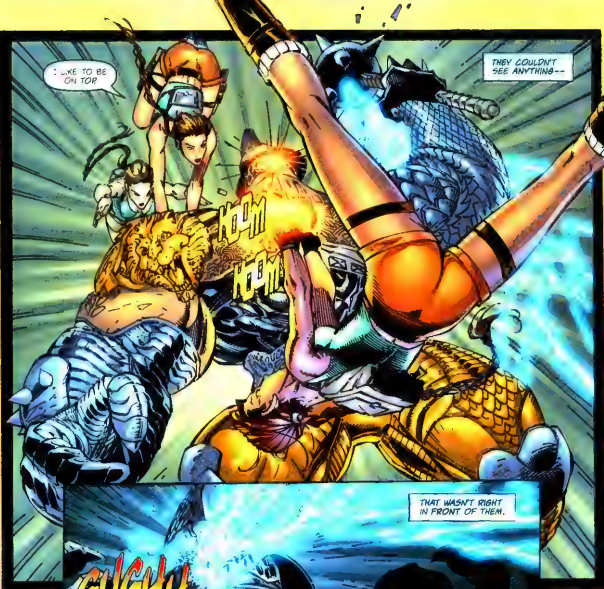
HOOM
HOOM

AND IF YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO PUT
THOSE SHACKLES ON
POOR VALVA--



I'D LIKE TO
SHOW YOU SOME
MERCY OF MY
OWN.







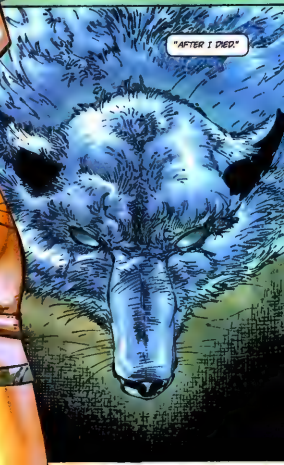
I CAN'T
LEAVE YOU
HERE, VALYA.

WILL YOU TAKE
ME TO THE PLACE
WHERE YOU SAW THE
FIREBIRD?

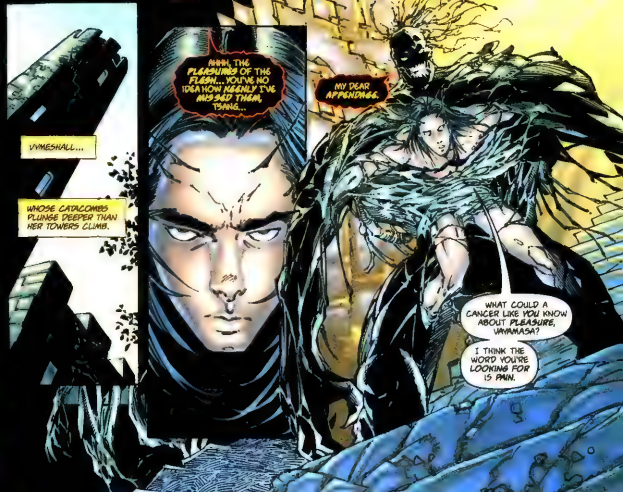


OH, OF COURSE
I WILL, AUNT LARA...
IF I CAN TAKE MY
SKIN.

YOU KNOW, THE
FIREBIRD GAVE IT
TO ME...



"AFTER I DIED."



AAAA, THE
PLEASURES OF THE
FLESH... YOU'VE NO
IDEA HOW NAIVELY I'VE
MISSED THEM,
TSING...

MY DEAR
APPENDAGE...

VYME SHALL...

WHOSE CATACOMBS
PLUNGE DEEPER THAN
HER TOWERS CLIMB.

WHAT COULD A
CANCER LIKE YOU KNOW
ABOUT PLEASURE,
VYMMASA?

I THINK THE
WORD YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR
IS PAIN.



IT'S PLAIN AS
DAY THAT THIS IS
YOUR FIRST GO-
ROUND AS A HUMAN
BEING, TSING.

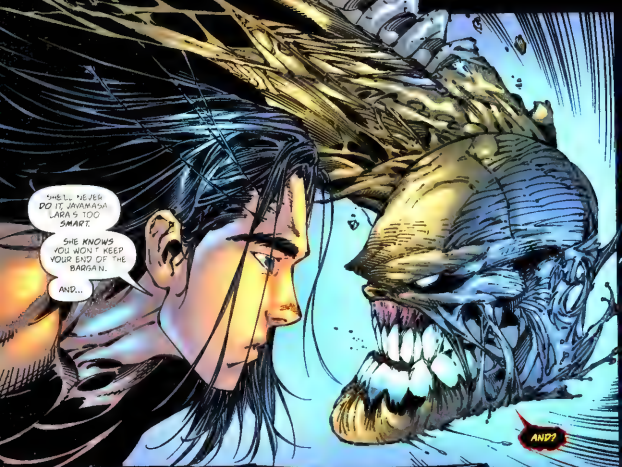
I'M
PERPETUALLY
ASTONISHED BY THE
DEPTH OF YOUR
NAIVETE.



BEFORE THIS
BODY OF MINE
SPOILED WOMEN FOUGHT
FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF
DYING IN MY EMBRACE...

WHILE I WAS
EMBRACING THEM, IN
SOME INSTANCES.

PERHAPS YOUR
LITTLE LAMA WILL FIND
ME ATTRACTIVE, ONCE I'VE
RENEWED MY LEASE ON LIFE
WITH THE WATERS OF LIFE
AND DEATH SHE'S
FETCHING.



"SHE'LL NEVER
DO IT, JAVAMASA.
LARA'S TOO
SMART."

"SHE KNOWS
YOU WON'T KEEP
YOUR END OF THE
BARGAIN."

"AND..."

AND?

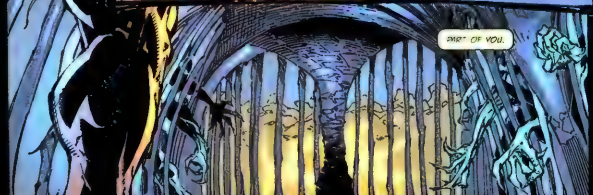


"LARA'S NOT GOING
TO RISK HER LIFE
TO FREE ME, OR BRING ME
BACK TO LIFE."



"HOW COULD
SHE ST^{ILL}
WANT ME?"

"AFTER THE
BEEN."



"PART" OF YOU."

SIBERIA.

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M FREE...
AND I'M FLYING, AUNT LARA!
FLYING LIKE A BIRD!



POOR VALVA--

HE'S NEVER GOING TO GROW UP.

HE'S BEEN SEVENTEEN SINCE ROB...

WHEN THE COSMIC ANOMALY KNOWN AS THE TUNBUSKA EVENT SPLIT THE SKY OPEN HERE...

AND REDUCED TWO THOUSAND SQUARE MILES OF THIS SIBERIAN WILDERNESS TO ASH.

I KEEP THINKING THAT I'M GOING TO WAKE UP AND I'LL BE BACK IN MY CELL.

YOU'RE NOT DREAMING, VALVA. AND YOU'RE NOT GOING BACK TO YOUR CELL-- EVER.

THEN WHY DID YOU BRING THE CHAINS, IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SEND ME BACK?

FOR ONE THING, THEY BELONG IN A MUSEUM. APART FROM THE FACT THAT THEY'RE SILVER, THEY'RE TWELVE HUNDRED YEARS OLD IF THEY'RE A DAY.

MEANWHILE, THEY ALSO SEEM TO DO A FINE JOB OF KEEPING YOU AWAY FROM YOUR SKIN.

I HATE THEM. JUST LOOKING AT THEM MAKES ME FEEL SICK, WEAK...

THEN STOP LOOKING. I TOLD YOU-- YOU CAN HAVE YOUR SKIN BACK WHEN YOU'VE KEPT YOUR PROMISE TO ME. AND NOT A MOMENT BEFORE.

SOMETIMES YOU'RE SO SWEET TO ME, AUNT LARA. AND THEN YOU'RE SO CRUEL.

IF I DIDN'T LOVE YOU SO MUCH, I THINK I'D TEAR YOUR THROAT OUT.



"THAT'S BAD!"

AND THAT'S NOT THE WORST
OF IT. THE ORBIT'S GOT MY
HANDSOME PRINCE, TOO--

THAT WOULDN'T
BE VERY REMEDIAL
OF YOU. WOULD IT?
NOT WHILE WE'RE
PLAYING.

WHY DON'T YOU
TELL ME ABOUT THE
FURNITURE RESTAURANT?

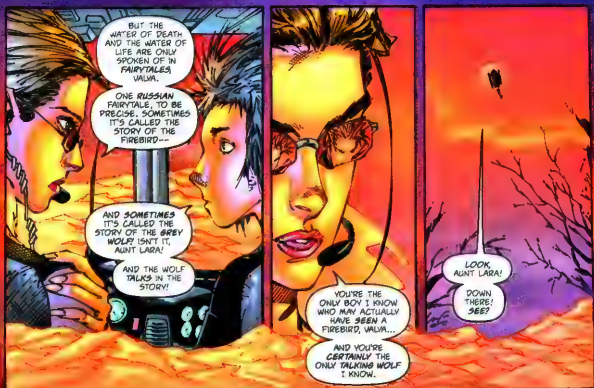
I NEED YOUR HUSBAND,
JAMAR, AND WOULDN'T YOU
RATHER BE MY HUSBAND IN
SHAWNEE ARMOIR THAN DO
MY THROAT OUT?

YOU SEE...

"MY LIFE IS A LITTLE LIKE A
FAIRYTALE THESE DAYS. ONE
OF THE DARK ONES..."

"A MONSTER NAMED
UNMAKUSA STOLE MY HOME--
MY LITTLE CASTLE. IF YOU
WILL, GROOT MANOR."

AND HE'S GOING
TO ABUSE MY SCHEM
AND EAT THINGS UP
I DON'T BELIEVE I'M THE
MOTHER OF DEATH AND
THE MOTHER OF LIFE



BUT THE
WATER OF DEATH
AND THE WATER OF
LIFE ARE ONLY
SPOKEN OF IN
FAIRYTALES,
VALIA.

ONE RUSSIAN
FAIRYTALE, TO BE
PRECISE. SOMETIMES
IT'S CALLED THE
STORY OF THE
FIREBIRD--

AND SOMETIMES
IT'S CALLED THE
STORY OF THE GREY
WOLF! ISN'T IT,
AUNT LARA!

AND THE WOLF
TALKS IN THE
STORY!

YOU'RE THE
ONLY BOY I KNOW
WHO MAY ACTUALLY
HAVE SEEN A
FIREBIRD, VALIA...

AND YOU'RE
CERTAINLY THE
ONLY TALKING WOLF
I KNOW.

LOOK,
AUNT LARA!

DOWN
THERE!
SEE?

THE
TUNGUSKA
EVENT.

SOME SAY IT WAS A METEOR
THAT STRUCK THE EARTH HERE,
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO...

CREATING A COLUMN OF FIRE
THAT WAS VISIBLE HUNDREDS
OF KILOMETERS AWAY.

BUT NO TRACE OF A METEOR
HAS EVER BEEN FOUND.

SOME SAY IT WAS
A FRAGMENT OF
ANTIMATTER THAT
WRECKED SUCH
HAVOC HERE...

AND SOME SAY THAT IT WAS A
SPACECRAFT, CRASHLANDING.

WE ALL DIED
AT THE SAME
TIME, THOSE
TREES AND ME...

WHEN THE
FIREBIRD
CAME.



THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN
MY PET THEORY.

I DON'T
PARTICULARLY
WANT TO
BELIEVE IN
ANTIMATTER--

THE EXISTENCE OF A
UNIVERSE INTRINSICALLY
HOSTILE TO OURS FROM
THE SUBATOMIC LEVEL UP

KRAKK

THE UNIVERSE WE HAVE
IS DANGEROUS ENOUGH.

HOBO--
HOBO--
HOBO--

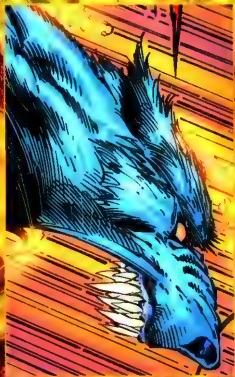
A LAST--

THE MASTER
HAS COME.

TIME TO
COME, FLESH
TO FLESH

A LAST-- WE
JOIN--





BUT VALVA--

POOR,
MAD
VALVA--

VALVA KNOWS
WHAT REALLY
HAPPENED HERE.



IT'S YOUR
TURN.

YES...

IT'S FINALLY
MY TURN, AUNT
LARA.

YOUR TURN TO
TELL A STORY.
REMEMBER?

NRRR...

IF YOU DON'T
MOVE, I'M
GOING TO MOVE
YOU, VALVA.

YOU'RE BREATHING
DOWN MY NECK.

I'LL TELL
THE STORY
THEN.

WE HAVE
A LITTLE
TIME.



"I WAS HUNTING...

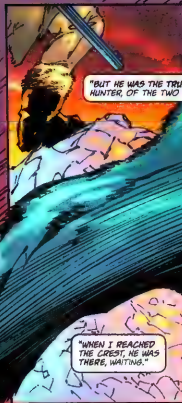
"ALONE, AS I
ALWAYS HUNTER.

"TRACKING A WOLF THAT
HAD BEEN SLAUGHTERING
HORSES IN OUR VILLAGE.



"I CAME UPON HIM
HERE, AT THE RIVER.

"I THOUGHT TO CLIMB THE
HILL FOR A CLEAR SHOT
AT HIM, THE GREY DEVIL...



"BUT HE WAS THE TRUE
HUNTER, OF THE TWO OF US.

"WHEN I REACHED
THE CREST, HE WAS
THERE, WAITING."



"BEHINDS ONE DAY
YOU'LL KNOW HOW
HELPLESS I FELT THEN
NEXT YEAR."

"HE HAD NO NEED TO
AIM AND FIRE TO KILL,
AS I HAD--

"HE HAD ONLY
TO SPRING.

"HE TORE AT MY THROAT,
WITH HIS SHARP TEETH--

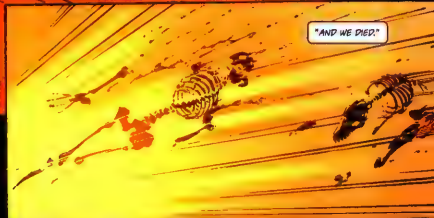


"AND AS WE FELL
TOGETHER FROM
THE CLIFF--

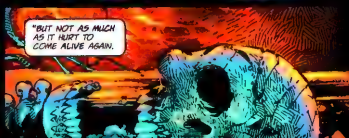


"WE SAW THE FIREBIRD
THAT GREY DEVIL AND I.

"I STRUCK AT HIS HEAD
WITH THE KNIFE I COULD
NOT AIM OR FIRE.



"AND WE DIED."





AS FOR WHAT YOU
WANTED AUNT LARA-
LOOK!

IT'S ALL
AROUND
US.

YOU WANTED
MY WATER OF
DEATH? MY WATER
OF LIFE?

THEN COME
AND GET IT,
AUNT LARA...

IF YOU
CAN.

MY WATER

WHAT DO
EYES YOU
GET?

IMMENSEAL

OF COURSE, IT'S
NOT WATER— THE
WATER OF DEATH, THE
WATER OF LIFE.

IT'S THE STUFF WE
GODS ARE MADE OF—
CAN BE MADE OF,
I SHOULD SAY.

THE SEETHING
BLOOD OF OUR
MOTHER CHAOS, NOT
ANTI-MATTER, BUT
ANTI-FLASH.

I BEGAN LIFE AS A
STREAM OF THAT RAW
SHAPELESS HUNGER—

ASK ME
I CARE

I CLAIMED MY WAY
OUT OF THE MESS
AND FOUND THE
PLAYGROUND YOU
CALL SPACE AND
TIME.

DID YOU TALK
TO YOURSELF LIKE
THIS BEFORE YOU
HAD ME AROUND?

CERTAINLY, MY
DEAR APPENDAGE.
MOST GODS DO.

YOU'RE NOT A
GOD. I'VE SEEN GODS.
YOU'RE A CANCER—
A VIRUS.

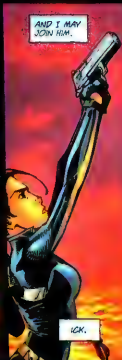
YOU WOULDN'T
EVEN HAVE A
SHAPE IF YOU
HADN'T STOLEN
ONE FROM...

SOME
DELECTABLE
BUNDLE OF DNA
LIKE YOU?



THE WOLF-THING
WAS TELLING ME THE
TRUTH ALL ALONG.

THE REAL WOLF
IS DEAR.



AND I MAY
JOIN HIM.

ICK.



"I RAN BEFORE THE FUSION
WAS COMPLETE, AUNT LARA.

"THE GOD-CHANGE."



I WOKE WITH
THEIR FEAR IN ME--
THE BOY AND WOLF
WHOSE JUMBLED BONES
I HAD STOLEN MEMORY
AND SHAPE FROM.
AND I RAN.

BUT SOON MY
FLESH-KIN WILL FIND ME
HERE. AND IN THE UNION OF
OUR FLESH, I WILL BECOME
WHAT I WAS MEANT TO
BE--

THE DEVOURER
OF A WORLD!



I'LL LET
YOU HAVE A
GO AT IT--
--UHN--

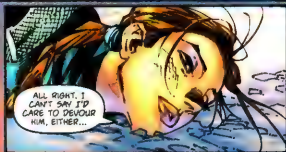


--OWN--
IF YOU'LL
START WITH
HAMMASH.

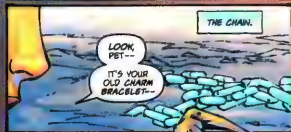
CHOK



HHRRASHH



ALL RIGHT. I
CAN'T SAY I'D
CARE TO DEVOUR
HIM, EITHER...



LOOK,
PET--
IT'S YOUR
OLD CHARM
BRACELET--

THE CHAIN.



NO!



YES. THINK IT'LL
STILL FIT?

KACHANK

SILVER.

TRADITIONAL BANE
OF WEREWOLVES, AND
THERIOMORPHS IN GENERAL.

IT SICKENED THE WAL-
THING, EVEN WHEN IT WAS
PASSING FOR HUMAN.

AND THAT BODY'D HAD
ALMOST A HUNDRED
YEARS TO STABILIZE.

NO--

IT--
HURTS.

I HURTS
AUNT JAG.

YOU DONT
LIKE IT AS A
BRACELET? WELL
THEN DEVOURER,
SIR--

TRY IT AS A
COLLAR.

I'M SORRY,
VALVA...

YOU
WERENT
SUCH A BAD
BOY... FOR A
MAD BOY.

BUT YOU
WERE A
TERRIBLE
WOLF.



THIS PLASMIC
MESS FORMERLY
KNOWN AS THE
DEVOURER...

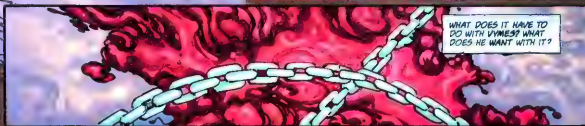


WHAT
IS IT?



AND IS IT DEAD?
OR CAN IT DIE?

AND MOST
IMPORTANTLY...

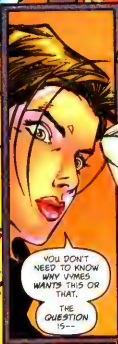


WHAT DOES IT HAVE TO
DO WITH VYMS? WHAT
DOES HE WANT WITH IT?

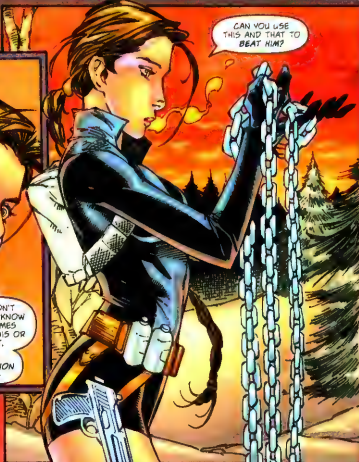


MISS CROFT,
YOU MUST BE
TIRER

YOU'RE NOT
THINKING
CLEARLY.



YOU DON'T
NEED TO KNOW
WHY VYMS
WANTS THIS OR
THAT.
THE
QUESTION
IS--



CAN YOU USE
THIS AND THAT TO
BEAT HIM?

BATH, ENGLAND.
ONE NIGHT LATER.

I NEED
TO SLEEP

I'VE NEVER
BEEN SO TIRED.

OR SO
DESPERATE.

MISS
CROFT!

ARE YOU...
FEELING
WELL?

I'M DOING MY
BEST NOT TO FEEL
ANYTHING AT ALL,
MR. SPARROW.

I LEFT YOUR
HELICOPTER
PARKED ON THE
COMMON. NOTHING
BUT FLAMES IN THE
TANK. I'M AFRAID.

WILL YOU OPEN
THE GREAT JAIL?
FOR ME AGAIN,
PLEASE?

CONSIDER
IT DONE.

WILL YOU BE
REQUIRING MY
ASSISTANCE?
YOU SEEM...

I'M EXHAUSTED.
IF I SLOW DOWN,
I'M GOING TO
KEEL OVER.

BUT I'LL
MANAGE ON
MY OWN.

THIS ISN'T
A PLAN...

IT'S INSANITY.

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT VIKES IS.

HE CLAIMS
TO BE A GOD.

TSANG CALLS HIM AN ASHURA--
LITERALLY, A "NOT-GOD,"
A BEING OF GODLIKE POWER--

UTTERLY
ENSLAVED BY
GREED, PRIDE,
ANGER--

KCHANK



AND LAST, BUT
FAR FROM LEAST...

LIST.

NOW THERE'S A
PATHETIC BASIS FOR
A STRATEGY, LARA...



GAMBLING THAT
YOUR NEMESIS
WON'T KILL YOU--

UNTIL HE'S HAD
A CHANCE TO
PLAY WITH YOU.



I'M NOT EVEN GAMBLING.
I'M GUESSING.

I DON'T EVEN WANT TO
IMAGINE WHERE THIS
NASTY DEAD-ALIVE MUCK
MIGHT HAVE COME FROM.



BUT IF THAT'S
WHERE VYMBES
WAS SPANNED,
I MAY JUST
LIVE TO SEE
TOMORROW.



AND IF IT'S
NOT, WELL...

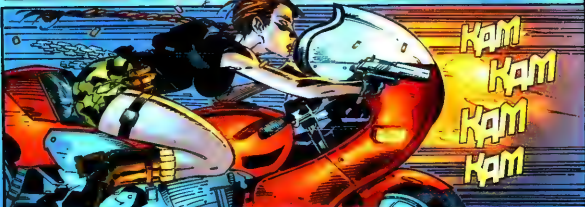
SATURDAY'S NOT SUCH
A BAD DAY TO DIE.

YIMESHALL..

AN HOUR
BEFORE DAWN.

THERE MUST
BE AN EASIER
WAY TO DO
THIS.

BUT I'M TOO
DELICIOUS TO
THINK OF IT.



LAST TIME I PAID
YIMESHALL A VISIT, I
HAPPENED TO NOTICE...

THE GATE'S
HEAVY--

BUT ITS HINGES
ARE EXPOSED--

JUST THE WAY
I LIKE THEM.



TAUL
BACK!

SHE'S
GOING UP IN
FLAMES--

SORRY-- I
WON'T BE GOING UP
IN FLAMES TODAY,
GENTLEMEN...

JUST
GOING
UP.



THIS 'S ALL
THE ALTITUDE
I'M GETTING.

LET'S SEE
IF I CAN GET
SOMETHING
WITH IT--



BESIDES
THAT'S LOVELY
ADRENALINE
RUSH.

THAAAK

COME
ON-- HIT
SOMETHING--



IF I FALL FROM THIS
HEIGHT, VYMES WON'T
HAVE TO BURY ME--

CHUNK

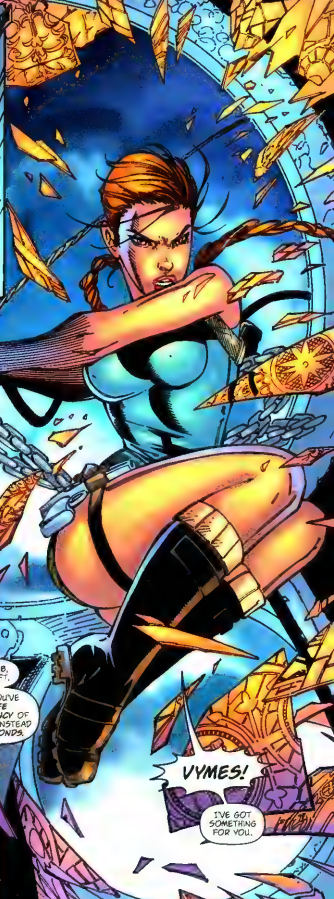
I'LL BE A BLOODY
HOLE IN THE GROUND.



A FINE JOB,
MISS CROFT.

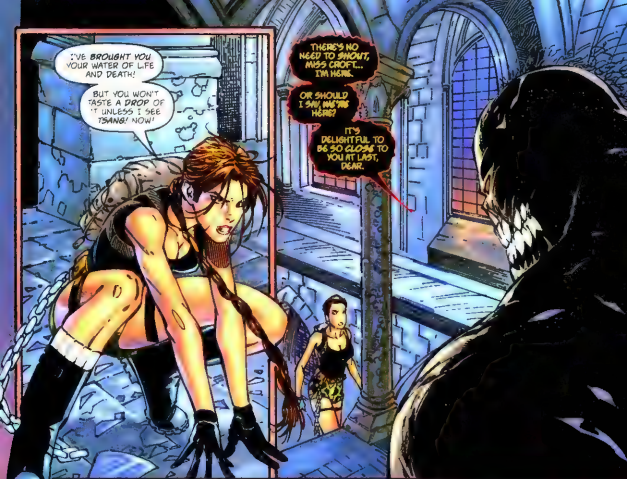
NOW YOU'VE
A LIFE
EXPECTANCY OF
MINUTES, INSTEAD
OF SECONDS.

KAHNBOOM



VYMES!

I'VE GOT
SOMETHING
FOR YOU.



I'VE BROUGHT YOU
YOUR WATER OF LIFE
AND DEATH!

BUT YOU WON'T
TASTE A DROP OF
IT UNLESS I SEE
TSANG! NOW!

THERE'S NO
NEED TO SHOUT,
MISS CROFT...
I'M HERE.

OR SHOULD
I SAY, WE'RE
HERE?

IT'S
DELIGHTFUL TO
BE SO CLOSE TO
YOU AT LAST,
DEAR.



NOW GIVE ME
THE WATER, LARA--
THE SWEET NECTAR OF
CHAO'S THAT GAVE
ME BIRTH.

AND I'LL SHED A
FEW OF THESE UNSIGHTLY
TONS OF FLESH, AND GIVE
YOU BACK YOUR ONFISH
PHRYNOUR...

AND WE'LL ALL
BE FRIENDS, EH?
CLOSE FRIENDS...

I WANT TO
SEE TSANG
FIRST.

AND IF HE'S
NOT STILL TSANG,
YOU DON'T GET A
DROP OF THIS. I'LL
DRINK IT
MYSELF.





VERY WELL—
BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE
ALL OF HIM. IT'S NOT
QUITE THROUGH
WITH HIM, YET.

WE'VE GROWN
QUITE CLOSE IN THE
TIME WE'VE
SHARED—

"SHUT" UP!

—HE—
S ABOUT
TIME SOMEONE
TOLD THAT SLIMY
BAG OF BLOOD TO
SHUT UP!

"HAI, MY
BOY."

"HAI—"

FISHHHHH

HAHAHA
HOW SWEET!

BY RELEASEING
MY CHAOS—FLESH
FROM THE PITTERING
OF RECOVERING PAIN—
HAHA! YOU'VE FREED
ME, DEAR.

TO STEAL A
NEW SHARE—

LABA, HE
SOUNDS
HAPPY—

YOUR
LOVER'S, FOR
INSTANCE.

KRAASH

GET OUT
OF HIM NOW!
FIGHT!

AND DON'T
LET A DROP OF
THIS STUFF
TOUCH YOU—

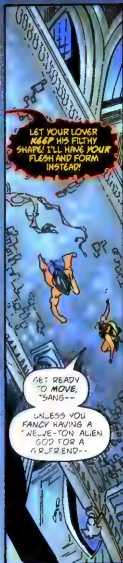
FGSSSSSH

"HAI"
ARCH! MALE
SUCK!"



YHAAII!

YOU HURT ME!
HURT ME!



LET YOUR LOWER
KEEP HIS FILTHY
SHAPE! I'LL HAVE YOUR
FLESH AND FORM
INSTEAD!

GET READY
TO MOVE,
"SANG--

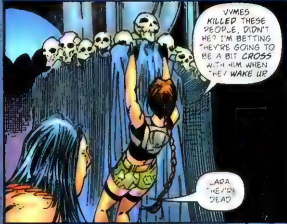
UNLESS YOU
FANCY HAVING A
"NEJE-TON ALIEN
GOD FOR A
GUFRIEND--



NO COMMENT--
WHAT ARE WE
DOING?

WOULD YOU
RATHER POUR
OR PUSH?

WHAT?



VVMES
KILLED THESE
PEOPLE, DIDNT
ME? I'M BETTING
THEY'RE GOING TO
BE A BIT GROSS
WITH HIM WHEN
HE WAKE UP

JARA
HE'S DEAD



SO WERE JARA
AND THE WOLF.
I'LL POUR, YOU
THROW.

DON'T GET
THE RED STUFF
ON YOU.

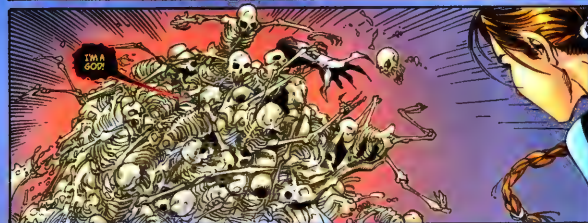


"HIS IS SO
DISRESPECTFUL--

"HE'LL THANK
YOU, I PROMISE
NOW GO--

PLAYING WITH MY
TROPHIES, MY DARLINGS?
EAGER TO JOIN THEM IN MY
PRIVATE DINNER THEATRE?
VERY WELL....

CLOSE YOUR
EYES...





TO BE CONTINUED.



Tomb Raider Issue #31

cover by: Pop Mahn, Jonathan F. Fowl and Jonathan D. Smith



story by: John Ney Rhodes

script by: Pop Mahn

art by: Jonathan F. Fowl

colors by: Jonathan D. Smith

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heisler

GUATEMALA.

IT MAY NOT BE
A HUMMER...

BUT IT'LL GET ME THERE,
IF MY LUCK HOLDS OUT.

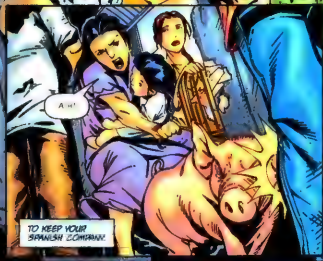


IT'S NOT AS
THOUGH THIS IS
THE FIRST TIME
I'VE CRAMMED
MYSELF INTO A
CHICKEN BUS.

IT'S FAR AND AWAY THE
LEAST CONSPICUOUS
WAY TO TRAVEL HERE.

AND THE EAVESDROPPING CAN
BE SHOCKINGLY INFORMATIVE...

IF YOU HAVE A BIT
OF QUESO AND
KAWMOBAL AND
HAM— OR ANY
OTHER FLAVORS OF
MAMA— UNDER
YOUR BELT...



TO KEEP YOUR
SPANISH COMPANY.

(MAY I HOLD
YOUR LITTLE GIRL
WHILE YOU RECOVER
MISTER PISO?)

(OH— YES, MESS.
THANK YOU.)



(YOU KNOW WHAT
PISO ARE LIKE. NOTHING
BUT TROUBLE—)



(OH, I'VE
KNOWN A BIG OR
TWO IN MY DAY.
AND YES--)

(THEY ARE
TROUBLE, AREN'T
THEY...)



YOU!
STAND UP!

LET'S SEE YOUR
PAPERS--

(WOULD YOU
TAKE THIS FOR A
MOMENT--
PLEASE?)

(WHAT?)

(I EXPECT
THESE SOLDIERS
WILL HARASS ME A
BIT, BUT THEY
NEEDN'T HARASS
MY CHICKEN.)

(I UNDERSTAND.)

(SOME SOLDIERS
ARE GOOD LITTLE
GAYS, BUT NO--
THESE.)

NO! HERE.
LOOK AT THIS
ONE--

WE SHOULD
TAKE HER
NOWHERE

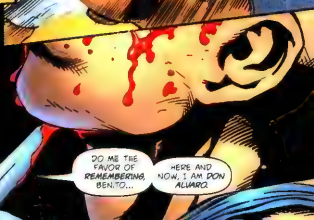




THREE
HOURS
LATER

THE RANCHERO OF
DON ALVARO.

GENERAL
ALVARADO--



DO ME THE
FAVOR OF
REMEMBERING,
BENITO...

HERE AND
NOW, I AM DON
ALVARO.

GENERAL ALVARADO IS A HUNTED MAN, IMPLICATED IN THE MURDER OF THOUSANDS OF STUPID INDIOS...

WHILE I, MY FRIEND, AM A BUSINESSMAN.



FORGIVE ME, DON ALVARO! BUT YOUR GUEST, SHE--



YOUR GUEST APOLOGIZES FOR KNOCKING SO EMPHATICALLY, DON ALVARO...

BUT SHE HAS BEEN ON THE BUS FOR FOUR HOURS.

AND SHE'LL WAIT HERE IN THE HALLWAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE-- AFTER SHE'S BEEN SHOWN THE LADIES' ROOM.



OH, DON'T BE FRIGHTENER...

YOU CAN BRING THE POIGNARD IF YOU LIKE.





CLOSE BY, BUT
A WORLD AWAY.

UNDERGROUND.

BATH

(THAT'S A GOOD
PLACE. THERE'S GOLD
THERE.)



(IS IT
ENOUGH?)

(I... I DON'T
KNOW, FATHER.)

(I DON'T NEED
TO SEE YOUR FACE
TO KNOW YOU...)



(DON'T LIE TO ME,
LITTLE SNAKE.)

(IF THE GOLD
IS THERE, YOU
MUST DO AS I
HAVE SAID.)

(YOU MUST
ESCAPE. LEAVE THIS
PLACE BEFORE YOUR
EYES FORGET TO SEE
THE LIGHT...)



KRACK!

HAI!--



YOUR HANDS,
HEATHEN.

YOU ARE
SPARED TO USE
YOUR HANDS, NOT
YOUR VOICE.

PLEASE-- HE
TOLD ME ONLY THAT
I MUST SHOW DON
ALVARADO.

SHOW HIM
THIS!



--HRRNN--

--HRRNN--

--VESSSS

BUT IS IT PURE
AS VIRGINS? DOES IT
SHINE LIKE ANGELS'
BLOOD?

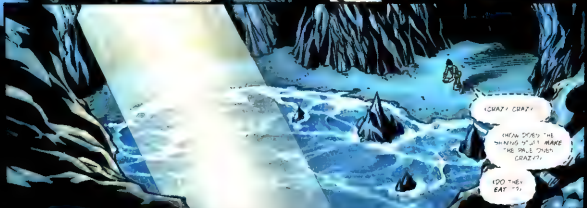


GO!

KRAACK!

WASH AWAY
THE FILTH,
HEATHEN--

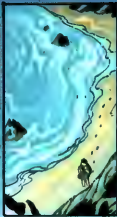
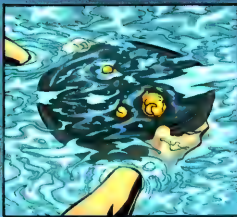
AND IF THERE
BE MORE THAN A
DEVIL'S PINCH THERE,
SHOW THE CAPTAIN
THE REMAINS!



ICRAZY? CRAZY!

WHEN DOES "HE
THINKS IT'S A
TRICK" BECOME
"HE'S CRAZY"?

DO THEY
EAT IT?



(GOLD PIECES,
NO "DUST," MASTERS
THE CAPTAIN MUST
SEE!)

NOT DUST, THE
SPAWN OF THE
DEVIL SAYS?

(TWO PIECES!
ONE BIGGER THAN
MY "THUMB")



DON
ALVARADO--
THE WRETCH
BRINGS FOR YOUR
PLEASURE--

KNEEL BEFORE
YOUR BETTER,
DEVILSPAWN--



NOT DUST,
CAPTAIN, BUT THE
TRUE STONES OF
HEAVEN'S
PAVEMENT...

GOLD!



YOU'VE MADE
SIX ATTEMPTS
TO MAP THESE
RUINS?

THREE TIMES I
SENT MEN-- MY MEN.
THREE TIMES I SENT
INDIOS NONE
RETURNED.

THEY FIND
TREASURE. THEY
STEAL FROM ME.
AND FLEE INTO
THE JUNGLE.



THIS IS YOUR
LAND, IS IT?

A QUIRQUE
WOMAN, I SPOKE
WITH ON THE BUS,
CALLED THIS VALLEY
ULEW TINIMIT...

'LAND
OF THE
PEOPLE



SO MANY OF THE
MAMA DISAPPEARED...
IN THE YEARS OF
INSURRECTION.

I PAID THE
PRICE FOR IT.
NOW THIS LAND
IS MINE.



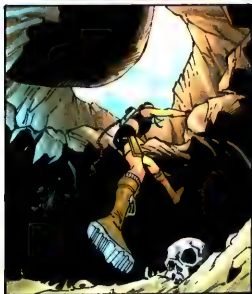
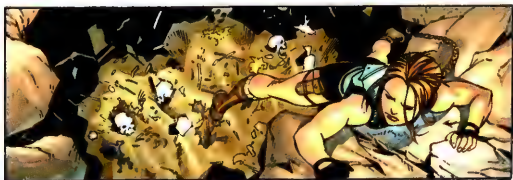
AMALNG...

ALL RIGHT,
DON ALVARO. I'LL
SEE WHAT I CAN
FIND FOR YOU.

MY FEE WILL BE
EIGHTY-THOUSAND
QUETZALES, WHICH WILL
BE USED TO ESTABLISH
A FREE CLINIC...

FOR YOUR
POOR NEIGHBORS
WHO HAVEN'T
"DISAPPEARED."

TA.







G-GREAT LORD--- I
KNOW I AM LESS THAN A
DOG IN YOUR SIGH---

--GNNNN--

--GOLD--

BUT PLEASE TELL
YOUR SERVANT, NOBLES,
OF CONQUISTADORES--

WHY MUST MY PEOPLE
SUFFER AND DIE TO GIVE
YOUR PEOPLE THE YELLOW
METAL?



IN THE WORDS
OF THE GREAT
CONQUEROR CORTEZ
LITTLE DEVIL: I AND MY
COMPANIONS SUFFER
FROM A DISEASE OF THE
HEART WHICH CAN BE
CURED ONLY WITH
GOLD..



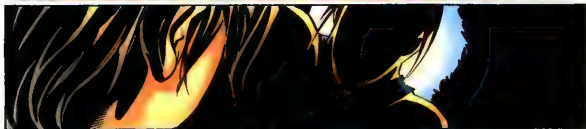
THEN YOUR
PEOPLE HAVE
CRAZY HEARTS.

THE HEARTS OF
MY PEOPLE NEED
FREEDOM!

NO! NO!

CATCH IT, BROTHERS!
EVERY RADIANT SPARK! FOR
THE GLORY OF HIS MAJESTY
CHARLES THE FIFTH!

I'LL WHIP A POUND
OF FLESH OFF YOUR
BACK FOR EVERY SPECK
THAT'S LOST!





YOU--
YOU ARE LIKE
THE ANGELS THE
CRAZY ONES SAY
MAKE THEM BETTER
THAN US.

I'M NOT AN
ANGEL.

ONLY YOUR HAIR
IS NOT THE METAL
COLOR. AND YOU
HAVE NO WINGS...



DID YOU FALL FROM
THE CLIFF WALL, THEN--
AS THE ANCESTORS OF
OUR MASTERS THE
CONQUISTADORES
DID?

I DON'T FALL IF
I CAN HELP IT-- AND
I USUALLY CAN.
I CLIMBER.

YOUR... MASTERS ARE
CONQUISTADORES?



I TRICKED
THEM. AND RAN
AWAY. MY FATHER
TOLD ME THAT
I MUST.

THEY BLIND US
WHEN WE BECOME
MEN. AND I WILL BE
A MAN SOON.

DO YOU HAVE
A HUSBAND?

NOT AS
SUCH. WHAT'S
YOUR NAME?

LITTLE
SNAKE.

PLEASUED TO
MEET YOU,
LITTLE SNAKE.
I'M LARA.

AREN'T YOUR
FORMER MASTERS
HUNTING FOR
YOU?

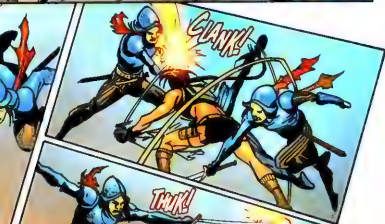
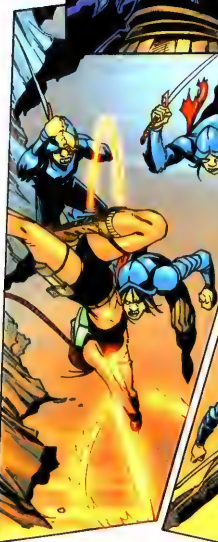


THEY HAVE LIVED
IN THE SHADOWS
FOR A LONG TIME,
LARA.

THEY WILL
HUNT ME...



BUT ONLY 'N
THE DARK.







THE VULTURES WERE QUICK TO FILL THE SKY WHEN THE OTHERS ENTERED THE VALLEY, BUT TODAY THE SKIES WERE CLEAR.



SHE HAS FOUND THE PATH.

NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT ELSE THE WITCH HAS FOUND.

AFTER KILLING SO MANY INDIO DOGS FOR THEIR LEGENDS OF GOLD...

MAYBE TONIGHT WE DO SOME KILLING FOR THE REAL THING, EH?



YES, OH YES.

WHERE THE OLD ONES LEFT TRAPS LIKE THIS BABY VULTURES, THEY LEFT TREASURE...



...

IT'S NO WONDER THEY DON'T COME OUT DURING THE DAY. THEY'RE ADAPTED TO THE DARKNESS...



THAT'S TRUE. IN THE CAVERN ABOVE THE LAKE, THERE IS A PLACE WHERE THE LIGHT COMES THROUGH...

AND WHEN DON ALVARADO IS ANGRY WITH ONE OF THE OTHER CONQUISTADORES, HE TIES HIM THERE, IN THE DAY-- IN THE LIGHT.

DON ALVARADO?

HE TIES THEM THERE, IN THE LIGHT, AND THEY CLOSE THEIR EYES AND SCREAM.



LOVELY.

LITTLE SNAKE--
CAN YOU HELP ME
FIND THE PLACE WHERE
THE LIGHT STREAMS IN?
IT SHOULD BE NEAR
HERE.

YOUR LAKE
SOUNDS LIKE A
CENOTE, AND A
CENOTE'S CEILING IS
TYPICALLY DOMED--
AND THINNEST AT THE
APEX OF THE DOME.



IT'S HERE. I
DROPPED A STONE
AND HEARD IT
SPLASH...

VERY GOOD.
LITTLE SNAKE-- DO
THE CONQUISTADORES
SPEAK YOUR PEOPLE'S
LANGUAGE?

OH, NO! NO.
THEY SAY IT IS ONLY
FIT FOR DEVILS AND
DOGS.

EXCELLENT.

WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?



PLAYING
PROMETHEUS
DEAR.

WHEN I TELL
YOU, SHOUT-- SHOUT
AS LOUDLY AS YOU CAN.
TELL YOUR PEOPLE TO
COVER THEIR EYES--



AND YOU
CLOSE YOUR
EYES TOO, ALL
RIGHT?

LADY!



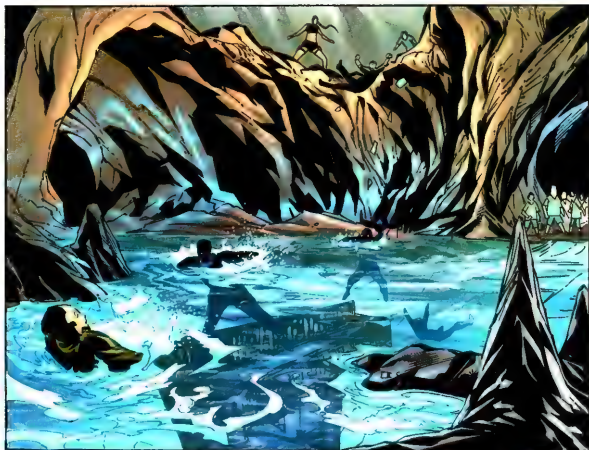
GOOD EVENING,
DON ALVARO--

OR SHOULD I
SAY, GENERAL
ALVARADO?



TAKE
HER!







YOUR BROTHER'S VOICE,
CONQUISTADOR, A SON OF
YOUR ANCESTORS, BY HIS
NAME...

HE FOUND
TREASURE HIDDEN IN
THE WATERS OF THE LAKE.
ENOUGH GOLD TO SINK A
GALLEON...

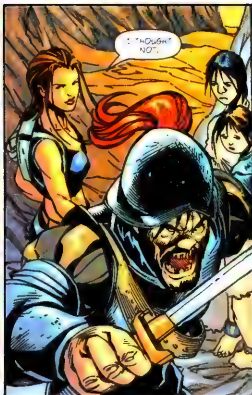
IN THE CENOTE?
IMPOSSIBLE! RETURN
THESE DOGS TO THEIR
KENNEL, WENCH--

OR I'LL SHOVE A
TONGUE OF
CONSECRATED STEEL
DOWN YOUR LYING
THROAT AND WATCH
YOU DIE!



YOU'D FIGHT A
WOMAN TO KEEP
YOUR SLAVES,
CONQUISTADOR?

WHILE YOUR
BROTHER TAKES
YOUR GOLD?



"HOUGHT"
NOT.

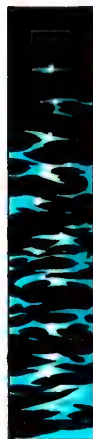


YOU'RE
THE LUCKY
ONES.

WE'LL HAVE
YOUR CHAINS OFF
YOU SOON, AND
LEAVE THIS
PLACE...

"BUT THE CHILDREN OF THE
CONQUISTADORES-- THE
BLIND ONES, THE ANIMALS, THE
MURDERERS AND THIEVES--

"THEY'LL WEAR THEIR
CHAINS UNTIL THEY DIE

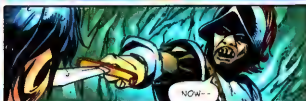


HA. HAHA.
HAHAHA.

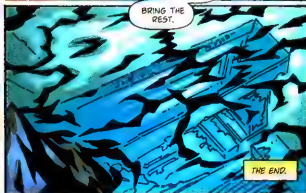
IT'S MINE.
SO MUCH GOLD,
SO SOFT, SO
PURE--



SO
HEAVY.



NOW--



BRING THE
REST.

THE END.



YEAH. THROWIN'
DOWN OLD
SCHOOL!



ALL I WANTED
WAS SOME
GOLD...

NEXT ISSUE:
JOHN HENRY! TONY DUBBLE!
AND THE "ANGEL OF DARKNESS!"



Tomb Raider Issue #52

cover by Adam Hughes



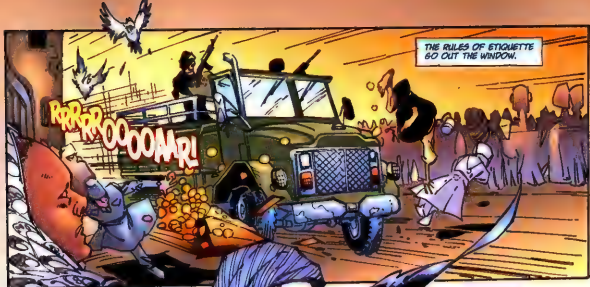
cover by
James Bane

by
Tom Daniel

by
Timothy Leary

by
Tyson Weinger

by Robyn Spehar and Dennis Heisler



THE RULES OF ETIQUETTE
GO OUT THE WINDOW.

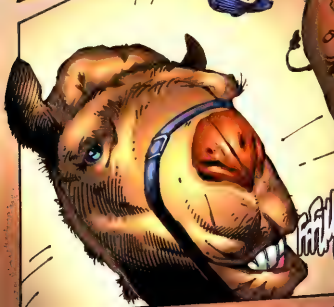
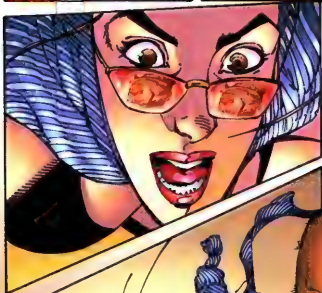
RRRR
OOOARR!



BADP-CHING!
BADP-CHING!
BADP-CHING!

SOMETIMES YOU'RE
FORCED TO BE FLEXIBLE
WITH YOUR INTINERARY...

EVEN TO THE POINT OF
CHANGING YOUR MODE OF
TRANSPORTATION.





I SHOULD HAVE SEEN
THIS COMING...



SHOULD HAVE KNOWN
I WAS BEING SET UP
FROM THE VERY START.

KHAP! RATATAT!
UH-HARR!



I TRUSTED THE WORD OF
A MAN I USED TO TRUST...

BEFORE HE CHANGED... AND
BECAME SOMEONE I COULD
NO LONGER BELIEVE IN.



YET, DEEP INSIDE,
I SUPPOSE I WANTED
TO BELIEVE IN HIM AGAIN.



HELLO. NOW THAT'S
MORE MY SPEED.



GGRRGGRRGGRR!

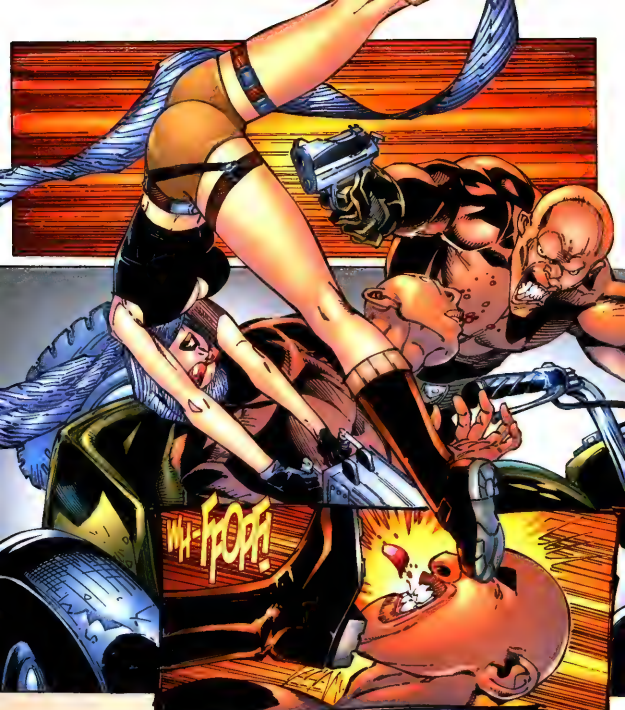
EVEN IF IT'S A BIT
CLUNKY FOR MY TASTE.



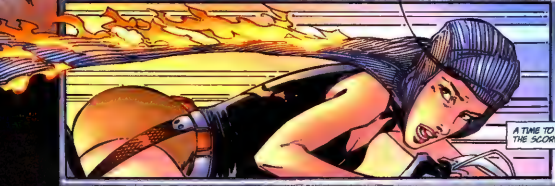
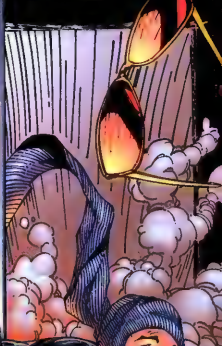
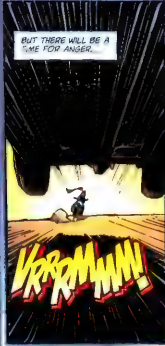
WHATERYA
WAITIN' FER?!
SHOOT HER!



SORRY TO
DROP IN LIKE
THIS...







A TIME AND A PLACE
FOR EVERYTHING...

ESPECIALLY
REVENGE.

WRRUN!

WHEN IT COMES
RIGHT DOWN TO
IT, LIFE IS ALL
ABOUT TIMING.



IT CAN MEAN THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.



LIFE CAN BE SO COMPLICATED...

WHILE DEATH IS SIMPLE.

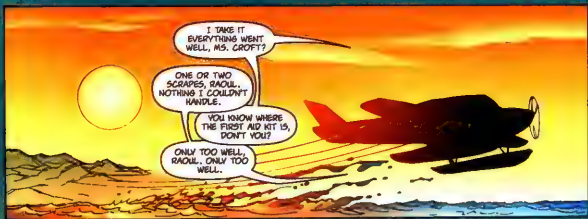
ALL IT TAKES IS ONE WRONG MOVE.

THAT'S WHY IT'S ALWAYS WISE TO PLAN AHEAD.

BECAUSE, LIKE LIFE, TRAVELING CAN BE UNPREDICTABLE.

IT'S A BIT OF A COMFORT TO KNOW THERE'S SOMEONE I CAN STILL COUNT ON...

EVEN IF THEY KEEP CHANGING!

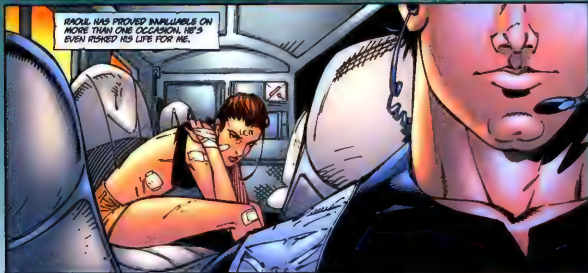


I TAKE IT
EVERYTHING WENT
WELL, MS. CROFT?

ONE OR TWO
SCRAPES, RAOUL.
NOTHING I COULDN'T
HANDLE.

YOU KNOW WHERE
THE FIRST AID KIT IS,
DON'T YOU?

ONLY TOO WELL,
RAOUL. ONLY TOO
WELL.



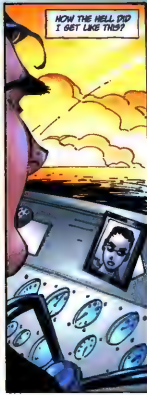
RAOUL HAS PROVED UNWILLING ON
MORE THAN ONE OCCASION. HE'S
EVEN RISKED HIS LIFE FOR ME.




I KNOW HE HAS FEELINGS
FOR ME... YET I PRETEND
NOT TO NOTICE.



THOUGH I USE HIS FEELINGS
TO MY ADVANTAGE.



NOW THE HELL DID
I GET LIKE THIS?



HAVE ALL THE BETRAYALS... AND
BLOODSHED... AND DEATH... HAS
IT ALL HARDENED MY HEART?

OR AM I MERELY USING
THOSE THINGS AS A
CONVENIENT JUSTIFICATION...
FOR WHATEVER I DO?

OR DO I EVEN
WANT THE ANSWER
TO THAT QUESTION?

PROBABLY NOT.



MAYBE IT'S BEST IF
I DON'T LOOK TOO
HARD AT MYSELF.

THAT SORT OF THING MIGHT
TEND TO SLOW ME DOWN.
AT LEAST A STEP OR TWO.

AND I CAN'T
HAVE THAT.

ESPECIALLY NOW.

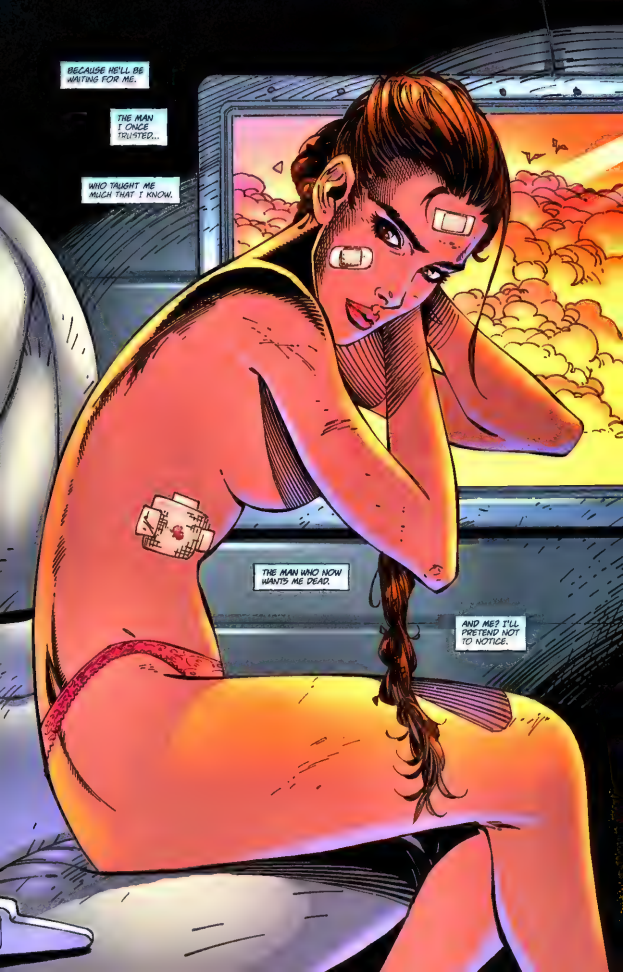
BECAUSE HE'LL BE
WAITING FOR ME.

THE MAN
I ONCE
TRUSTED...

WHO TAUGHT ME
MUCH THAT I KNOW.

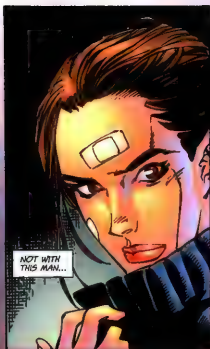
THE MAN WHO NOW
WANTS ME DEAD.

AND ME? I'LL
PRETEND NOT
TO NOTICE.





BUT IT CAN'T
BE ABOUT
FORTUNE...



NOT WITH
THIS MAN...



IT MUST BE
ABOUT POWER.



WHAT HE'S BEEN
SEARCHING FOR
HIS WHOLE LIFE...

THOUGH THIS TIME, IT'S IN
THE FORM OF A PAINTING.



CENTURIES OLD. ONE OF
A SET OF FIVE. THEY'RE
KNOWN AS THE OBSCURA
PAINTINGS. AND LEGEND
HAS IT THAT, TOGETHER
THEY POSSESS GREAT
POWER.

BUT I'VE HEARD
IT ALL BEFORE.





WOULD YOU
PLEASE WAKE ME
WHEN WE GET TO
PARIS, RAOUL?

OF COURSE,
MS. CROFT.

SWEET
DREAMS.







SO LARA CROFT
MUST DIE.

TO BE
CONTINUED...



Tomb Raider

Issue #53

cover by Adam Hughes



written by

Simon Bowland

edited by

Tom Daniel

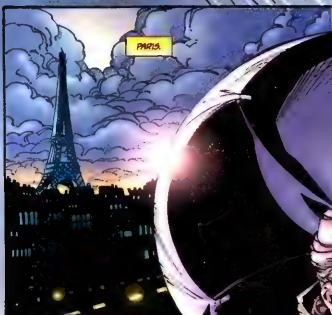
lettered by

Matthew Jones

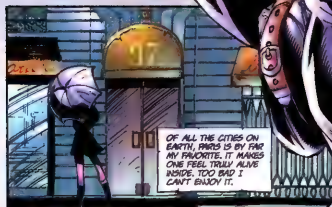
colored by

Tyson Weng

letters by Robin Spehar and Dennis Heider



PARIS



OF ALL THE CITIES ON EARTH, PARIS IS BY FAR MY FAVORITE. IT MAKES ONE FEEL TRULY ALIVE INSIDE. TOO BAD I CAN'T ENJOY IT.



I'VE COME HERE TO MEET MY OLD MENTOR, A DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN WHO I CONSIDERED TO BE SOMETHING OF A SECOND FATHER TO ME...



NOT TO MENTION, A MAN I KNEW HAD ATTEMPTED TO HAVE ME KILLED IN MOROCCO.

I WAS TRYING MY DAMNEDST NOT TO HOLD THAT AGAINST HIM. FOR OLD FRIENDS, CERTAIN ALLOWANCES SHOULD BE MADE.



IT'S NO USE TRYING TO HIDE, PROFESSOR VON CROY...



I'D RECOGNIZE THAT COLOGNE OF YOURS ANYWHERE.



MY DEAR, LARA. SEMI-PUNCTUAL AS ALWAYS.


I'M FORTUNATE TO BE HERE AT ALL.

RAN INTO A SPOT OF TROUBLE AS I WAS LEAVING MOROCCO, YOU SEE.



I'M SORRY TO HEAR IT. NOTHING SERIOUS I HOPE.

NOTHING I COULDN'T SCOOT PAST.



NOT TO WORRY, PROFESSOR. I'M IN POSSESSION OF THE OBSCURA PAINTING. AND I'LL GLADLY HAND IT OVER TO YOU... WHEN I GET MY PAYMENT.

THE OPAL OF NEPAL, OF COURSE. IT WOULD LOOK LOVELY ON A NECKLACE.

I'M SURE IT WOULD. HOWEVER, IT'S GOING BACK TO THE MUSEUM FROM WHENCE IT WAS STOLEN.



SUCH A PITY.



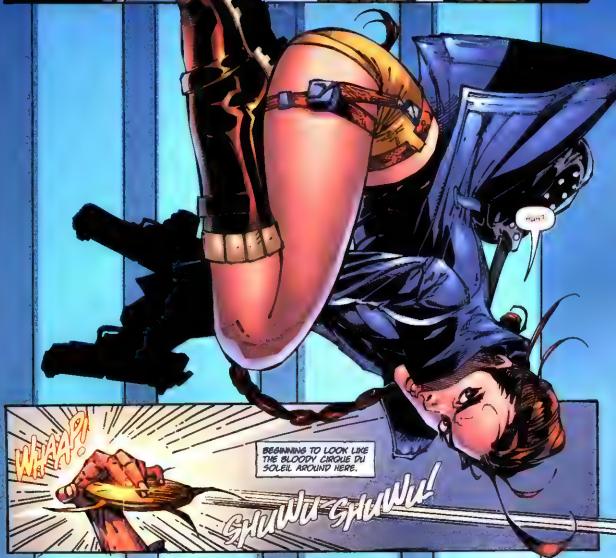
I'M CURIOUS ABOUT ONE THING, PROFESSOR.

WHY WOULD YOU SEND ME AFTER THE OBSCURA PAINTING...

AND THEN TRY TO HAVE ME KILLED BEFORE I COULD DELIVER IT?







AND SOMETHING TELLS
ME THIS CHAP IS THE
STAR OF THE SHOW.





I DIDN'T WANT
TO BELIEVE IT.

HE TOOK ME
UNDER HIS WING.
LOVED ME LIKE A
DAUGHTER.

WAAAA!
WAAAA!

SIRENS,
SISTER.

THAT MEANS
WE SHOULD BE
MOVING ON.

I'VE NEVER
BEEN BIG ON
EXPLAINING
MYSELF.


ALL RIGHT
THEN. WHO
ARE YOU?

NAME'S KURTIS
TRENT. I'VE BEEN
TRACKING THOSE
ASSASSINS, HOPING
THEY'D LEAD ME TO
ECKHARDT.

THE MAN WHO
PROMISED VON
CROY IMMORTALITY.
IS THAT WHAT
YOU'RE AFTER?

I'M AFTER
ECKHARDT... THE
MAN WHO KILLED
MY FATHER.





MY FATHER, LIKE HIS FATHER BEFORE HIM, WAS AN ADAPT IN THE ORDER OF LUX VERTATIS—AN ANCIENT, MYSTICAL BROTHERHOOD, DEVOTED TO DEFENDING THE WORLD FROM THE PRACTITIONERS OF DARK MAGIC AND THE BLACK ARTS.


WHEN I WAS JUST A BOY, MY FATHER TRAINED ME AS AN INITIATE IN THE ORDER. IT WAS HIS DREAM THAT I WOULD ONE DAY JOIN HIM, FIGHTING EVIL AT HIS SIDE.

BUT AS I GREW OLDER, I HAD DREAMS OF MY OWN. SELFISH DREAMS, AND FRIGHTENING DREAMS.

AS MELODRAMATIC AS IT SOUNDS, I JOINED THE FOREIGN LEGION. I TRAVELED TO FAR OFF LANDS, MET EXOTIC PEOPLE, AND KILLED THEM.

BUT NO MATTER HOW FAR MY TRAVELS TOOK ME, IT NEVER SEEMED FAR ENOUGH. I COULD NEVER SHAKE THE FEELING THAT I WAS BEING STALKED. STALKED BY A DEMON IN THE NIGHT.

THE DEMON HAUNTED MY DREAMS. IT SEEMED TO BE SLEEPING IN THE GODFORSAKEN EARTH BENEATH ME.



I LATER CAME TO BELIEVE THAT THE DEMON IN MY DREAMS WAS ECKHARDT. PETER CAN ECKHARDT, THE BLACK ALCHEMIST.

FOR 500 YEARS, ECKHARDT WAS IMPRISONED IN A CONFINEMENT PIT IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH, PLACED THERE BY THE LUX VERTIGITS, SENTENCED TO AN ETERNITY OF LIVING DARKNESS FOR HIS UNSPEAKABLE DEEDS.

BUT ECKHARDT ESCAPED, AND HE BEGAN HUNTING DOWN AND MURDERING THE DESCENDANTS OF THOSE WHO HAD IMPRISONED HIM.

THE LAST TO BE KILLED WAS MY FATHER. WHEN I LEARNED OF HIS MURDER, I RETURNED HOME...

AND FOUND HE HAD LEFT ME AN INHERITANCE. THE CARRUGH—THE ANCIENT, SACRED WEAPON OF THE LUX VERTIGITS, AND THE PERVAFT SHARDS, WHICH ARE POWERFUL TALISMANS. THOUGH THEIR USE REMAINS A MYSTERY TO ME.



THE CHIRUGAI
AND THE PERIAPT
SHARDS ARE ALL
THAT'S LEFT OF THE
LUX VERITATIS
ORDER.

I ONLY HOPE
THEY'RE ENOUGH WHEN
I FACE ECKHARDT AND
HIS CABAL. HE'S SUPPOSED
TO BE ONE POWERFUL
SON-OF-A-B!%#.

WE HAVE
SOMETHING IN
COMMON NOW. I WANT
TO FIND MR. ECKHARDT
AS BADLY AS YOU DO.
ONE OR TWO MATTERS
I'D LIKE TO DISCUSS
WITH HIM.

IT'S NOT THAT
EASY, SISTER. I'VE
BEEN LOOKING FOR
ECKHARDT GOING ON
TWO YEARS NOW.

YES, WELL, I
HAVE A HUNCH HE
JUST MIGHT COME
LOOKING FOR ME. I
HAVE SOMETHING
HE WANTS.



THE OBSCURA
PAINTING. THERE ARE
ONLY FIVE IN
EXISTENCE. PROFESSOR
VON CROY HAD THE
OTHER FOUR.

HAD IS RIGHT.
WHEN I WAS
TRACKING THOSE CABAL
ASSASSINS, THEY BROKE
INTO AN APARTMENT NOT
FAR FROM HERE. NICE
DIGS.

THEY CARRIED
OFF FOUR
PAINTINGS. ONE TOOK
OFF WITH THE LOOT
AND I FOLLOWED THE
OTHERS TO THE
ALLEY.

THEN THE
PAINTINGS ARE NO
DOUBT ON THEIR WAY
TO ECKHARDT.

WHICH MEANS
HE'LL BE DESPERATE
TO OBTAIN THIS
ONE. PERFECT.

WHAT'S SO
SPECIAL ABOUT
THESE PAINTINGS
ANYWAY?

SEPARATELY,
THEY'RE MERELY
PRICELESS FOURTEENTH
CENTURY WORKS OF ART.
HOWEVER, WHEN PLACED
TOGETHER, THEY'RE SAID
TO POSSESS INCREDIBLE POWERS.
BY SOME ACCOUNTS, EVEN
THE POWER TO RAISE
THE DEAD.

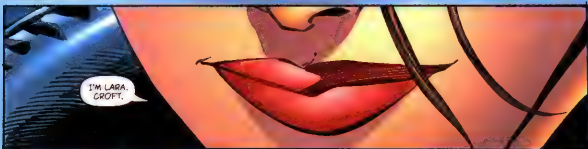
THEN I'D SAY IT'S
DAMN RISKY TO USE
THIS AS BAIT. IF
ECKHARDT GETS HIS
SLIMEY HANDS ON
IT...

WELL, WE'LL
JUST HAVE TO MAKE
CERTAIN THAT
DOESN'T HAPPEN,
MR. TRENT.



CALL ME
KURTIS.

AND WHAT
DO THE BOYS
BACK HOME
CALL YOU?



I'M LARA.
CROFT.

PRAGUE.

THE LONG SLEEP
HAS NEARLY COME TO
AN END, MY FRIENDS.
SOON WE SHALL GREET
A GLORIOUS NEW DAY,
TOGETHER.

FOUR OF THE
OBSCURA PAINTINGS
ARE NOW IN THE
POSSESSION OF OUR
AGENTS IN PARIS, AND WE
KNOW WHO HAS THE
FIFTH.

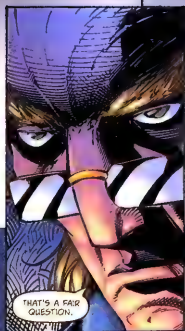
ARRANGEMENTS
ARE BEING MADE TO
ACQUIRE IT.

QUESTION,
MR. ECKHARDT. I
THOUGHT ARRANGEMENTS
HAD BEEN MADE TO
ACQUIRE ALL FIVE
PAINTINGS TODAY.

THAT'S NOT
EXACTLY A QUESTION,
MR. TYLER.

I'VE INVESTED A
GREAT DEAL OF
TIME AND MONEY IN
THIS LITTLE ENDEAVOR
OF YOURS. WE ALL
HAVE.

SO MY QUESTION
IS THIS, WHEN THE HELL
ARE WE GOING TO SEE A
RETURN ON OUR
INVESTMENT?



THE CHANGE IS COMING
OVER ME. AGAIN. IT
SEEMS TO BE
HAPPENING MORE AND
MORE FREQUENTLY.



BUT I CAN HOLD IT OFF
FOR A WHILE AT LEAST.



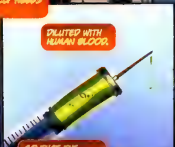
AND AFTER THE
ANIMATED
WILL BE
NARRATED

IMMORTAL I'LL BE... WITHIN
THE CURSED SHE'S BLOOD.



THE BLOOD FLOWING THROUGH
— SHE OCCASIONALLY NEEDS
IN PRACTICE...

DILUTED WITH
HUMAN BLOOD.



SO THAT THE
CHANGE DOES
NOT OVERWHELM
COMPLETELY.

AND I CAN
CONTINUE TO
RESEMBLE
OLD SELF.

LONG AGO...



BEFORE THE
LAST ANIMATED

PROFESSOR VON CROY HAD BEEN SEARCHING FOR THE OBSCURA PAINTINGS FOR AS LONG AS I'VE KNOWN HIM. IT WAS AN OBSESSION.

I DISMISSED IT AS ONE MORE OF HIS MANY QUIRKS. I HAVE NO INKLING THERE WAS A DARK MOTIVATION BEHIND HIS QUEST.



HE LOCATED THREE BEFORE I EVER MET HIM. ONE WAS HIDDEN IN THE HIMALAYAS, ANOTHER HE UNEARTHED ON THE ISLE OF CRETE, AND THE THIRD HE DISCOVERED BURIED BENEATH THE FROZEN TUNDRA OF SIBERIA.

SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO MAKE SURE THEY WOULDN'T BE FOUND.

IF THAT'S TRUE, THEY FAILED TO TAKE INTO CONSIDERATION THE PERSISTENCE OF A MAN LIKE VON CROY.

VON CROY WAS INVOLVED WITH THIS ARCHAEOLOGICAL DIS. IT IS WHERE HE UNEARTHED THE FOURTH OBSCURA PAINTING.

THIS IS A WASTE OF TIME, LARA. WE'RE LOOKING FOR CLUES ABOUT THE MEANING OF THE PAINTINGS WHEN WE SHOULD BE LOOKING FOR ECKHARDT.

YOU SAID IT YOURSELF, ECKHARDT IS TIED TO THE PAINTINGS. WE MUST FIND OUT WHAT HE INTENDS TO DO WITH THEM.

MAYBE HE'S GOT A LOT OF EMPTY WALL SPACE.

HERE NOW, NOBODY'S ALLOWED DOWN HERE.

IF WHOEVER HID THE PAINTINGS NEVER WANTED THEM TO BE FOUND, WHY WOULDN'T THEY JUST BURN THE DAMN THINGS AND BE DONE WITH IT?

THE OBSCURA PAINTINGS CANNOT BE DESTROYED, NOT EVEN BY FIRE. ALTHOUGH NO ONE KNOWS HOW THAT'S POSSIBLE.

SOUNDS LIKE THE WORD OF ALCHEMY TO ME. AND ECKHARDT IS A MASTER OF THAT MEDIEVAL SORCERY.

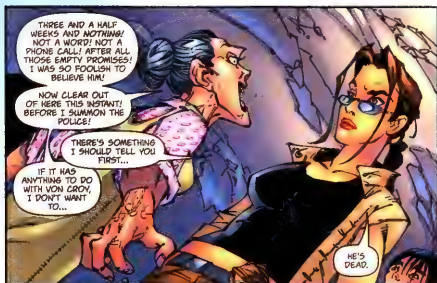
MARGOT CARVER, I PRESUME.

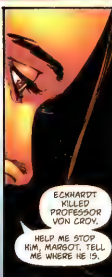
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

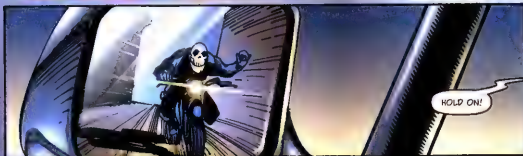
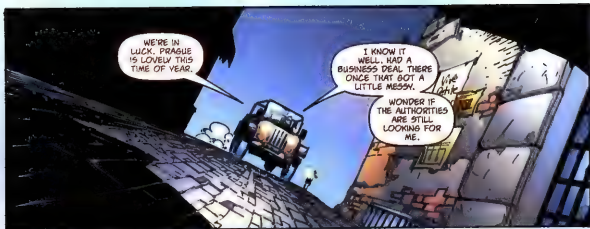
WE HAVE A MUTUAL FRIEND, PROFESSOR VON CROY.

OH, THAT MAN. WELL, IF HE SENT YOU TO DELIVER SOME MESSAGE, THEN YOU CAN TURN RIGHT AROUND AND DELIVER ONE FOR ME. TELL HIM TO DROP DEAD.

A LITTLE TOO LATE FOR THAT.







BWAA-DOOM!





RAAP!

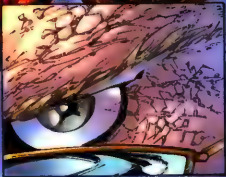
HU-
UARRRAAH...

THE PAINTING...

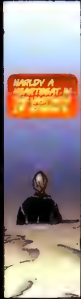
GOTTA... KEEP
IT... AWAY FROM...
ECKHARDT...



IT'S BEEN FIVE CENTURIES,
AND THE ARTS HAVE
NOT COME BACK.



FIVE
CENTURIES.
HARLEY'S
A TICK IN TIME.



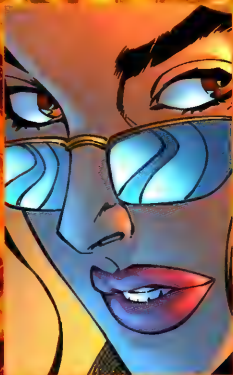
HARLEY'S
A HEARTBEAT IN
THE HISTORY
OF ART.



HARLEY'S
THE KEY
TO THE
FUTURE.

...BEFORE IT
ARRIVED.

TO BE CONTINUED.



Tomb Raider

Issue #34

cover by: Adam Hughes



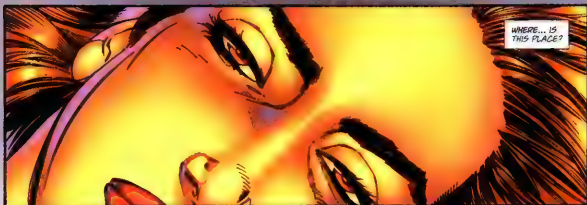
scripted by
James Burn

story by
Tom Daniel

scripted by
James Burn

colored by
Tyson Wong

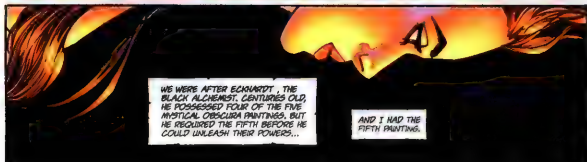
edited by Robin Spehar, Dennis Heider and Mark Roslan



WHERE... IS
THIS PLACE?



I REMEMBER BEING IN PARIS...
SPEEDING TOWARD THE
AIRPORT WITH KURT'S TRENT.
A PLANE WAS WAITING TO TAKE
US BOTH TO PRAGUE.

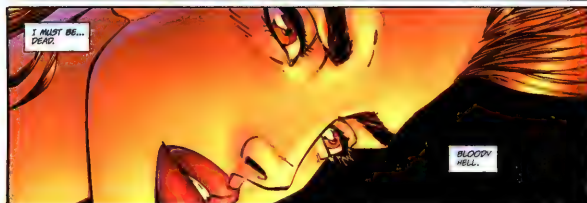


WE WERE AFTER ECKHARDT, THE
BLACK ALCHEMIST. CENTURIES OLD,
HE POSSESSED FOUR OF THE FIVE
MYSTICAL OBSCURA PAINTINGS. BUT
HE REQUIRED THE FIFTH BEFORE HE
COULD UNLEASH THEIR POWERS...

AND I HAD THE
FIFTH PAINTING.

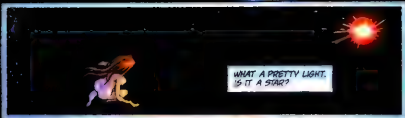


BUT BEFORE WE REACHED THE AIRPORT, ONE
OF ECKHARDT'S CABAL ASSASSINS APPEARED
OUT OF NOWHERE WITH A GRENADE. AND
THEN... THERE WAS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.



I MUST BE...
DEAD.

BLOODY
HELL...



WHAT A PRETTY LIGHT.
IS IT A STAR?



A NOVA?



OH, RIGHT.
THE TUNNEL
OF LIGHT.



WELL, I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER
GET ON WITH IT. IT WOULDN'T
DO TO KEEP ETERNITY WAITING.



TIME TO UNLOCK
THE FINAL MYSTERY.

WHO IS THIS...?



COULD IT BE...?



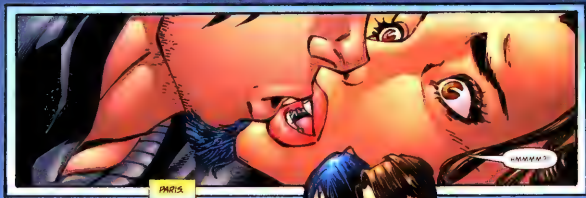
ARE YOU...?

I AM KONSTANTIN.
YOU MUST TURN BACK, LARA CROFT.

TURN BACK?
SO YOU'RE SENDING ME TO...

THIS IS NOT YOUR TIME. A GREAT EVIL IS ABOUT TO RISE. AN ANCIENT EVIL WHICH COULD DEVOUR THE WORLD. YOU MUST STOP IT, LARA CROFT.

GO NOW.





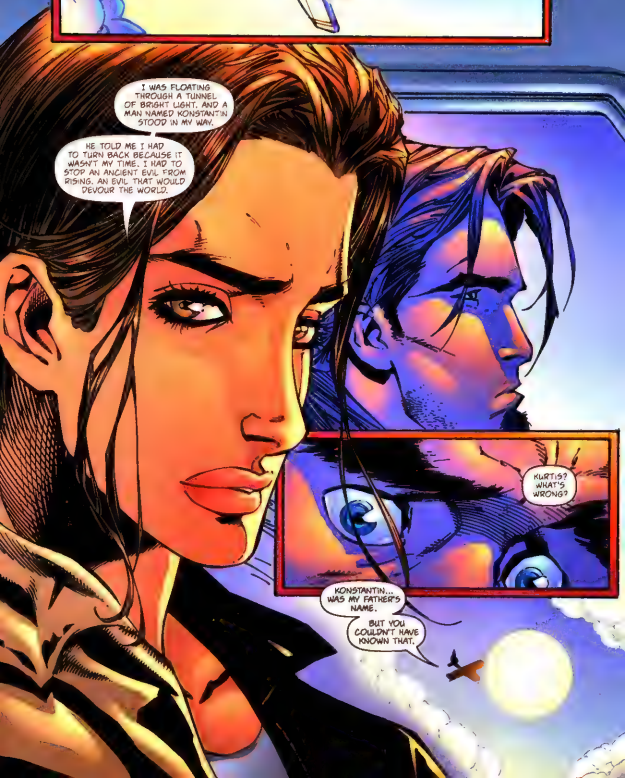
I WAS FLOATING
THROUGH A TUNNEL
OF BRIGHT LIGHT, AND A
MAN NAMED KONSTANTIN
STOOD IN MY WAY.

HE TOLD ME I HAD
TO TURN BACK BECAUSE IT
WASNT MY TIME. I HAD TO
STOP AN ANCIENT EVIL FROM
RISING. AN EVIL THAT WOULD
DEVOUR THE WORLD.



KONSTANTIN...
WAS MY FATHER'S
NAME.

BUT YOU
COULDN'T HAVE
KNOWN THAT.







THEY'VE SERVED
THEIR PURPOSE, BUT
NOW THEY'RE JUST...
LOOSE ENDS.



THE JOHNNY THOMPSON
IS A LOOSE END.



AND THE JOHNNY THOMPSON
IS A LOOSE END.



MY LIFE, THIS FINE,
HAS BEEN LONG, ANDER.
AND IF IT'S TAUGHT ME
ANYTHING, IT'S THIS...



LOOSE ENDS SHOULD
ALWAYS BE SEVERED.

SEVERAL
HOURS
LATER...

LOOKS LIKE
WE MISSED ONE
HELLHIM
BLOWOUT.

MR. ECKHARDT
CERTAINLY KNOWS
HOW TO MAKE AN
EXIT.

WHAT'S
THAT?

A PAGE FROM
A HANDWRITTEN
JOURNAL. SOMETHING
ABOUT A DIS IN
CENTRAL CAPPADOCIA,
TURKEY. AND THEN
THERE'S THIS CURIOUS
NOTATION...

HMMH?

"THE SLEEPER
HAS BEEN FOUND
IN THE BURIED
CITY..."

ECKHARDT...
SCOUGH...
BETRAYED US!

WHERE HAS
HE GONE?

TO TURKEY...
TO AWAKEN...
THE NEPHILIM.

THE
SLEEPER?

HE DID IT
FIVE CENTURIES
AGO... USED THE
CREATURE'S BLOOD
TO OBTAIN
IMMORTALITY. BUT
BEFORE HE COULD
COMPLETE THE
PROCESS, THE
CREATURE WAS
KILLED BY THE
LUX VERTATIS.

KILLED?
HOW?

WITH...
GASP?...
THE PERIAPT
AMULET! AARRH...

WHAT'S THE
NEPHILIM?

A LEGENDARY
RACE SAID TO
PREDATE HUMANITY.
ECKHARDT MUST
HAVE DISCOVERED
AN INTACT
SPECIMEN...

AND HE INTENDS TO
USE THE POWERS OF
THE OBSCURA PAINTINGS
TO REVIVE IT.

HE SAID THE
PERIAPT AMULET
KILLED THE LAST
NEPHILIM...

MAYBE THESE
SHARDS ARE ALL
THAT'S LEFT OF
THE AMULET.

RAOUL, BE A
DEAR AND GET THE
PLANE READY AGAIN,
WOULD YOU...?

YES, I KNOW,
I KNOW. BUT I'M
AFRAID THIS CAN'T
BE HELPED...

WE'RE GOING
TO TURKEY,
LOVE.

CENTRAL
CAPPAPOCIA
TURKEY.

THERE'S
THE DIO.



RAOUL, LET'S
PUT HER DOWN
BEYOND THAT
HILLSIDE.

ANYTHING
YOU SAY,
MS. CROFT.

ARMED
SENTRIES.

MERCENARIES.
I KNOW THE
TYPE ONLY TOO
WELL.



SO MUCH FOR
SLIPPING PAST
UNDETECTED.


WHICH LEAVES
ONLY ONE OPTION,
SISTER. THE FULL
COURT PRESS.




WAIT HERE.
I'LL HANDLE
THIS.



YOU'VE GOT
TO ADMIRE
SUCH RECKLESS
COURAGE...



AND THEN AGAIN, YOU'VE
GOT TO WONDER IF
THERE COULD BE
SOMETHING ELSE BEHIND
IT, DRIVING IT. COULD
RECKLESS COURAGE BE
A MEANS TO AN END?



THAT'S A QUESTION I'M NOT
SURE I WANT ANSWERED.



LIFE CAN BE
SO COMPLICATED...

WHILE DEATH
IS SIMPLE.

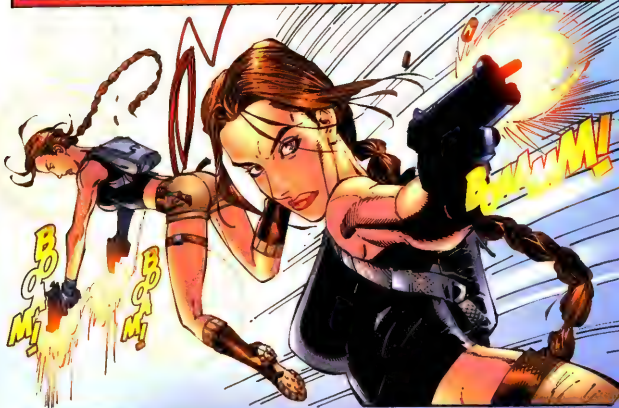
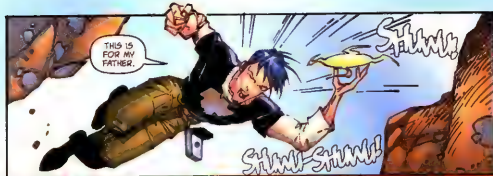


ALL IT TAKES IS ONE
WRONG
MOVE.

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!



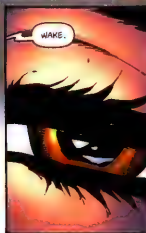


IT'S A FAR BET ALL THAT SHOOTING OUT THERE DIDNT GO UNNOTICED DOWN HERE.

IT DOESNT MATTER. ECKHARDT WOULDVE FELT OUR PRESENCE NO MATTER WHAT. HE HAS POWERS BEYOND THIS WORLD.

THESE SUBTERRANEAN RUINS ARE THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD. IT'S A REMARKABLE FIND.

IT'S A SHAME ECKHARDT GOT HERE FIRST.





MURDER'S TALENT IS AS DEAD AS HIS FATHER, THE LAST VESTIGE OF THE LUX. VENTURA'S ORDER HAS BEEN WIPED CLEAN FROM THE EARTH.

IN A MOMENT, I WILL CONTINUE THE PURIFICATION OF THIS WORLD BY REVIVING THE MIGHTY NEPHILIM RACE.

I ENVY YOU, MISS CROFT, YOU'RE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE COMING OF A NEW EPOCH. THOUGHT IT WILL BE BUT A BRIEF GLIMPSE, FOR THE NEPHILIM WILL BE QUITE RAVENOUS AFTER ITS LONG SLEEPERS.

I SUPPOSE THIS IS THE POINT WHERE I SHOULD INTERJECT THAT YOU ARE QUITE MAD.

OR WOULD THAT BE RUDE?

ONCE THE NEPHILIM HAS AWAKENED, AND FED... I SHALL USE ITS BLOOD TO COMPLETE THE PROCESS OF IMMORTALITY. AND THEN I SHALL RELEASE IT INTO THE WORLD, WHERE IT WILL GO FORTH AND MULTIPLY.

MULTIPLY... NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE.

THE NEPHILIM ARE ASEXUAL. TO REPRODUCE, THEY NEED ONLY FEED. THEN TWO OF ONE BECOMES TWO...

...AND TWO BECOMES... MILLIONS. WHICH MEANS MILLIONS OF HUNGRY MOUTHS TO FEED.

THERE ARE PLENTY OF HUMANS TO GO AROUND.

THIS DAY HAS BEEN FORETOLD FOR MILL-ENNA, THE DAY THE ANGEL OF DARKNESS WILL RISE.

ANGEL...? OR DEMON?

ALL IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER, MY DEAR.



WITH THE NEPHILIM AS MY ARMY, I SHALL HOLD DOMINION OVER THE EARTH FOR ALL ETERNITY.



THE FIVE HAVE COME TOGETHER...



THE FIVE WILL BECOME ONE...

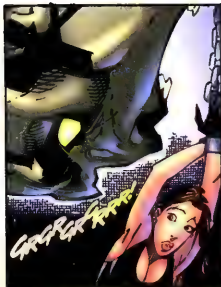
AND BRING LIFE TO THE LIFELESS...



WAKE, MY FRIEND...



WAAAKE!



BLOODY
HELL...
HE DID
IT.



KILL HIM!
AGAIN!





AAAAH!!!

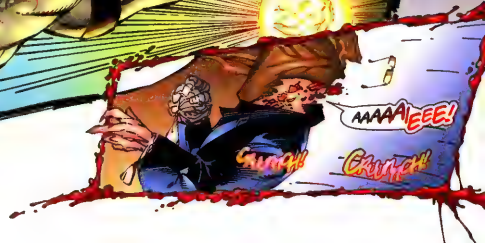


KKT-CHEEK!!!

OH, TH'Y 'SNT GOOD.

WHA...?! NOOO!

AAAAH!!!



AAAAH!!!

CRUNCH!!!

CRUNCH!!!



LARA, THE SHARDS.

WHAT THE HELL, I'LL GIVE 'EM A GO.

WHEEEEE!

EEEEEE!

WHEEEEE!



I THOUGHT
IT WAS A
DREAM...

I SAW MY
FATHER. HE
WAS STANDING
IN MY WAY.

I GUESS IT
WASNT YOUR
TIME EITHER.

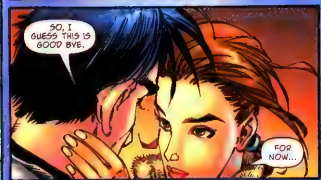


THAT'S OKAY
WITH ME. IT'S NOT
LIKE I HAVE A
DEATH WISH OR
ANYTHING.

NOT
ANYMORE.
ANYWAY.

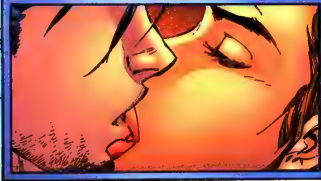


WELL, I'M OFF. THE
OBOCURA PAINTINGS WILL HAVE
TO BE SCATTERED ABOUT THE
WORLD ONCE AGAIN... JUST IN CASE
THERE'S ANOTHER SLEEPER LYING
DORMANT SOMEWHERE.



SO, I
GUESS THIS IS
GOOD BYE.

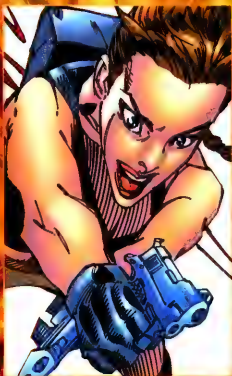
FOR
NOW...



THE END



NEXT MONTH:
THE BLACK LEGION!



Tomb Raider Issue #35

cover by: Tony Daniel and Tyson Weng



James Bopp

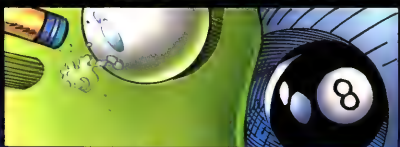
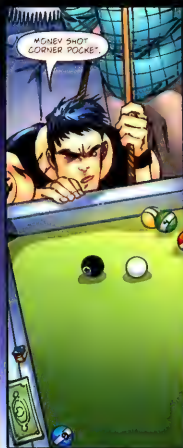
Tony Daniel

Christopher Priest

Tyson Weng

letters by: Robin Spehar, Dennis Hetsler and Mark Roslan





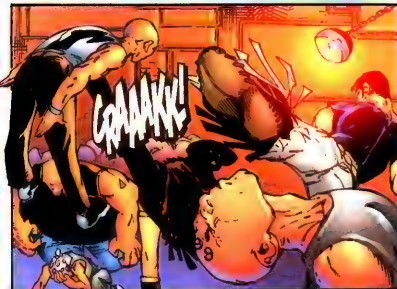


PERHAPS YOU
CHAPS HAD BEST
COUNT AGAIN.

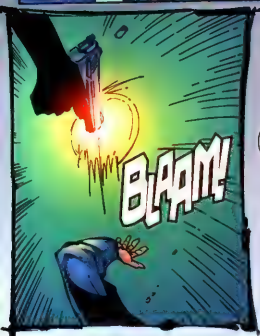
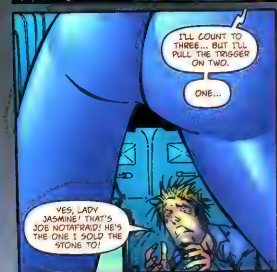
THE BLACK LEGION

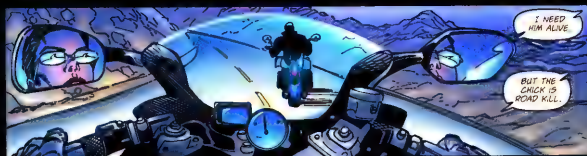
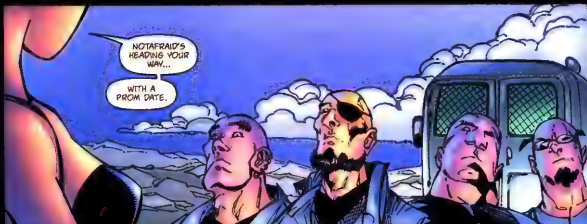
PART I OF III









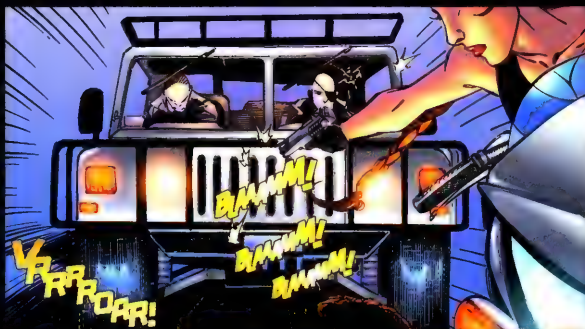


JOE NOTAFRAID IS A VERY COMPLICATED MAN. UNDERGRADUATE IN ANTHROPOLOGY FROM BROWN, GRAD SCHOOL AT NORTHWESTERN SPECIALIZING IN DEVELOPMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY, NOT TO MENTION A PH.D. IN ANCIENT CULTURES FROM GEORGETOWN.

HE'S ALSO A FULL BLOOD NAVAJO WHO'S AN EXPERT IN ANCIENT, MYSTICAL NATIVE AMERICAN WAYS AND LEGENDS. YET HE REFUSES TO BELIEVE IN ANYTHING HE CANNOT SEE WITH HIS OWN EYES. HE'S A MAN WHO LIVES VERY MUCH IN THE MODERN, MATERIAL WORLD.

WE GO WAY BACK, JOE AND I. AND EVERY TIME WE GET TOGETHER, THINGS UNVARIABLY GET INTERESTING.







LADY JASMINE!
PLEASE! PLEASE!
I SWEAR MY LIFE
TO YOU!

THAT'S RIGHT,
MY LOVE, YOU
DID, AND NOW YOU
FAILED ME.

DRIVE



AAAAEEEEEEYY!

WASH-FOO!

A THING LIKE THAT WOULD GIVE MOST PEOPLE PAUSE. MAKE THEM THINK TWICE ABOUT CONTINUING ON. BUT I'M NOT LIKE MOST PEOPLE. SOMEBODY TRYING TO KILL ME MAKES ME THINK I'M PROBABLY ON THE RIGHT TRACK.

EVEN IF THAT TRACK LEADS TO ONE OF THE MOST DEADLY PLACES.

THE SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS, THE LOCATION OF THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF THE OLD WEST, THE FABLED LOST DUTCHMAN GOLD MINE.

I TAKE IT THOSE WERE ACQUAINTANCES OF YOURS BACK THERE?

THE COMPETITION. I THOUGHT I'D LOST THEM.

HMM. IT SEEMS THAT THERE'S A GREAT DEAL YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME, JOE.

I'LL FILL YOU IN ON THE WAY, LARA. WE'RE BURNING DAYLIGHT.

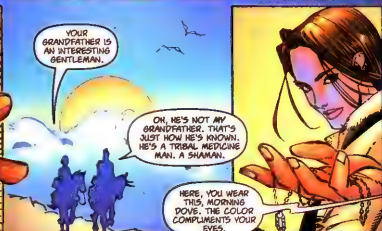
LARA CROFT, THIS IS GRANDFATHER.

SO THIS IS MORNING DOVE. YES, SHE'S JUST AS YOU DESCRIBED HER, JOE NOTAFRAID.

AN HONOR TO MEET YOU, SIR. I DO HOPE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN WAITING FOR US LONG.

YOU ARRIVED JUST AS I EXPECTED YOU WOULD.

WITH DANGER BEHIND, AND EVEN MORE DANGER AHEAD.





A group of people on horseback are traveling through a desert canyon. The scene is set during sunset or sunrise, with a large, bright yellow sun low on the horizon. The canyon walls are rugged and rocky, with some sparse vegetation. The group consists of several individuals, including a man in a red shirt and a woman in a yellow shirt. They are riding horses and appear to be in a hurry.

RIGHT, NO MORE
STALLING. NOT AFRAID.
LET'S HEAR ABOUT
THE COMPETITION.

STRANGERS WHO
BLEW INTO TOWN.
TOUGH HOMBRES LED BY AN
EVEN TOUGHER WOMAN,
AFTER THE SAME THING I WAS
AFTER. THE THING THAT WILL
LEAD US TO THE
DUTCHMAN'S GOLD.

LUCKY FOR
US, I GOT TO
IT FIRST.

JOE, IF YOU TELL
ME YOU BOUGHT A
TREASURE MAP, I'M GOING
TO LOSE WHAT LITTLE
RESPECT I HAVE LEFT
FOR YOU.

YOU KNOW I'M
SMARTER THAN
THAT, LARA.

I BOUGHT A
TREASURE
STONE.

THE PERALTA
STONES? BUT THEY'RE
LOOKED AWAY IN A
PHOENIX MUSEUM.

UNLESS, OF
COURSE, YOU'VE
ADDED BURGLARY
TO YOUR
RESUME.

THE PERALTA
STONES HAVE NEVER
YIELDED THE LOCATION OF
THE GOLD MINE. BUT THIS
STONE WAS CARVED BY THE
DUTCHMAN HIMSELF...
JACOB WALTZ.

IT'S THE KEY
STONE, WHICH WILL
LEAD US TO THE OTHER
PIECES OF THE DUTCHMAN'S
STONE MAP. I BOUGHT IT OFF
AN OLD DESERT RAT NAMED
MAX BETCHER FOR FIVE
GRAND.

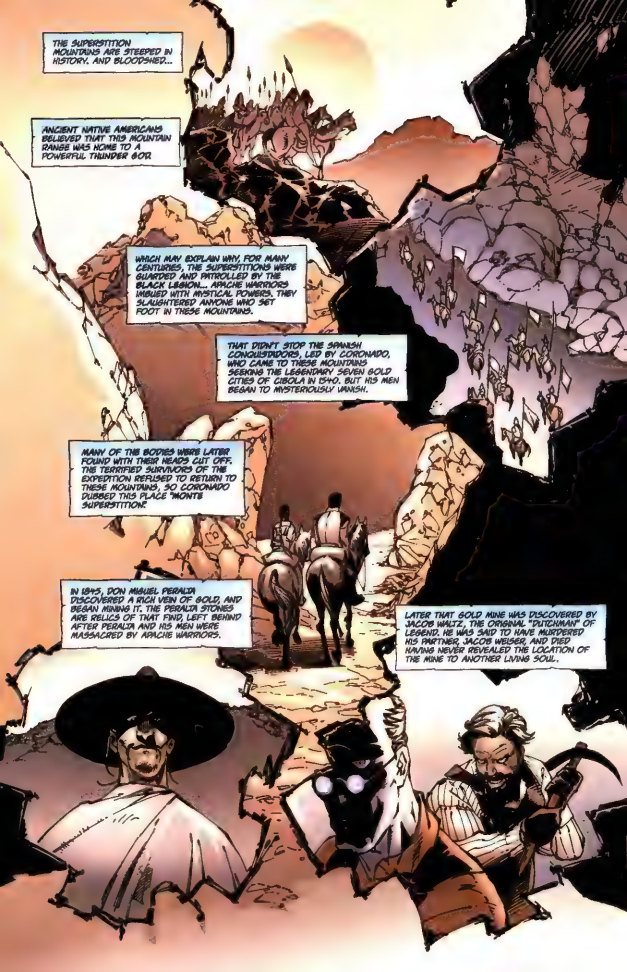
A close-up of a man's face, likely Joe, showing a determined and slightly angry expression. He has dark hair and is looking off to the side. The background is dark and out of focus.

SANDSTONE
ENCRUSTED WITH IRON
PYRITE... "FOOL'S
GOLD." IRONIC, DON'T
YOU THINK?

WHAT'S THE
OLD SAYING? "A
FOOL AND HIS
MONEY..."

IT WAS
MONEY WELL
SPENT, MORNING
DOVE.

IT'S GOING TO
LEAD US TO THE
HOLY GRAIL OF THE
OLD WEST.



THE SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS ARE STEEPED IN HISTORY, AND BLOODSHED...

ANCIENT NATIVE AMERICANS BELIEVED THAT THIS MOUNTAIN RANGE WAS HOME TO A POWERFUL THUNDER GOD.

WHICH MAY EXPLAIN WHY, FOR MANY CENTURIES, THE SUPERSTITIONS WERE GUARDED AND PATROLLED BY THE BLACK LEGION... APACHE WARRIORS IMBUED WITH MYSTICAL POWERS, THEY SLAUGHTERED ANYONE WHO SET FOOT IN THESE MOUNTAINS.

THAT DIDN'T STOP THE SPANISH CONQUISTADORS, LED BY CORONADO, WHO CAME TO THESE MOUNTAINS SEEKING THE LEGENDARY SEVEN GOLD CITIES OF CIBOLA IN 1540. BUT HIS MEN BEGAN TO MYSTERIOUSLY VANISH.

MANY OF THE BODIES WERE LATER FOUND WITH THEIR HEADS CUT OFF. THE TERRIFIED SURVIVORS OF THE EXPEDITION REFUSED TO RETURN TO THESE MOUNTAINS, SO CORONADO DUBBED THIS PLACE "MONTE SUPERSTITION".

IN 1845, DON MIGUEL PERALTA DISCOVERED A RICH VEIN OF GOLD, AND BEGAN MINING IT. THE PERALTA STONES ARE RELICS OF THAT FIND, LEFT BEHIND AFTER PERALTA AND HIS MEN WERE MASSACRED BY APACHE WARRIORS.

LATER THAT GOLD MINE WAS DISCOVERED BY JACOB WALTZ, THE ORIGINAL "DUTCHMAN" OF LEGEND. HE WAS SAID TO HAVE MURDERED HIS PARTNER, JACOB WEISER, AND DIED HAVING NEVER REVEALED THE LOCATION OF THE MINE TO ANOTHER LIVING SOUL.



SINCE THEN, TALES OF THE LOST
DUTCHMAN GOLD MINE, SAID TO
BE ONE OF THE RICHEST VEINS
OF GOLD ON EARTH, HAVE DRAWN
COUNTLESS FORTUNE HUNTERS
INTO THE SUPERSTITIONS.

MANY NEVER LEFT.

AND NOW COME
TWO MORE...



THE THUNDER
GOD SEEMS A
TAD RESTLESS
THIS EVENING.

EVER THE
ROMANTIC, LARA.
DESERT THUNDERSTORMS
ARE COMMON THIS TIME
OF YEAR.

EVER THE SKEPTIC,
JOE. DON'T YOU EVER
WONDER IF THERE MIGHT BE
SOMETHING TO THE OLD
LEGENDS ABOUT THIS
PLACE?

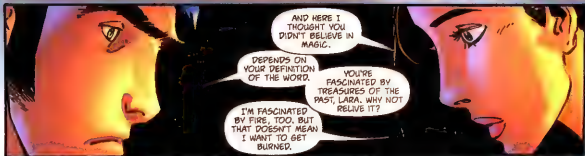
RIGHT NOW,
I'VE GOT MORE
INTERESTING THINGS
ON MY MIND.



THIS IS JUST LIKE
PERIL, YOU AND
I TOGETHER IN THE
WILDERNESS, THUNDER IN THE
DISTANCE, AND YOUR FACE
ILLUMINATED BY THE GLOW
OF FIRE. REMEMBER?

AS I RECALL, WE
WERE BOTH
DRENCHED TO THE
BONE BY A SUDDEN
DOWN POUR.

YES, BUT
BEFORE THAT...
PURE MAGIC.

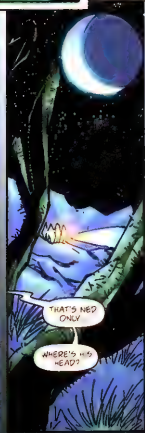
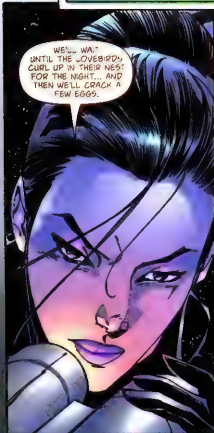
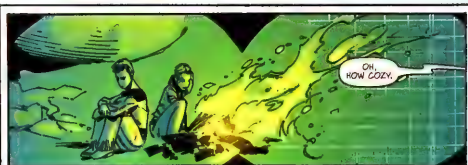


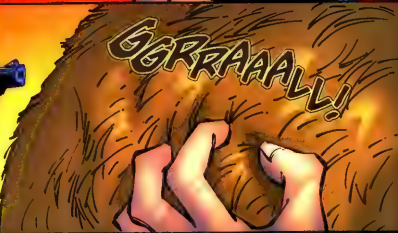
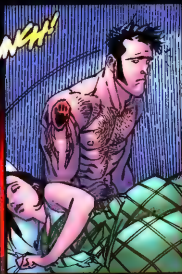
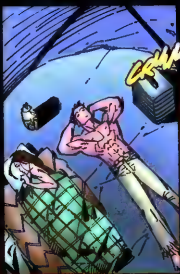
AND HERE I
THOUGHT YOU
DIDN'T BELIEVE IN
MAGIC.

DEPENDS ON
YOUR DEFINITION
OF THE WORD.

YOU'RE
FASCINATED BY
TREASURES OF THE
PAST, LARA. WHY NOT
RELIVE IT?

I'M FASCINATED
BY FIRE, TOO. BUT
THAT DOESN'T MEAN
I WANT TO GET
BURNED.









THAT'S DAMN
BIG FOR A
COUGAR.



MAYBE IT'S
NOT A
COUGAR.

JOE, ARE YOU
SEEING WHAT I'M
SEEING?



IT CAN'T BE.
IT'S GOTTA BE
SOME KIND OF
TRICK.

OR...
MAGIC..

THE MAGIC
OF THE BLACK
LEGION.

BUT... THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE.



ONE BLACK LEGION
WARRIOR... DOESN'T
MAKE SENSE.

THEY ALWAYS
TRAVELED IN PACKS...

AND THEY ALWAYS
KILLED INTRUDERS!



TO BE
CONTINUED..



Tomb Raider Issue #36

cover by: Tony Daniel and Tyson Wenger



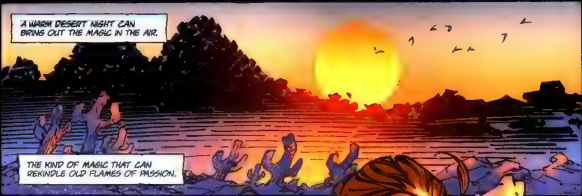
scripted by:
James Bond

story by:
Tony Daniel

illustrated by:
Dustin Roberts

colored by:
Tyson Wenger

letters by: Robin Spehar, Dennis Hetsler and Mark Reslan



A WARM DESERT NIGHT CAN
BRING OUT THE MAGIC IN THE AIR.

THE KIND OF MAGIC THAT CAN
REKINDLE OLD FLAMES OF PASSION.



THE KIND OF MAGIC THAT CAN
MAKE A RATIONAL MIND BELIEVE IN
THINGS WHICH ARE BEYOND BELIEF.

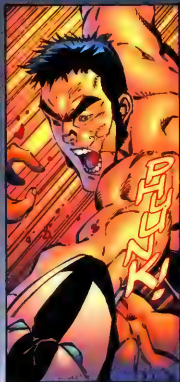
BUT, UNFORTUNATELY FOR
JOE NOTFRAND AND ME,
THIS WAS A DIFFERENT KIND
OF MAGIC ENTIRELY. DARK
MAGIC. DEADLY MAGIC.



THE MAGIC OF THE
BLACK LEGION.

THE BLACK LEGION

PART II OF III



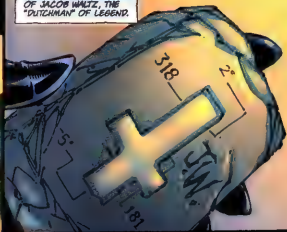




ON THE TRAIL OF THE LOST DUTCHMAN
GOLD MINE. A TRAIL LITTERED WITH THE
BONES OF FORTUNE HUNTERS. AND FOOLS.

BUT WE HAVE SOMETHING THE OTHERS
DIDN'T. THE DUTCHMAN'S KEY STONE. JOE
NOTAFRANK BELIEVES IT HOLDS THE CLUES
TO THE LOCATION OF THE OTHER PIECES
OF THE DUTCHMAN'S STONE MAP.

"J.W." THE INITIALS
OF JACOB WALTZ, THE
"DUTCHMAN" OF LEGEND.



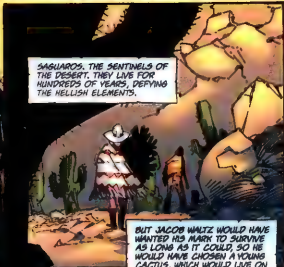
THESE
MARKINGS NEXT TO
THE CACTUS LOOK
LIKE LONGITUDE AND
LATITUDE
READINGS.

GIVE THAT GIRL A
PRIZE. I'VE ALREADY
PROGRAMMED THEM INTO
THE GLOBAL POSITIONING
SATELLITE MONITOR.

TWENTY-FIRST
CENTURY TECHNOLOGY
INTERFACING WITH
NINETEENTH CENTURY
READINGS. I WONDER IF
THE TWO WILL BE
COMPATIBLE.

AS
COMPATIBLE
AS WE ARE,
MORNING
DOVE.







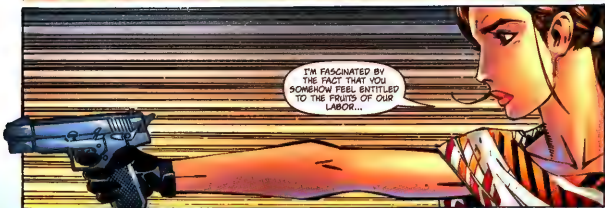


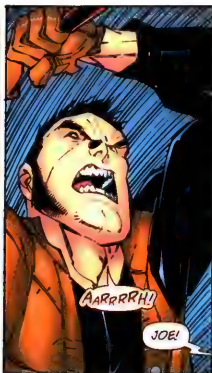


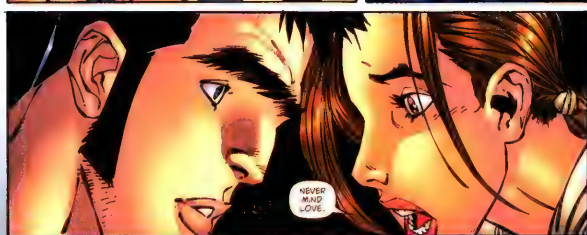
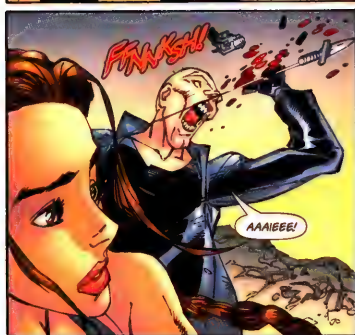
NOW THAT I'VE
GOT YOUR
ATTENTION, ALLOW
ME TO INTRODUCE
MYSELF...

TO MY FRIENDS,
I AM LADY JASMINE. TO
MY ADVERSARIES, I AM
DEATH INCARNATE. YOU MAY
CHOOSE OUR MANNER OF
ASSOCIATION.

EXCUSE ME, MISS
WHOEVER-YOU-ARE, BUT
YOU'RE THE ONE SHOOTING
AT US. SO AS I SEE IT,
YOU'VE CLEARLY MADE THE
CHOICE YOURSELF.











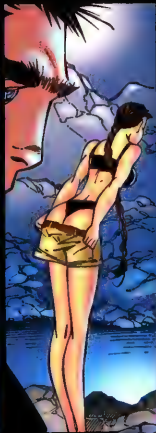
BLACKTOP MOUNTAIN, IN THE SHADOW OF
WEAVER'S NEEDLE. THIS AREA IS AROUND
ZERO FOR DUTCHMAN'S GOLD HUNTERS.

WE CAN KEEP AN
EYE OUT FOR THE
COMPETITION FROM
HERE.

BUT WE CAN'T
JUST WAIT AROUND.
WE'VE GOTTA FIND
THE GOLD MINE!



IF WE DO THAT,
SWEETIE, WE COULD
LEAD THEM TO THE GOLD
MINE. AND WE COULD
WELL BE SETTING
OURSELVES UP FOR
ANOTHER AMBUSH.



BESIDES, I'M
FEELING A TRIFLE
WILTED.



SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO
JOE NOTAFRAID BACK IN THE
RAVINE. SOMETHING PROFOUND,
AND DISTURBING.

JOE HAS ALWAYS BEEN
DETERMINED. BUT NEVER
OBSESSED. AND NEVER UNSTABLE.

NOW HE
WAS BOTH.

DISTURBING, INDEED, WHEN YOU
CONSIDER HE WAS THE ONLY
PERSON WATCHING MY BACK.

I CAN STAND
LOOK-OUT IF YOU
WANT TO TAKE A DIP,
SWEETIE. IT'S QUITE
REFRESHING.

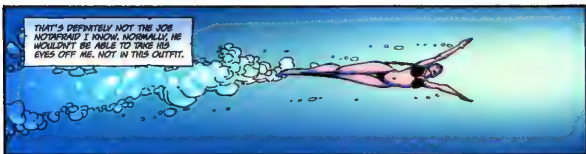
NO
THANKS.

DON'T BE SUCH
A GRUMP, NOTAFRAID.
TAKE YOUR SHIRT OFF
AND GET WET. GIVE A
GIRL A TREAT.

I SAID NO
THANKS.

SUIT
YOURSELF.

THAT'S DEFINITELY NOT THE JOE
NOTAFRAID I KNOW. NORMALLY, HE
WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO TAKE HIS
EYES OFF ME. NOT IN THIS OUTFIT.



BUT THIS JOE NOTAFRAID
HASN'T SO MUCH AS GIVEN
ME A SECOND GLANCE.

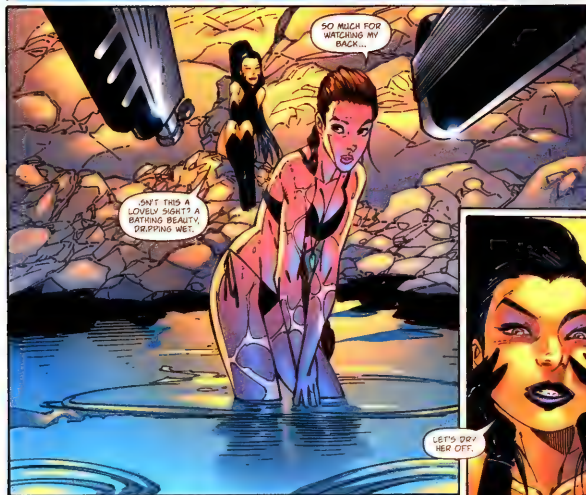


IT'S ENOUGH TO RATTLE
A GAL'S CONFIDENCE.



SO MUCH FOR
WATCHING MY
BACK...

ISN'T THIS A
LOVELY SIGHT? A
BATHING BEAUTY,
DRIPPING WET.



LET'S DRY
HER OFF.





LARA CROFT.
NOW WHY DOES
THAT NAME SOUND
FAMILIAR?

YOU'LL NO
DOUBT REMEMBER
IT A LONG TIME.
THAT IS, IF YOU
SURVIVE THE DAY.



I LIKE A WOMAN WITH CONFIDENCE. A STRONG WOMAN WHO KNOWS WHAT SHE WANTS, AND DOESN'T HAVE TO RELY ON A MAN TO GET IT.

IT'S A SHAME WE HAD TO MEET UNDER THESE UNPLEASANT CIRCUMSTANCES. WE HAVE A LOT IN COMMON, YOU AND I.

HARDLY, APART FROM YOUR SELF-APPOINTED TITLE, "LADY."

AN HONOR BESTOWED UPON ME BY THE MANY MEN WHO BOTH RESPECT AND FEAR ME. MEN WHO LIVE OR DIE BY MY COMMAND.

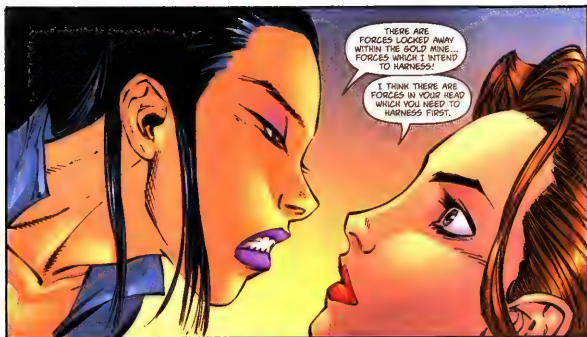
YOU HAVE THAT IN COMMON WITH THEM NOW. BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW, YOU'LL DIE AN EXCRUCIATING DEATH OUT HERE.

THE LOCATION OF THE GOLD MINE. I WANT IT.

YOU AND EVERY OTHER FORTUNE HUNTER.

OH, YOU'VE GOT ME ALL WRONG. I'M NOT HERE FOR THE FORTUNE.

I'M HERE FOR THE POWER.



THERE ARE FORCES LOCKED AWAY WITHIN THE GOLD MINE... FORCES WHICH I INTEND TO HARNESS!

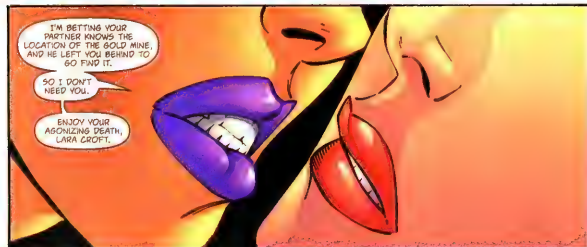
I THINK THERE ARE FORCES IN YOUR HEAD WHICH YOU NEED TO HARNESS FIRST.



YOU NEED TO SHOW A LITTLE RESPECT. BECAUSE I COULD MAKE THINGS A LOT WORSE FOR YOU, HONEY.

YOU JUST DID.

YOU'LL FIND SOME MINTS IN MY BELONGINGS, IN CASE YOU'RE INTERESTED.



I'M BETTING YOUR PARTNER KNOWS THE LOCATION OF THE GOLD MINE, AND HE LEFT YOU BEHIND TO GO FIND IT.

SO I DON'T NEED YOU.

ENJOY YOUR AGONIZING DEATH, LARA CROFT.



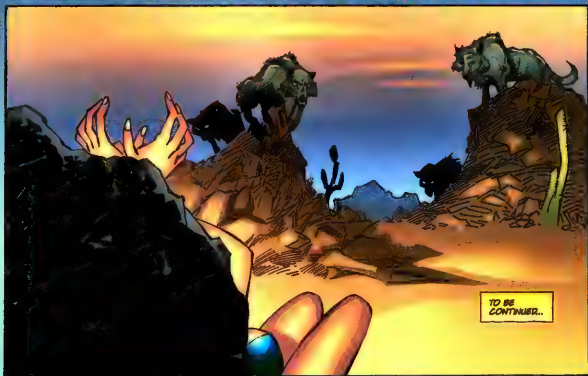
EVEN IF JOE NOTHRAID
HAS CHANGED...

I CAN'T BELIEVE
HE WOULD CHOOSE
GOLD OVER ME.

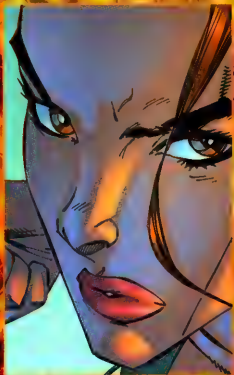
IF I KNOW JOE
NOTHRAID AT ALL,
I'M CERTAIN HE'LL
COME BACK...

GRRRL!!

I ONLY HOPE
IT'S QUITE
SOON.

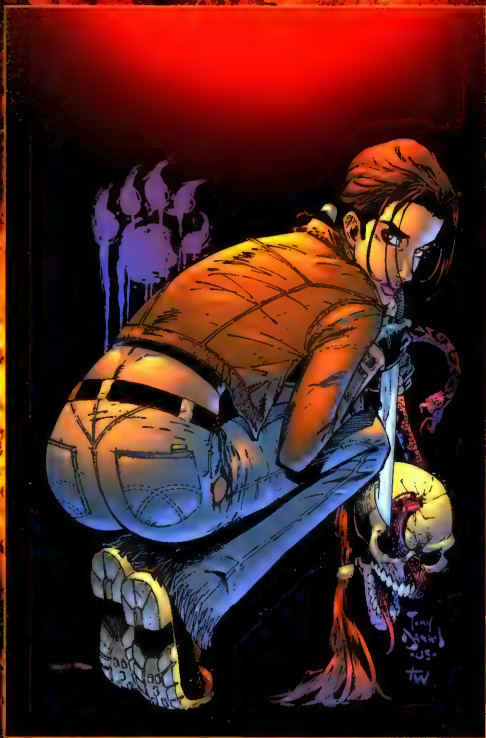


TO BE
CONTINUED..



Tomb Raider Issue #37

cover by: Tony Daniel and Tyson Wenger



Letter Box

Romney Molenaar
and Tony Daniel

Production Editor

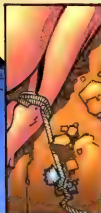
Tyson Wenger

Editors by: Robin Spehar, Dennis Hetsler and Mark Roslan

THE SUPERSTITION
MOUNTAINS, ARIZONA.

THE DESERT SUN,
AS HARSH AS THE
UNFORGIVING AS
THIS PLACE...

A PLACE OF LEGEND AND
DEATH, WHERE TIME SEEMS
TO STAND STILL...



WHERE THE SUN BLEACHES
THE BONES OF FOOLS WHO
DARED TO TEMPT FATE...



DRAWN BY THE
WIRE OF GOLD.

THE SUPERSTITIONS
ARE ABOUT TO CLAIM
YET ANOTHER VICTIM.




NAMELY THE WOMAN WHO LEFT
ME HERE TO DIE, IF I HAVE
ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT.





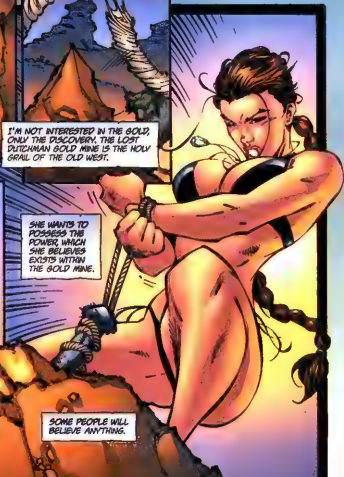
SHE CALLS HERSELF LADY JASMINE, AND SHE SEEMS TO HAVE A STRANGE CONTROL OVER THE MEN WHO FOLLOW HER...

GRRR!!!




SHE'S HERE IN THE SUPERSTITIONS FOR THE SAME REASON I AM, TO FIND THE LOST DUTCHMAN GOLD MINE.

MANY OF WHOM ARE NO LONGER BREATHING.



I'M NOT INTERESTED IN THE GOLD, ONLY THE DISCOVERY. THE LOST DUTCHMAN GOLD MINE IS THE HOLY GRAIL OF THE OLD WEST.



LADY JASMINE CLAIMS SHE'S NOT INTERESTED IN THE GOLD EITHER.

SHE WANTS TO POSSESS THE POWER, WHICH SHE BELIEVES EXISTS WITHIN THE GOLD MINE.

SOME PEOPLE WILL BELIEVE ANYTHING.



BONK!


NOW THAT I'VE TAKEN CARE OF
THE SCAVENGERS, IT'S TIME TO
TRACK DOWN THE VERMIN WHO
RODE OFF ON MY HORSE.

AND THEN I'VE GOT TO
FIND JOE NOTAFRAID.

AYY AYY AYY!


THE BLACK LEGION

PART III OF III



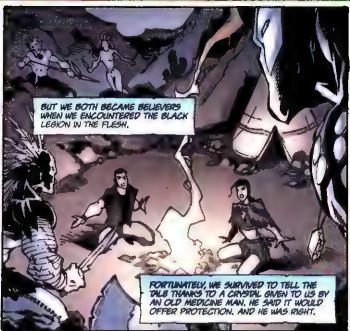
WE SHARE A HISTORY, JOE NOTAFRAID AND I. AND WE CAME TO THE SUPERSTITIONS WITH A COMMON GOAL.

JOE BELIEVED IN THE LEGEND OF THE LOST DUTCHMAN GOLD MINE. BUT HE REFUSED TO BELIEVE THE OTHER LEGENDS ABOUT THIS PLACE...



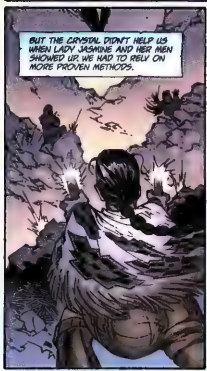
LEGENDS ABOUT A POWERFUL THUNDER GOD THAT DWELLS IN THESE MOUNTAINS.

AND LEGENDS ABOUT THE BLACK LEGION, MYSTICAL APACHE WARRIORS EXISTING BETWEEN TIME, WHO FOR CENTURIES SLAUGHTERED INTRUDERS...



BUT WE BOTH BECAME BELIEVERS WHEN WE ENCOUNTERED THE BLACK LEGION IN THE FLESH.

FORTUNATELY, WE SURVIVED TO TELL THE TALS THANKS TO A CRYSTAL GIVEN TO US BY AN OLD MEDICINE MAN. HE SAID IT WOULD OFFER PROTECTION. AND HE WAS RIGHT.



BUT THE CRYSTAL DIDN'T HELP US WHEN LADY JASMINE AND HER MEN SHOWED UP. WE HAD TO RELY ON MORE PROVEN METHODS.



SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY, JOE NOTAFRAID BEGAN ACTING STRANGELY.



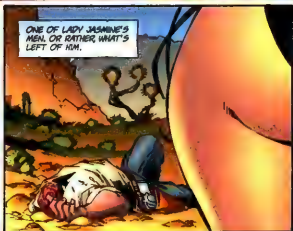
AND THEN, WHEN HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE WATCHING MY BACK, JOE NOTAFRAID SIMPLY DISAPPEARED.

THE REST, THEY SAY, IS HISTORY.

NOW, I WAS DRIVEN NOT BY
CURIOSITY... BUT BY REVENGE.



ONE OF LADY JASMINE'S
MEN. OR RATHER WHAT'S
LEFT OF HIM.



IT SEEMS THAT I'M NOT
THE ONLY ONE ON LADY
JASMINE'S TRAIL.



I WONDER IF THE BLACK
LEGION WILL GET TO HER
BEFORE I DO.



LADY JASMINE...!
I CAN'T FIND WILLIS!
HE JUST AIN'T BACK
THERE!

FORGET ABOUT
HIM, FOOL! WE'VE
GOT TO FIND
NOTAFRAID!

THE ONLY
REASON HE'D LEAVE
THE PRINCESS BEHIND
IS BECAUSE HE WANTED
THE GOLD FOR
HIMSELF.

AND HE
KNEW WHERE
IT WAS.

WOSH! WOSH!

WOSH! WOSH!

WPHUNK!

LOOKS LIKE
SOMEBODY WANTS
TO PLAY.







WELL THAT TAKES CARE
OF ONE PROBLEM.



GUNS CAN'T COMBAT
THE MYSTICAL POWERS
OF THE BLACK LEGION.



BUT THE
CRYSTAL...



THE CRYSTAL PROTECTS ME.
BUT THE OLD MEDICINE MAN
GAVE IT TO JOE NOTAFRAID,
WHO THEN GAVE IT TO ME.

COULD THERE BE SOMETHING
ELSE HERE THAT THE CRYSTAL
WARDS OFF? AND IS THAT
WHY THE BLACK LEGION
WARRIORS WEAR THEM AS
WELL? FOR PROTECTION?

THE DUTCHMAN'S MAP OF STONES HAD REVEALED THE LOCATION OF THE GOLD MINE... MOMENTS BEFORE JOE NOTHRAID PULVERIZED THEM WITH A PICKAXE.

I'M BETTING THAT'S WHERE HE'S GONE.

HMMPH...

I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SPROUT WINGS...

BUT I'VE GOT THE REFLEXES OF A CAT, AND AS MANY LIVES.

I GUESS IT'S JUST YOU AND ME NOW, PRINCESS.



THE PRECISE LOCATION OF THE
LOST DUTCHMAN GOLD MINE HAS
REMAINED A MYSTERY FOR OVER
A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS.

THE GENERAL AREA, HOWEVER,
HAS LONG BEEN KNOWN TO
THOSE WHO'VE SEARCHED FOR
THE DUTCHMAN'S GOLD.

NATURAL LANDMARKS WITHIN
THE SUPERSTITIONS WERE
SAID TO OFFER CLUES
ABOUT THE LOCATION OF
THE MINE. LANDMARKS SUCH
AS THREE RED HILLS, AND
WINDOW ROCK...

AND
WEAVER'S
NEEDLE.




HOW MANY HOLES HAVE
BEEN DUG HERE IN VAIN?

HOW MANY DYNAMITE
BLASTS HAVE TORN
THROUGH THE EARTH?

BECAUSE EVERYBODY
ASSUMED THE GOLD
WAS BELOW.

NOT
ABOVE.

THAT'S WHY THEY ALL
FAILED. THAT'S WHY
THEIR BONES LITTER
THE DESERT SAND.



THE DUTCHMAN'S GOLD LIES
SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE
NEEDLE. AND HOPEFULLY
I'LL FIND IT. ALONG WITH
JOE NOTAFRAID.

I'M BACK,
SWEET THING.
DID'JA MISS
ME?

ACTUALLY,
I WAS QUITE
LOOKING FORWARD
TO SEEING YOU
AGAIN.

WE CAN
SHARE A BIT OF
QUALITY TIME
TOGETHER.



OH, LOOK.
ANNIE'S STILL
GOT HER GUN.
THAT'S HARDLY WHAT
I'D CALL A FAIR
FIGHT.



FAIR
ENOUGH.



TOO BAD
FOR YOU I
DON'T FIGHT
FAIR!



WELL, NOW
THAT WE'VE GOT
THE RULES OUT OF
THE WAY...



RIGHT,
LET'S GET
STARTED.

ANYTHING
YOU SAY.

I'VE GOT TO
HAND IT TO YOU,
SUGARCANE, YOU
CAN HOLD YOUR
OWN.

I'M JUST
WARMING UP,
M'LADY.

WE'LL DON'T
HOLD BACK
ON MY...

ACCOUNT!



WHERE THE HELL...?

THE DUTCHMAN'S GOLD.

LOOKS LIKE WE HIT THE MOTHER LOBE, GIRLFRIEND.

WHAT THE HELL...?

HUMAN BEINGS...

SWALLOWED UP BY THE GOLD.

THOSE WRETCHES WHO DARED TRESPASS ON MY EARTHLY DOMAIN.

THEIR SOULS NOURISHED ME. KEPT ME FROM GROWING WEAK OVER MY LONG IMPRISONMENT. ALLOWED ME TO SURVIVE FOR THIS DAY...

THIS DAY OF FREEDOM!



WHAT'S
NOTAFRAID
BABBLING
ABOUT?

THAT ISN'T
JOE NOTAFRAID
SPEAKING.

HE'S BEEN
POSSESSED BY
THE THUNDER
GOD.

FOR EONS, I'VE
BEEN WAITING FOR
THE RIGHT VESSEL... THE
PERFECT COMBINATION
OF SPIRITUAL STRENGTH
AND A CORRUPTIBLE
HEART.

WITH THIS VESSEL,
I'LL BE ABLE TO LEAVE
THIS CURSED PLACE AND
VENTURE INTO THE WORLD OF
MAN. AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF
SOULS TO FEED UPON...
AND GROW EVER
STRONGER.



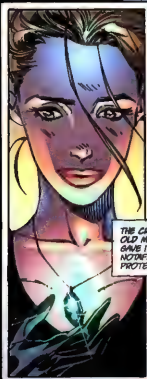
SUCH POWER.
IT MUST BE
EXHILARATING.
INTOXICATING.

I CAN HELP YOU.
BE YOUR LINK TO THE
OUTSIDE WORLD. IF I
CAN JUST TASTE YOUR
POWER...

OH, YOU
SHALL HELP
ME.



I REQUIRE
A BIT MORE
STRENGTH TO
LEAVE THIS
PLACE...

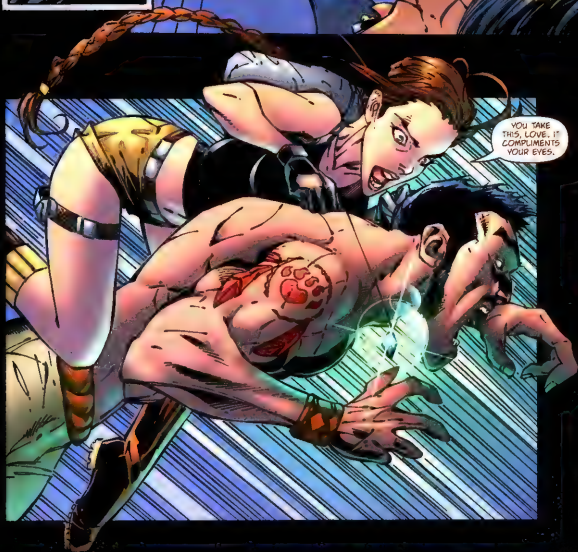


THE CRYSTAL, THE
OLD MEDICINE MAN
GAVE IT TO JOE
NOTAFRAID FOR
PROTECTION.



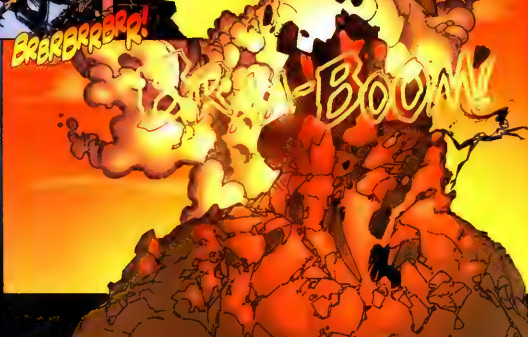
YOUR SOUL IS
FULL OF SUCH DARK
ENERGY. IT SHOULD
BE ENOUGH...

BUT I'LL HAVE
THE OTHER ONE AS
WELL, JUST TO
MAKE SURE...



YOU TAKE
THIS, LOVE. IT
COMPLIMENTS
YOUR EYES.







JOE... ARE YOU
ABSOLUTELY SURE
ABOUT THIS?

I'M SURE...
THAT THIS IS MY
DESTINY, LARA.

THE GOLD MINE
HAS TO BE
PROTECTED. NOT TO
GUARD THE FORTUNE
WITHIN, BUT TO KEEP THE
THUNDER GOD FROM
EVER ESCAPING.

BUT THERE
MUST BE
ANOTHER
WAY...

EXACTLY.
THERE'S GOTTA BE
OTHER WAYS FOR THE
BLACK LEGION TO KEEP
PEOPLE AWAY FROM THIS
SPOT WITHOUT HAVING
TO SLICE OFF HEADS.

I'M GONNA
SEE IF WE
CAN'T WORK
ON THAT.




I'LL LEARN
THEIR WAYS, AND
THEY'LL LEARN
MINE.

MORE
THAN A FAIR
TRADE.

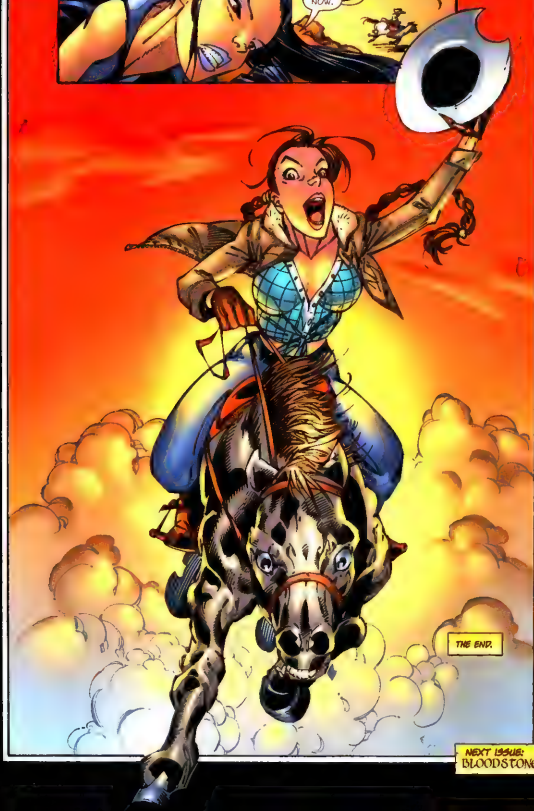
FAREWELL,
MORNING
DOVE.

FAREWELL, JOE
NOTAFRAID.



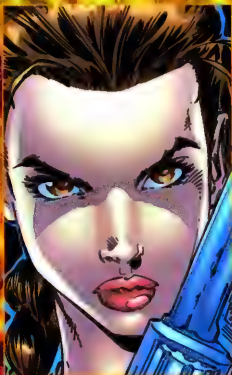
I DIDN'T KNOW IF WE'D EVER SEE
EACH OTHER AGAIN. BUT THAT DIDN'T
MATTER. BECAUSE WE SHARE A
HISTORY, JOE NOTAFRAID AND I.

AND I WAS
GRATEFUL FOR THAT.



THE END.

NEXT ISSUE:
BLOODSTONES



Tomb Raider Issue #38

cover by: Tony Daniel and Tyson Wengler



written by:

James Bormir

created by:

Wilson Tortosa

inks by:

Jonathan Sibai

colored by:

Tyson Wengler

lettered by: Robin Spehar, Dennis Hetsler and Mark Rothen



HOW DID
I GET HERE...?

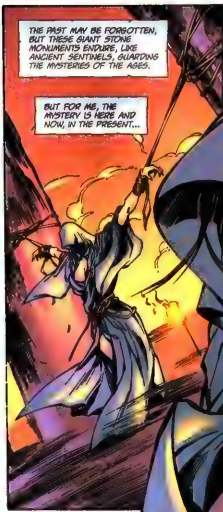


IT'S AS IF I WOKE
FROM A DEEP SLEEP
TO FIND MYSELF...



...AT THIS ANCIENT
SITE, THE SITE OF
MYSTICAL WORSHIP,
MYSTERIOUS RITUALS,
BLOOD SACRIFICES...

ALL PART OF
THE FORGOTTEN PAST.



THE PAST MAY BE FORGOTTEN,
BUT THESE GIANT STONE
MONUMENTS ENDURE, LIKE
ANCIENT SENTINELS, GUARDING
THE MYSTERIES OF THE AGES.

BUT FOR ME, THE
MYSTERY IS HERE AND
NOW, IN THE PRESENT...



WHAT AM
I DOING HERE?



OH, YOU THERE.

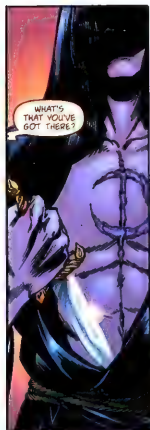
EXCUSE ME, SIR?



I'M A BIT CONFUSED. COULD YOU PLEASE TELL ME JUST HOW I GOT HERE?



THAT'S QUITE A NASTY SCAR



WHAT'S THAT YOU'VE GOT THERE?



DOES IT HAVE SOME SPECIAL SIGNIFICANCE?



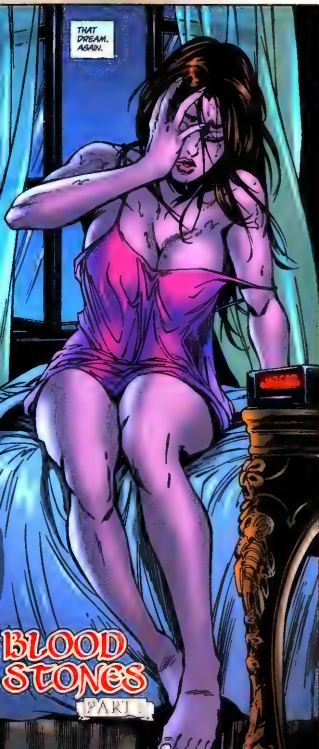
WAIT...



THERE'S BEEN SOME MIS...



AAAAHHHHH...



SOUTHERN
ENGLAND

SALISBURY PLAIN. A LOVELY,
OUT OF THE WAY PLACE,
JUST A FEW MILES WEST OF
AMESBURY, WILTSHIRE.

MY FATHER FIRST BROUGHT ME TO
STONEHENGE WHEN I WAS BARELY
THREE. STANDING IN THE GREAT
SARSEN CIRCLE, GAZING UP AT THE
TOWERING MEGALITHS IS, IN FACT,
ONE OF MY EARLIEST MEMORIES.

UNTIL RECENTLY,
THE SIGHT OF
STONEHENGE
ALWAYS FILLED ME
WITH WONDER...

BUT NOW... SINCE THE
DREAMS... IT MAKES
MY SKIN CRAWL...

THIS PLACE HAS DRAWN
PEOPLE TO IT FOR
THOUSANDS OF YEARS...

AND TODAY IS
NO EXCEPTION.

MADDIE LIVINGSTON, PH.D. HEAD OF THE ANCIENT CELTIC CULTURES DEPARTMENT AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY, AND A DEAR FRIEND.



LARA! I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT! THIS IS A TRULY EXCITING DISCOVERY!

A DISCOVERY MADE POSSIBLE BY BULLDOZERS. HARDLY YOUR TYPICAL ARCHEOLOGICAL DIG, MADDIE.



INITIALLY I WAS OPPOSED TO THIS HIGHWAY PROJECT, CONCERNED ABOUT THE EFFECTS IT MIGHT HAVE ON STONEHENGE. IRONICALLY, IT'S YIELDED AN INCREDIBLE FIND.

THE INSTANT I SAW IT, I KNEW THERE WAS ONE PERSON I HAD TO SHARE IT WITH. LARA CROFT!

I'M INTRIGUED.



THESE ARE TWO OF MY ASSISTANTS FROM THE UNIVERSITY. TREVOR DOYLE AND ANGELA TILLY. THIS IS LARA CROFT.

MISS CROFT, IT'S AN UNBELIEVABLE HONOR TO MEET YOU.

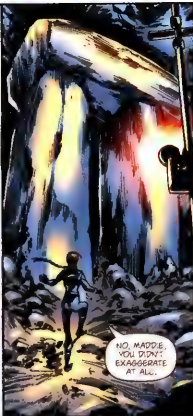
DR. LIVINGSTON HAS TOLD US SUCH INCREDIBLE STORIES ABOUT YOU.

YES, MANY STORIES INDEED.



WELL, I'D TAKE THEM ALL WITH A GRAIN OF SALT IF I WERE YOU. MADDIE'S A KNOWN EMBELLISHER.

WELL, I DIDN'T EXAGGERATE IN THIS CASE. TAKE A LOOK.



NO, MADDIE, YOU DIDN'T EXAGGERATE AT ALL.



DEFINITELY
BLUESTONE. IGNEOUS
ROCK. PROBABLY CARVED
FROM AN OUTCROP IN THE
PRESELI HILLS IN
PEMBROKESHIRE,
WALES.

JUST LIKE
STONEHENGE.

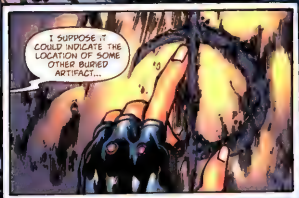


THE CARVING IS
UNUSUAL. I'VE NEVER
SEEN THAT SYMBOL
BEFORE IN CELTIC
LORE.

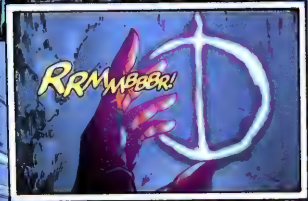
REALLY?
WHERE?

I'VE...
SEEN IT
BEFORE.

I'D...
RATHER
NOT SAY.



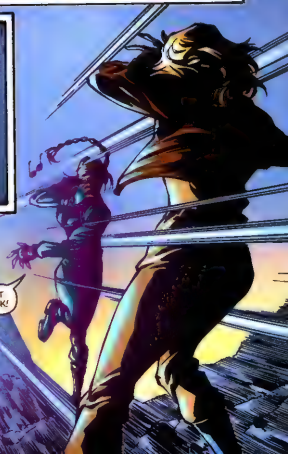
I SUPPOSE IT
COULD INDICATE THE
LOCATION OF SOME
OTHER BURIED
ARTIFACT...



RRRMBBRR!



RRRMBBRRRRRR!



GET
BACK!



BWONG!

RUMPH!

THE SYMBOL...

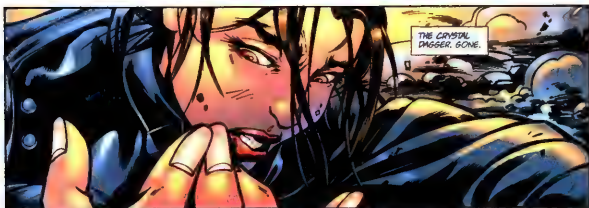
THE
CRYSTAL
DAGGER...

PART OF
A DREAM?





OR REALITY?

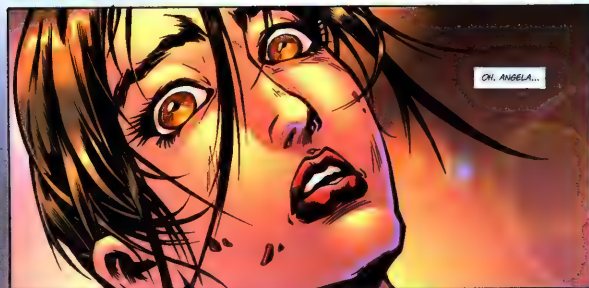


THE CRYSTAL
DAGGER. GONE.



MADDIE AND
TREVOR. GONE.

BUT ANGELA...?



OH, ANGELA...



THE DREAM...

IT'S BECOMING
REALITY.



SO THAT'S YOUR STORY THEN, IS IT, MISS CROFT?



THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED, INSPECTOR CASTLEBERRY.

IT SEEMS A BIT... IMPLAUSIBLE, IN SPOTS.

IMPLAUSIBLE TO YOU, MAYBE. BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T DOWN THERE.



YES, IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING TO BEHOLD, A GIANT STONE BLOCK SPLITTING ASUNDER, REVEALING A CRYSTAL DAGGER, TRULY EXTRAORDINARY.

BUT YOU DIDN'T SEE WHO STRUCK YOU FROM BEHIND? AND YOU DIDN'T SEE WHO SLAUGHTERED THAT POOR GIRL?

NO, INSPECTOR. I DIDN'T.

THAT'S A PITY.

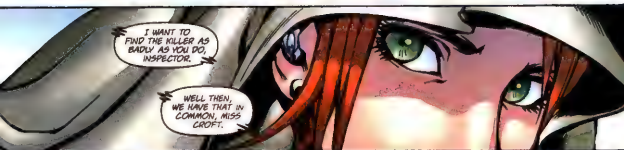
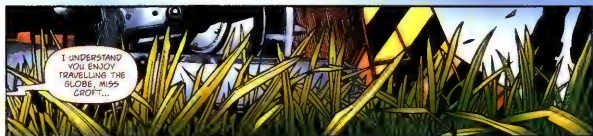


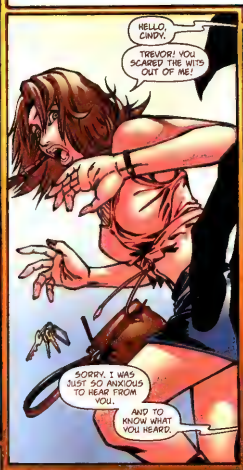
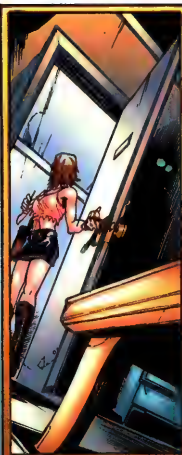
WHAT ABOUT THE CONSTRUCTION WORKERS? SURELY THEY MUST HAVE SEEN SOMETHING.

THEY ALL NOTICED YOUR ARRIVAL, TO BE SURE. BUT NONE OF THEM SAW ANYONE LEAVE THE DIS. NOT DR. LIVINGSTON, AND NOT MR. TREVOR DOYLE.

I FIND THAT IMPLAUSIBLE, INSPECTOR.

AS DO I, MISS CROFT. AS DO I.





HELLO,
CINDY.

TREVOR! YOU
SCARED THE WITS
OUT OF ME!

SORRY, I WAS
JUST SO ANXIOUS
TO HEAR FROM
YOU.

AND TO
KNOW WHAT
YOU HEARD.



NO WORRIES, THEY
TALKED ABOUT YOU A BIT.
BUT NOBODY SAW A THING.
THE COPS ARE PUTTING THE
SQUEEZE ON THAT RICH
PRINCESS.

SO NO ONE
SAW ME
LEAVE?

WENT OFF
JUST LIKE YOU
SAID IT WOULD
LOVE.



STILL... THE
LAW'S LIABLE TO
COME LOOKING
FOR YOU.

OF COURSE
THEY WILL.

AND I INTEND
TO LEAVE A
TRAIL FOR THEM
TO FOLLOW.

A TRAIL? WHA
YOU MEAN? LIKE
BREADCRUMBS?



SOMETHING
LIKE THAT.



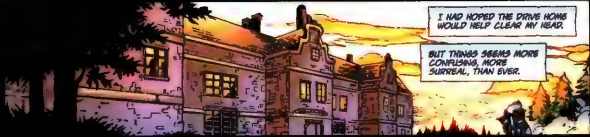
TREVOR...!

BUT... YOU SAID I'M TO BE PART OF IT!

YOU ARE DEAR.

TWO DOWN.

THREE TO GO.



I HAD HOPED THE DRIVE HOME
WOULD HELP CLEAR MY HEAD.

BUT THINGS SEEM MORE
CONFUSING, MORE
SURREAL, THAN EVER.

DREAMS ARE SUPPOSED TO
FADE IN THE WAKING HOURS,
RETRACTING INTO THE FOG
OF OUR SUBCONSCIOUS.

BUT MY DREAM IS BECOMING
MORE VIVID IN MY MIND THAN
EVER, AS IF IT WERE
CATCHING UP WITH ME.



AND REALITY IS STARTING
TO FEEL LIKE A DREAM.

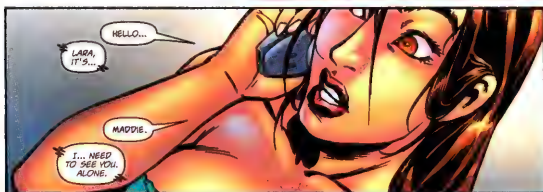
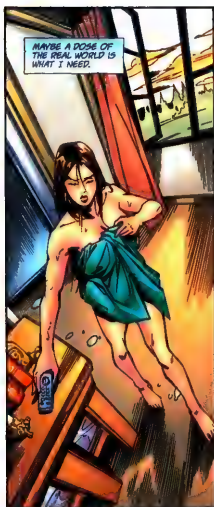


OR RATHER,
A NIGHTMARE.

WHEN WILL
I WAKE FROM THIS?

WILL IT TAKE THE STING
OF THE CRYSTAL DAGGER?





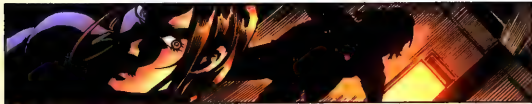


OLD FRIEND OR NOT, THIS
TIME I WAS GOING IN WITH
MY GUARD UP.



SORRY TO
BOTHER YOU,
INSPECTOR CASTLEBERRY,
BUT I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT
LIKE TO KNOW I'M ABOUT
TO MEET WITH AN OLD
FRIEND OF MINE...

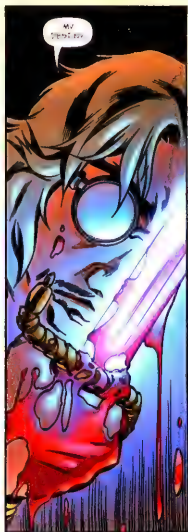
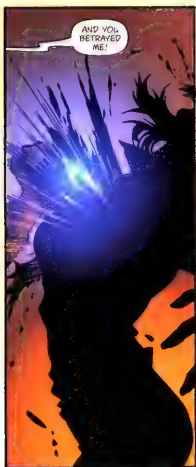
MADDIE?





REALITY!

BA-VA-SH!



IT'S TOO
SOON FOR
YOU.

BUT YOUR
TIME WILL
COME.

BAA-VOOSH!

KAA-BRASH!

VANISHED INTO THIN AIR,
JUST LIKE AT THE DIG.

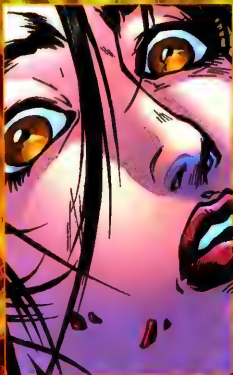


COULD THIS BE
A DREAM...?

OR HAS THE DREAM
BECOME REALITY.

IT'S BECOMING DIFFICULT
TO TELL THE TWO APART.

TO BE
CONTINUED..



Tomb Raider Issue #39

cover by: Wilson Tortosa, Jonathan Schall and Tyson Wenger



cover by:
James Bopp

cover by:
Wilson Tortosa

cover by:
Jonathan Schall

cover by:
Tyson Wenger

letters by: Robin Spehar, Dennis Heitsler and Mark Roslan

SOUTHERN
ENGLAND

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
DREAMS AND REALITY CAN
SOMETIMES BECOME BLURRED.

UNTIL YOU FIND YOURSELF STARRING AT
THE HARSH GLARE OF REALITY... IN THE
FORM OF A FRIEND'S DEAD BODY.

BUT IT ALL BEGAN
WITH A DREAM...

THE SAME DREAM, NIGHT AFTER
NIGHT. I WAS SACRIFICED AMONG THE
MEGALITHS OF STONEHENGE, STABBED
THROUGH THE HEART BY A CRYSTAL
DAGGER, WIELDED BY A FACELESS
DRUID, BEARING A STRANGE SYMBOL
CARVED INTO HIS CHEST.

THE SAME SYMBOL WHICH I FOUND
ETCHED INTO ONE OF THE MASSIVE
BLOCKS UNEARTHED AT SALISBURY
PLAIN, NEAR STONEHENGE.

AND WHEN I TOUCHED THE SYMBOL, THE
STONE BLOCK SHATTERED, REVEALING A
CRYSTAL DAGGER, THE SAME CRYSTAL
DAGGER FROM MY DREAM.

AND THE SAME CRYSTAL DAGGER
TREVOR DOYLE LATER USED TO STAB
MY FRIEND THROUGH THE HEART.

GOODBYE,
MADDIE.

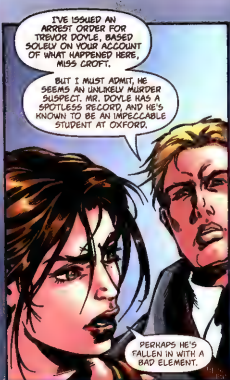


THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE MURDER WEAPON, I'M AFRAID.

THAT'S BECAUSE TREVOR DOYLE TOOK THE CRYSTAL DAGGER WITH HIM, INSPECTOR.

YOU MEAN, WHEN HE VANISHED INTO THIN AIR?

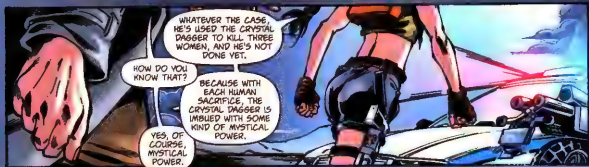
APPARENTLY.



I'VE ISSUED AN ARREST ORDER FOR TREVOR DOYLE, BASED SOLELY ON YOUR ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAPPENED HERE, MISS CROFT.

BUT I MUST ADMIT, HE SEEMS AN UNLIKELY MURDER SUSPECT. MR. DOYLE HAS A SPOTLESS RECORD, AND HE'S KNOWN TO BE AN IMPECCABLE STUDENT AT OXFORD.

PERHAPS HE'S FALLEN IN WITH A BAD ELEMENT.



WHATEVER THE CASE, HE'S USED THE CRYSTAL DAGGER TO KILL THREE WOMEN, AND HE'S NOT DONE YET.

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?

BECAUSE WITH EACH HUMAN SACRIFICE, THE CRYSTAL DAGGER IS IMBUED WITH SOME KIND OF MYSTICAL POWER.

YES, OF COURSE, MYSTICAL POWER.



MISS CROFT, UNTIL DOYLE IS APPREHENDED, I'D LIKE YOU TO REMAIN IN POLICE CUSTODY. IT'S FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION.

THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT. I'M MORE THAN CAPABLE OF PROTECTING MYSELF.

I'M AFRAID I MUST...



INSIST!

SORRY I CAN'T
ACCOMMODATE YOU,
INSPECTOR
CASTLEBERRY...

...BUT I'M OFF
TO FIND TREVOR
DOYLE.

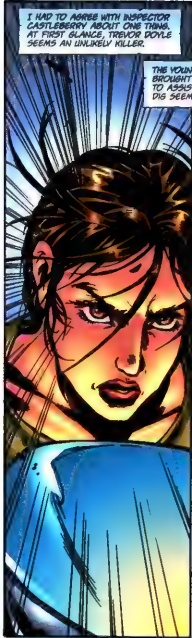
TA.

WOOMPH!


VROOOOM!

BLOOD
STONES

PART II



I HAD TO AGREE WITH INSPECTOR CASTLEBERRY ABOUT ONE THING. AT FIRST GLANCE, TREVOR DOYLE SEEMS AN UNLIKELY KILLER.



THE YOUNG MAN MADDIE LIVINGSTON BROUGHT ALONGS FROM THE UNIVERSITY TO ASSIST HER WITH THE SUBTERRANEAN DIG SEEMED COMPLETELY HARMLESS.



BUT WITH THE CRYSTAL DAGGER IN HIS HANDS, TREVOR DOYLE CHANGED.

MADDIE TOLD ME TREVOR CLAIMED HE SAW IT ALL IN A VISION. THE DISCOVERY OF THE CRYSTAL DAGGER, AND ULTIMATELY, MY OWN BLOOD SACRIFICE AT STONEHENGE.

THAT WAS MOMENTS BEFORE HE STABBED HER THROUGH THE HEART WITH THE CRYSTAL DAGGER, GAINING EVEN MORE POWER.



TREVOR DOYLE MUST BE STOPPED...

BEFORE HE BECOMES UNSTOPPABLE.

SALISBURY PLAIN,
SOUTHERN ENGLAND

ONE
MORE
DAY.

ONE
MORE
DAWN.

AND THEN THE
ANCIENT POWER
WILL BE FULLY
REALIZED.

THE POWER THAT
CARVED THOSE
MASSIVE STONES FROM
OUT OF THE EARTH, AND
CARRIED THEM LIKE SO
MANY FEATHERS IN THE
WIND TO THIS
SACRED SITE.

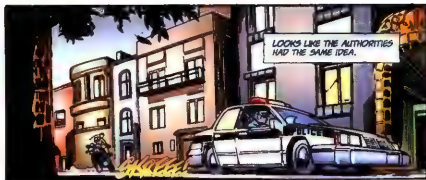
THE VISION
IS BECOMING
REALITY.

JUST TWO
MORE
SACRIFICES
TO GO.

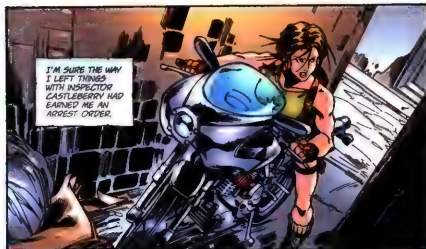


WITH MY TRAVELLING LAPTOP, I WAS ABLE TO ACCESS OXFORD UNIVERSITY'S ENROLLMENT RECORDS AND CAME UP WITH TREVOR DOYLE'S LAST KNOWN ADDRESS.

THOUGH I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND HIM THERE, IT MIGHT PROVE WORTHWHILE TO TAKE A LOOK.



LOOKS LIKE THE AUTHORITIES HAD THE SAME IDEA.



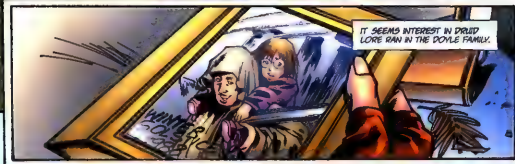
I'M SURE THE WAY I LEFT THINGS WITH INSPECTOR CASTLEBERRY HAD EARNED ME AN ARREST ORDER.



BEST FLY UNDER THE RADAR.

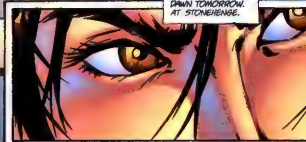
BESIDES, I'M QUITE USED TO GAINING ENTRY THE HARD WAY.



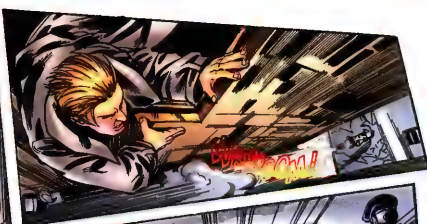


JUNE 21ST. THAT'S TOMORROW.
THE SUMMER SOLSTICE.

THAT'S WHERE I'LL
FIND TREVOR DOYLE.
DAWN TOMORROW.
AT STONEHENGE.











I SUPPOSE THE WISEST THING WOULD BE TO DRIVE AS FAST AS POSSIBLE IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING THAT DAWN IS NOW A LITTLE MORE THAN AN HOUR AWAY.

BUT I CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM THE DREAM. SO I INTEND TO CONFRONT IT HEAD ON.



THE SUMMER SOLSTICE REGULARLY BRINGS OUT HORDES OF WANNABE DRUIDS.

AT LEAST THEY'RE STILL BREATHING.



SO NOW TREVOR DOYLE HAS THE POWER TO RENDER GROUPS OF PEOPLE UNCONSCIOUS. LOVELY.





NOT EXACTLY THE WAY IT
HAPPENED IN MY DREAM.

BUT I'M FLEXIBLE.



ALL RIGHT, BOYS, WHERE'S
TREVOR DOYLE?



RIGHT
BEHIND
YOU.



AA-VOOSH!

PHUMPH!



HOW...
DID I GET
HERE?

YOUR DESTINY
BROUGHT YOU
HERE, LARA CROFT.
JUST AS MINE
DID.



THESE LIVING
ROCKS WERE DRAWN
TO YOUR ENERGY. THEY
ABSORBED BUT A
PARTICLE OF IT WHEN
YOU CAME HERE AS A
CHILD.

ENOUGH TO
REMEMBER
YOU.

THIS THEY
WHISPERED
TO ME.



I COME FROM A
LONG LINE OF
DRUIDS. SACRED
RITUALS WERE PASSED
ON TO ME.

MY GRANDFATHER
FORETOLD THAT I
WOULD BE THE ONE TO
UNLOCK THE POWER OF
STONEHENGE. THAT I
WOULD HARNESS THE
POWER.

THAT I WOULD
BECOME THE
POWER!

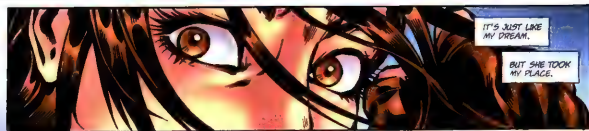
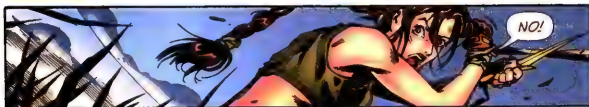
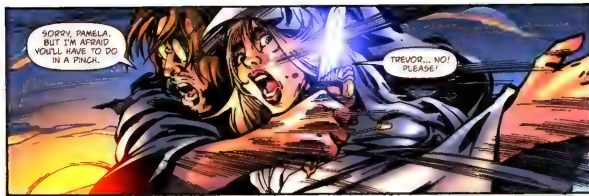


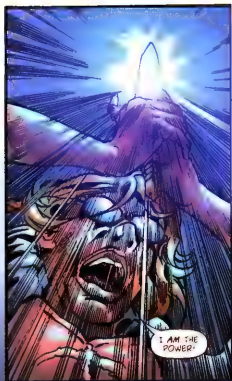
AND THAT TIME
HAS FINALLY
COME.



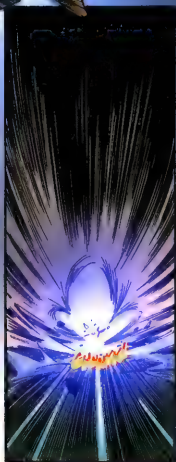
TIME TO FULFILL
THE DESTINY, LARA
CROFT.

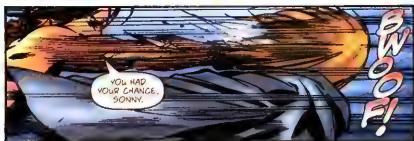
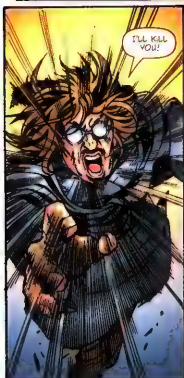












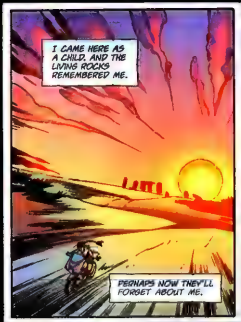
IT SEEMS YOU WERE RIGHT, MISS CROFT, ABOUT EVERYTHING. EVEN THE PART ABOUT THE MYSTICAL ENERGY.

SOME THINGS YOU HAVE TO SEE TO BELIEVE, INSPECTOR CASTLEBERRY. TAKE IT FROM ME.

DOYLE'S TWO SURVIVING FRIENDS ARE EAGER TO TALK. IT SHOULDN'T BE DIFFICULT TO SEND HIM AWAY FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE.

THEN I'D SAY HE'S GETTING OFF EASY.





THE END

NEXT ISSUE: LARA
COMES FACE TO FACE
WITH... CHASE CARVER!



Tomb Raider Issue #40

cover by: Greg Land, Jay Leisten and Justin Bonser



written by
Dennis Boner

scripted by
Edward David

scripted by
Edward David

illustrated by
Tyson Wenger

lettered by Robin Spehar, Dennis Heisler and Mark Roslan

CENTRAL
NEW GUINEA.

IN MY LIFE, I'VE SEEN
MANY STRANGE THINGS...

THINGS MOST PEOPLE
WOULDN'T BELIEVE.

NOT UNLESS THEY SAW
THEM WITH THEIR OWN
EYES. AND EVEN THEN...

...THEY STILL MIGHT HAVE
THEIR DOUBTS. OR EVEN
DOUBT THEIR OWN SANITY.

THUD!

KRETSCH!

WHICH IS SOMETHING
I CAN RELATE TO AT
THE MOMENT.



THINGS HAVE GOTTEN SO STRANGE!
SO FAST, IT ALMOST SEEMS LIKE A
DREAM. OR RATHER, A NIGHTMARE.

ONLY A FEW HOURS AGO, I WAS HEADED
TO SOUTHERN NEW GUINEA TO SEARCH
FOR A FABLED LOST TEMPLE. NOTHING
TOO UNUSUAL THERE.

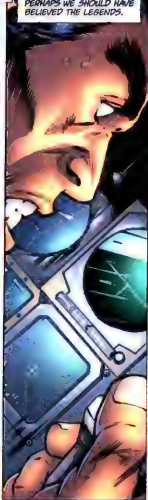
RACUL AND I WERE FLYING OVER A REGION
KNOWN AS THE ZONE OF DEATH, NEW
GUINEA'S VERSION OF THE BERMUDEA
TRIANGLE. DURING WORLD WAR II, THIS
AREA CLAIMED SCORES OF AIRCRAFT.

THE LOCAL TRIBESMEN HAVE
AVOIDED THIS REGION FOR
CENTURIES. THEY BELIEVE IT TO
BE CURSED BY AN EVIL SPIRIT.

PERHAPS WE SHOULD HAVE
BELIEVED THE LEGENDS.

THE ZONE OF DEATH CLAIMED
ONE MORE
AIRCRAFT...

...AND ONE
MORE LIFE.



I BURIED A DEAR
FRIEND, AND THEN
SET OUT ON FOOT.

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE
I ENCOUNTERED... IT. AT
FIRST, I THOUGHT IT WAS
BALL LIGHTNING.

KK-TSHASH!

UNTIL IT SEEMED TO
BECOME AWARE OF
MY PRESENCE...

KK-TSHASH!

AND
ATTACKED.

KK-TSHASH!

IT SEEMS QUITE
INTENT ON
DESTROYING ME, AS
FOR WHAT IT IS...

I'LL CONCERN
MYSELF WITH THAT
CONUNDRUM LATER.



WHOA!

BLOODY HELL.

WORTH A TRY, I GUESS.

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

KKISH-CHOOOM!

AAAAHHH...

GIVE YA A HAND THERE, RED?



CHASE...?!

HEY, DARLIN'.
D'JA MISS
ME?

THIS HAS
TO BE A
DREAM!



BUT...
YOU'RE...

WE CAN CHITCHAT
LATER, SUNSHINE.
RIGHT NOW, YOU AND
I GOTTA...

RUN!

HOW CAN THIS
BE HAPPENING?

PERHAPS I CAN ACCEPT THE
EXISTENCE OF THAT FLYING INFERNO
THING CHASING AFTER ME...

BUT I CAN'T ACCEPT
THAT CHASE CARVER IS
HERE WITH ME NOW.

BECAUSE THAT
JUST CAN'T BE.



CHASE CARVER SWEEPED ME OFF MY FEET WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND A BIT NAÏVE. HE WAS A HANDSOME, CHARMING ROGUE, HUNGRY FOR A BIG SCORE.

I SOON LEARNED THAT I WAS PART OF THAT BIG SCORE.

CHASE CARVER USED ME, STOLE FROM ME, HURT ME DEEPER THAN ANY MAN, BEFORE OR SINCE. I NEVER WANTED TO SEE HIM AGAIN.

BUT LATER IN NEPAL, CHASE CARVER AND I COLLIDED HEAD ON. WE WERE BOTH AFTER THE SAME THING, THE FABLED MEDUSA MASK.

AS DISASTEROUS AS I FOUND IT, WE WERE FORCED TO WORK TOGETHER.

WE WENT ON TO HAVE MORE THAN OUR SHARE OF ADVENTURES. NOT TO MENTION CLOSE CALLS. THOUGH IT DIDN'T ERASE THE PAST, WE ONCE AGAIN GREW CLOSER.

AND JUST WHEN I BEGAN TO DISCOVER THE LOVE I HAD FOR THE MAN, CHASE CARVER HAD A CLOSE CALL HE WASN'T ABLE TO DODGE...

I BURIED CHASE CARVER, ALONG WITH A PIECE OF MY HEART, IN A HONDURAS JUNGLE.

AND I MOVED ON.



SO HOW COULD
CHASE CARVER BE
HERE WITH ME NOW?

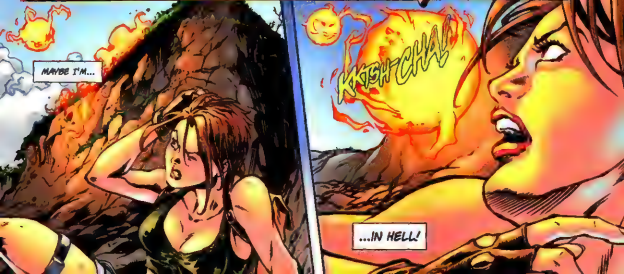
HOW?

KKTSH!

UNLESS...

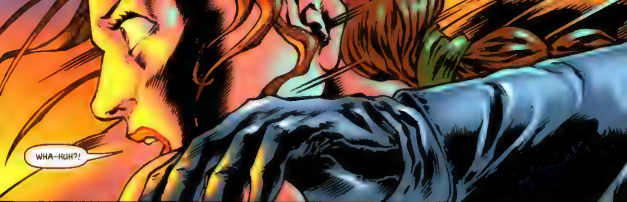


I DIDN'T SURVIVE
THE PLANE CRASH.



MAYBE I'M...

...IN HELL!





WHO ARE YOU?
OR PERHAPS, MORE
TO THE POINT...
WHAT ARE YOU?

DIDJA TAKE A
KNOCK ON THE
NOBBIN? WHO DO
I LOOK LIKE?

I KNOW WHO
YOU SEEM TO
BE...

...BUT THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE

"THERE'S NO
SUCH THING AS
IMPOSSIBLE." ISN'T
THAT WHAT YOU TOLD
ME BACK IN
HONDURAS?

YES, I DID, AND
NOT LONG AFTER
THAT, I BURIED YOU
THERE.

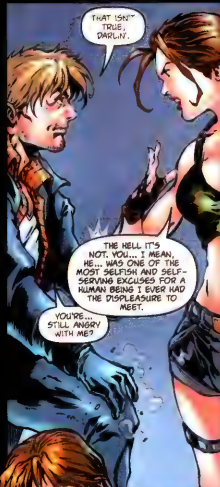
SO HOW
CAN YOU BE
HERE?

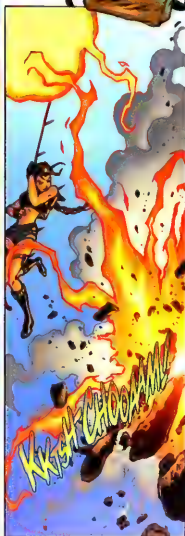
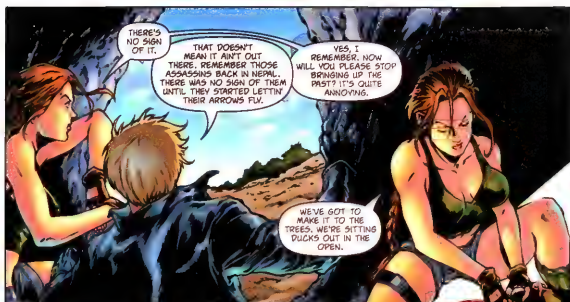
LOOK, RED, I
AIN'T EXACTLY SURE
HOW I GOT HERE.
BUT I DO KNOW
WHY I'M HERE.

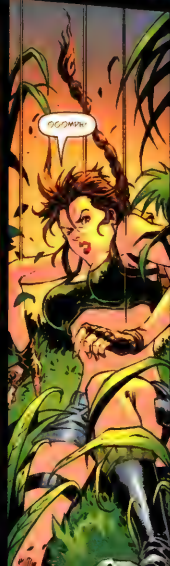
LET'S START
WITH THAT
THEN.

I'M HERE TO
HELP YA.

WELL THAT
PROVES YOU'RE NOT
CHASE CARVER.
BECAUSE HE NEVER
HELPED ANYBODY BUT
HIMSELF.









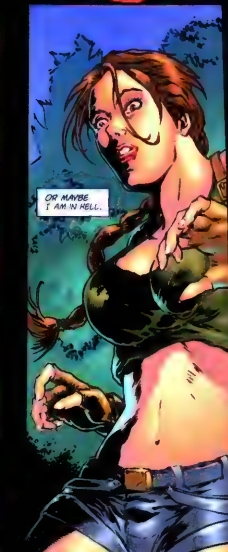
MAYBE BECAUSE I'M
THE ONLY HUMAN
BEING HERE.

KKTSHA-
VAVOOSHI!

MAYBE THAT THING BACK
THERE... THAT THING THAT
LOOKS LIKE CHASE, ACTS
LIKE CHASE, EVEN SMELLS
LIKE CHASE...

KKTSHTSHISH

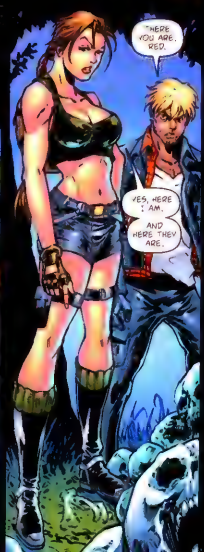
MAYBE IT'S
NOT HUMAN.



OR MAYBE
I AM IN HELL.



LARA! WHERE
THE HELL ARE
YOU?



"HERE
YOU ARE.
RED."

YES, HERE
I AM.
AND THEY
ARE.



UNDOUBTEDLY, PEOPLE LIKE ME WHO CRASHED HERE, WHO WERE TOYED WITH, PUT THROUGH THE SAME DEMONIC GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK...

BEFORE THEY WERE FINALLY FRIED BY THAT INFERNO OUT THERE.

WELL, UNLIKE THEM, DARLIN', YOU STILL HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE.

I WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING YOU KNOW!

WHAT IS THAT THING OUT THERE?!

YOUR DEATH... UNLESS YOU LET ME HELP YOU.



YOU'RE HIDING SOMETHING! YOU'VE GOT YOUR OWN AGENDA! YOU'RE PLAYING GAMES WITH ME!

MAYBE YOU ARE CHASE CARVER AFTER ALL!

YOU'RE LOSIN' YOUR HEAD, RED.



WRONG, I'M LOSING YOU



AS SOON AS I GOT AWAY FROM YOU, I GOT AWAY FROM THAT THING. FOR ALL I KNOW, YOU'RE DRAWING IT TO ME.

SO LONG, CHASE CARVER



MAYBE I AM
LOSING MY MIND...

BECAUSE PART OF ME IS
BEGINNING TO BELIEVE THAT
HE REALLY IS CHASE CARVER.



ALL OF THE ANGER I'VE BEEN CARRYING
AROUND INSIDE ME... ALONG WITH THE
FEELINGS OF LOSS... THEY'VE BEEN
BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE. OLD WOUNDS
TORN OPEN AND MADE FRESH.



CAN I REALLY LEAVE HIM BEHIND,
NOT KNOWING WHETHER OR NOT
HE'S REALLY CHASE?

CAN I LIVE
WITH THAT?



AND WHAT IF HE'S TELLING THE
TRUTH? WHAT IF I REALLY DO
NEED HIM TO SURVIVE THIS?



I GUESS I'LL
SOON FIND OUT.

KKTSHTSH!



LARA!

IT'LL
KILL YOU,
LARA!

YOU'VE
GOTTA COME
TO ME!

KKTSHTSH!

CHASE...
I... CAN'T.

KKTSHTSH!

IT WANTS YOU
WEAK. YOU HAVE TO
BE STRONG, LARA,
AND YOU HAVE TO
TRUST ME.

COME TO ME,
LARA! DO IT!
NOW!

NOOOO!

KKTSHTSH!

KKTSHTSH!

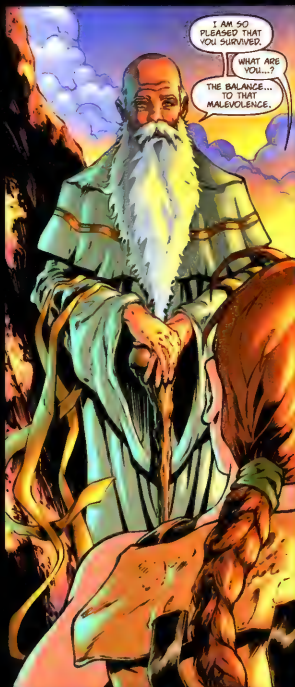




THIS IS
CHASE
CARVER.

THE CHASE CARVER I
WANT TO BELIEVE IN.





I AM SO PLEASED THAT YOU SURVIVED.

WHAT ARE YOU...?

THE BALANCE... TO THAT MALEVOLENCE.



JIN AND YANG.

IT HAS EXISTED HERE SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME, AND SO HAVE I.

THOUGH I TAKE ON MANY DIFFERENT GUISES, MY PURPOSE IS ALWAYS THE SAME. TO HELP THOSE TRAPPED HERE.



WHY DID YOU BECOME CHASE CARVER?

I PEERED INTO YOUR MEMORIES AND KNEW HE WAS THE ONE PERSON YOU HAVE LONGED TO SEE AGAIN.




AND NOW HE'S GONE.

AGAIN.



YOU AIN'T GONNA WALK AWAY WITHOUT SAYIN' GOODBYE, ARE YA, DARLIN'?



I NEVER DID GET A CHANCE
TO SAY GOODBYE TO CHASE
WHEN HE WAS ALIVE...



OR TELL HIM THAT
I LOVED HIM.



THIS IS THE CHASE CARVER
I WANT TO BELIEVE IN.



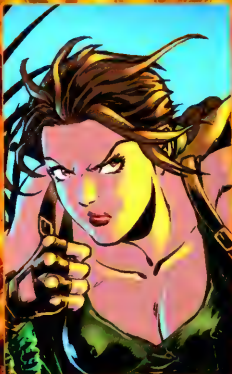
GOODBYE,
CHASE.

I LOVE
YOU.



THE END

NEXT ISSUE:
THE SPIRIT WALKER.



Tomb Raider Issue #41

cover by: Greg Land, Jay Leisten and Justin Ponsor



cover by:
James Bost

cover by:
William Tortosa

cover by:
James Bost

cover by:
Tyson Weng

letters by: Robin Spehar, Dennis Hetsler and Mark Roslan

MAUI, HAWAII.

PARADISE.

AFTER WHAT I WENT THROUGH
IN NEW GUINEA, THIS IS JUST
WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED.



WHEN YOU UNEXPECTEDLY COME FACE
TO FACE WITH SOMEONE YOU LOVED,
WHO IS IN FACT DEAD AND BURIED, IT
TENDS TO SHAKE YOUR WORLD A BIT."

"THAT WOULD BE
CHASE CARVER.
LAST ISSUE - SCOTT"



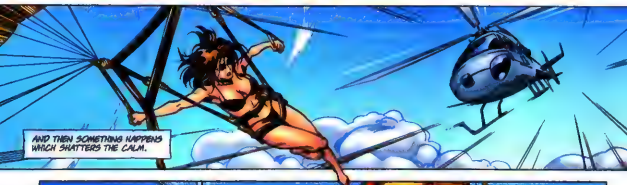
THIS IS MY CHANCE TO
UNWIND AND REGROUP.





SOMETIMES IT'S NECESSARY TO
TAKE A LITTLE TIME FOR YOURSELF.
TO GET YOUR BEARINGS...

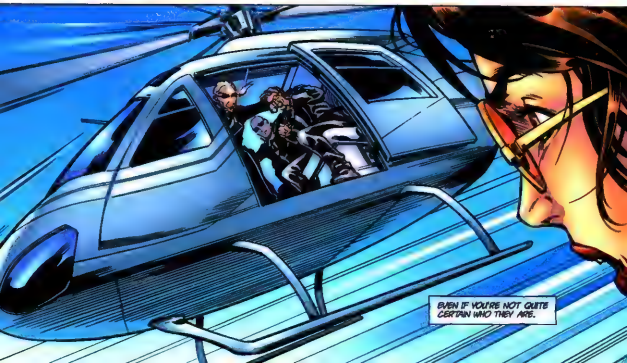
RE-EVALUATE YOUR
PLACE IN THE WORLD.




AND THEN SOMETHING HAPPENS
WHICH SHATTERS THE CALM.



SUCH AS, THE SUDDEN
APPEARANCE OF AN ENEMY.



EVEN IF YOU'RE NOT QUITE
CERTAIN WHO THEY ARE.



IT'S ALWAYS BEST TO ERROR
ON THE SIDE OF CAUTION.

FIND SAFE HAVEN
WHEREVER YOU CAN.

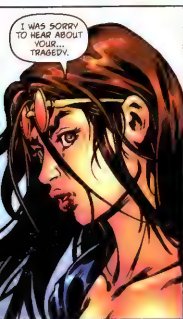
THE SAFETY
OF THE DEER

THOUGH NOT QUITE DEEP ENOUGH
TO ESCAPE A RIFLE'S BULLET.

DYING IN PARADISE.
I SUPPOSE THERE ARE
WORSE WAYS TO GO.

I'M SORRY IF
WE FRIGHTENED YOU,
MISS CROFT, BUT MR.
AULGOOD WOULD LIKE
TO MEET WITH YOU.







I'M GOING OUT FOR A SWIM, UNCLE.

JASON, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET SOMEONE. THIS IS LARA CROFT.



IT'S... A... PLEASURE... TO... A...

PLEASURE TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE AS WELL, JASON.



I DO HOPE YOU'RE NOT GOING SURFING, JASON. YOU KNOW HOW I WORRY.



YOU WORRY ABOUT ME TOO MUCH, UNCLE.



JASON IS MY ONLY SURVIVING RELATIVE. UPON MY DEATH, HE WILL INHERIT EVERYTHING. MY ENTIRE CORPORATE EMPIRE.


MR. AULGOOD, APART FROM YOUR BUSINESS HISTORY WITH MY FATHER, IS THERE SOME OTHER REASON YOU WANTED TO MEET WITH ME?



HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE SPIRIT WALKER, MISS CROFT?

NO, I DON'T BELIEVE I HAVE.

IT'S A FASCINATING TALE.



"THE SPIRIT WALKER WAS A MYSTICAL ABORIGINE CHARM, SAID TO BE FIVE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

"IT WAS USED IN SACRED RITUALS. IT WAS SAID TO POSSESS INCREDIBLE POWERS.

"IN 1713, THE SPIRIT WALKER WAS CLAIMED FOR ENGLAND BY CAPTAIN JOHN CARDIFF OF THE BRITISH NAVAL VESSEL H.M.S. GRIFFIN.

"CLAIMED AFTER HE MASSACRED AN ENTIRE TRIBE OF ABORIGINES TO GET IT.



"ON THE VOYAGE BACK TO ENGLAND, A VIOLENT STORM CAUSED THE GRIFFIN TO RUN AGROUND ON A ROCKY NEW ZEALAND COAST.



"THE CREW BLAMED THE STORM ON THE THEFT OF THE SPIRIT WALKER, AND THEY TURNED THEIR FURY ON CAPTAIN CARDIFF.

"IT WAS SAID THAT CAPTAIN CARDIFF HID THE SPIRIT WALKER SHORTLY BEFORE HIS CREW CAME UPON HIM. THEY BEAT HIM TO DEATH, THEN STRUNG UP HIS CORPSE TO ROT.

"AND THE SPIRIT WALKER HAS YET TO BE FOUND TO THIS DAY."

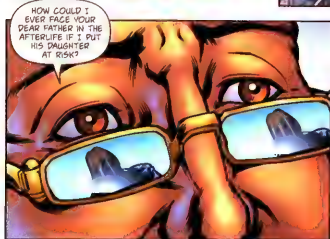


A FASCINATING
TALE INDEED.

I THOUGHT IT
MIGHT PIQUE YOUR
INTEREST.

AND I THINK YOU'RE
JUST THE PERSON TO
FIND THE SPIRIT WALKER...
FOR ME.

AND YOU
WANT IT...
WHY?

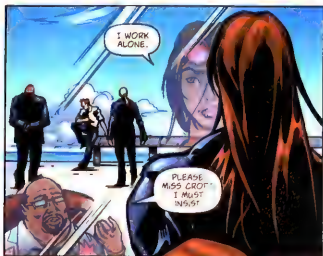


HOW COULD I
EVER FACE YOUR
DEAR FATHER IN THE
AFTERLIFE IF I PUT
HIS DAUGHTER
AT RISK?



I HAVE A LARGE
CORPORATE PRESENCE IN
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA. I'D VERY
MUCH LIKE TO RETURN THE SPIRIT
WALKER TO THE ABORIGINE
PEOPLE AS A GESTURE OF
GOODWILL.

I'LL OUTFIT YOU WITH
WHATEVER YOU NEED, AND
YOU'LL BE ACCOMPANIED BY MY
MAN, HOLLISTER, ALONG WITH
TWO OF MY BEST OPERATIVES,
MR. GEARNS AND MR.
FIELDS.



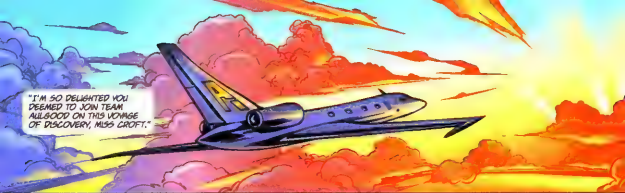
I WORK
ALONE.

PLEASE
MISS CROFT
I MUST
INSIST



ALL RIGHT,
MR. AULGOOD.
WE'LL DO IT
YOUR WAY.

PLEASE, CALL
ME BRAD. ALL MY
FRIENDS DO.



"I'M SO DELIGHTED YOU
DEARED TO JOIN TEAM
AULGOOD ON THIS VOYAGE
OF DISCOVERY, MISS CROFT."



I HAVE BEEN MR.
AULGOOD'S EMPLOYEE FOR
OVER A DECADE, AND I CAN
HONESTLY SAY THAT I'VE NEVER
SEEN THE GOOD GENTLEMAN
HAPPIER THAN WHEN WE
LEFT HIM.

TICKLED PINK AT THE
PROSPECT OF OBTAINING
THE SPIRIT WALKER, IS HE,
HOLLISTER?

BECAUSE HE KNOWS
WHAT IT WILL MEAN TO
AUSTRALIA'S INDIGENOUS
PEOPLE WHEN HE RETURNS
THEIR SACRED RELIC TO
THEM.

MR. AULGOOD
LIVES TO SERVE HIS
FELLOW MAN. HE'S ONE
OF THE MOST GENEROUS
MEN ON EARTH.

NOT TO
MENTION ONE OF
THE RICHEST.

WELL, OF
COURSE. AFTER ALL,
IT'S DIFFICULT FOR A
PAUPER TO BE A
PATRON, EH, MISS
CROFT?



THAT'S
SOMETHING MY
FATHER USED
TO SAY.

MR. AULGOOD
OFTEN QUOTES
LORD CROFT.

FORGIVE ME, MISS
CROFT. I MEANT NO
DISRESPECT.



IT'S TRUE MY FATHER
HAD NUMEROUS
BUSINESS DEALINGS
WITH J. BRADLEY
AULGOOD.

BUT HE NEVER
TRUSTED HIM.

STILL, THIS WAS A
TREASURE HUNT I
COULDN'T PASS UP.



HOPEFULLY THE CLUES LIE WITHIN THIS
JOURNAL, PENNED BY THE FIRST MATE OF
THE H.M.S. GRIFFIN, ONE DANIEL SWEETMAN.
AULGOOD HANDED IT TO ME MOMENTS
BEFORE OUR DEPARTURE FROM HAWAII.



ACCORDING TO FIRST MATE SWEETMAN, THE BRITISH SHIP SLEW FOR SHAGLAND FROM SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA UNDER CLEAR SKIES, BUT SOON A POWERFUL STORM APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE AND BLEW THE VESSEL OFF COURSE.

THE SHIP WRECKED OFF THE COAST OF NEW ZEALAND'S SOUTH ISLAND, NEAR THE REGION KNOWN AS FLOODLAND.

BELIEVING THAT THEIR FATE WAS DUE TO AN ABORIGINAL CURSE PLACED UPON THEM BECAUSE OF THE STOLEN CANON, FIRST MATE SWEETMAN LED THE OTHER MUTINEERS IN PURSUIT OF CAPTAIN CARDIFF.

SWEETMAN SPOTTED CARDIFF CLIMBING DOWN A STEEP HILLSIDE IN A REGION LINED WITH SHEER ROCK WALLS, AND LED THE MUTINEERS IN PURSUIT.

WHEN THEY CAUGHT UP WITH CARDIFF, SWEETMAN AND THE MUTINEERS DID THEIR BEST TO CONVINCE THE CAPTAIN TO SURVIVE THE SPIRIT WALKERS, BUT CAPTAIN CARDIFF REMAINED DEFIANT.

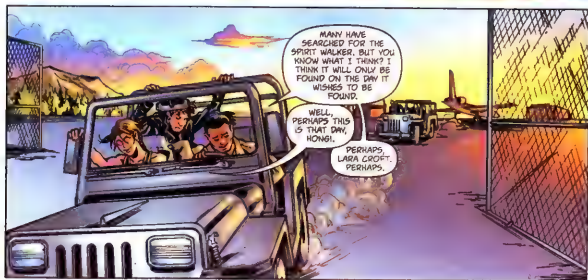
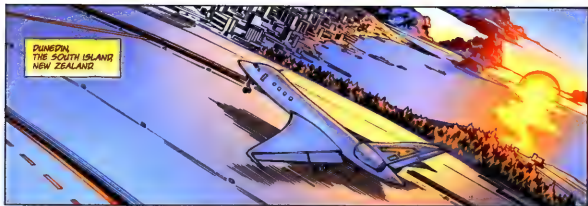
...TO THE END.

THE MUTINEERS CONTINUED SEARCHING FOR THE SPIRIT WALKERS FOR A TIME, BUT THEY SOON BEGAN FIGHTING AGAINST THEMSELVES AND SPLIT UP INTO FACTIONS.

EVENTUALLY, THE BRITISH NAVY TRACKED THEM ALL DOWN.

AFTER LOSING SIGHT OF CAPTAIN CARDIFF, THE MUTINEERS CAME ACROSS A GROUP OF MAORI TROUPEMEN. THE ENCOUNTER ENDED PEACEFULLY, WITH THE MAORI POINTING THE MUTINEERS IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION. THEY SEEMED TO SENSE THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT WALKERS.

IF THERE INDEED WAS AN ABORIGINAL CURSE PLACED ON THE CREW OF THE H.M.S. GRIFFIN, IT SEEMED TO DO THE TRICK.





MY PEOPLE, THE MAORI, CAME TO THIS LAND IN THE GREAT FLEET OVER A THOUSAND YEARS AGO. WE CALLED NEW ZEALAND, AOTEAROA, WHICH MEANS "THE LONG WHITE CLOUD."



AND THEN CAME THE INTREPID CAPTAIN JAMES COOK IN 1769.

YES, THE FIRST PAKEHA, PALE-SKIN STRANGERS, TO SET FOOT IN THESE ISLANDS. AND THE FIRST TO SPILL BLOOD OF THE MAORI.



BUT NOT THE LAST.

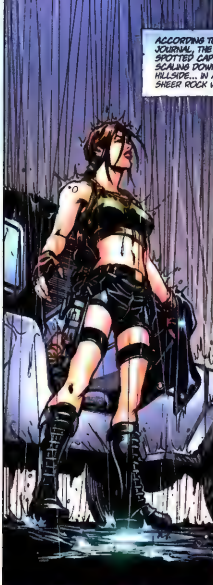




THE ROAD TO
MILDFORD.
SPECTACULAR, DON'T
YOU THINK?

YES, QUITE
SPECTACULAR.

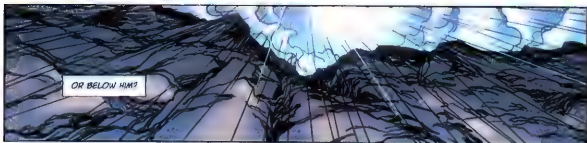
LET'S STOP
HERE A MOMENT,
HONGI.



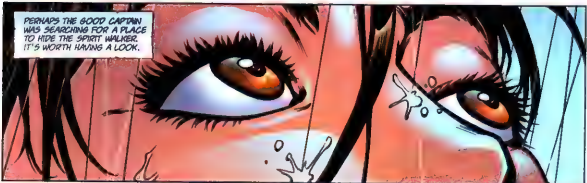
ACCORDING TO SWEETMAN'S
JOURNAL, THE MUTINEERS
SPOTTED CAPTAIN CARDIFF
SCALING DOWN A STEEP
HILLSIDE... IN A REGION OF
SHEER ROCK WALLS.



BUT WERE THE MUTINEERS
ABOVE THE CAPTAIN?



OR BELOW HIM?




PERHAPS THE GOOD CAPTAIN
WAS SEARCHING FOR A PLACE
TO HIDE THE SPIRIT WALKER.
IT'S WORTH HAVING A LOOK.



ONE QUESTION
KEEPS POPPING
UP IN THE BACK
OF MY MIND.

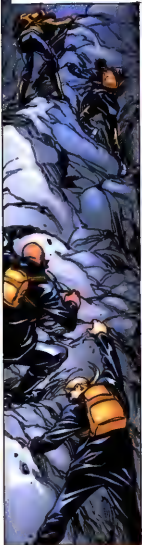
WHY DIDN'T J. BRADLEY
AULGOOD SIMPLY DISPATCH
HOLLISTER AND HIS
OPERATIVES TO TRY TO
FIND THE SPIRIT WALKER?



AFTER ALL, THE JOURNAL WAS IN
HIS POSSESSION. AULGOOD MUST
HAVE KNOWN THE CLUES TO FINDING
THE SPIRIT WALKER COULD BE
FOUND IN ITS HAND-WRITTEN TEXT.



SO WHY DID HE
NEED ME TO GO
ON THIS JOURNEY?

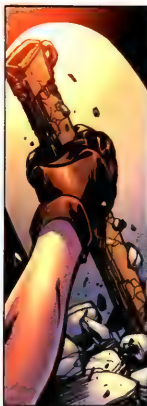
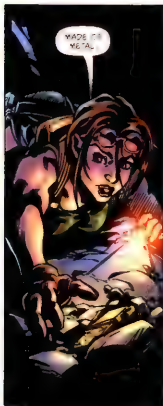


UNLESS HE SOMEHOW KNEW
I WAS TO BE THE ONE TO
FIND THE SPIRIT WALKER.



BUT HOW
COULD HE
KNOW?











LEAVE HER
ALONE,
PAKEHA!

HONGI,
NO!

WHASH!
BWOFF!







I SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE LIKE MY FATHER. HE NEVER TRUSTED AULGOOD.

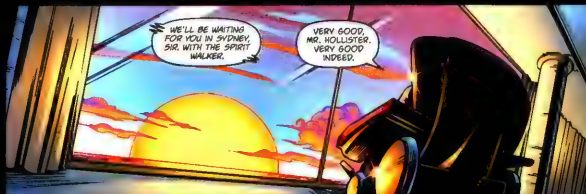


NOW AN INNOCENT YOUNG MAN IS DEAD.

AULGOOD IS GOING TO PAY FOR THIS.



THINGS COULDN'T HAVE GONE ANY BETTER, MR. AULGOOD.



WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU IN SYDNEY, SIR, WITH THE SPIRIT WALKER.

VERY GOOD, MR. HOLLISTER. VERY GOOD INDEED.

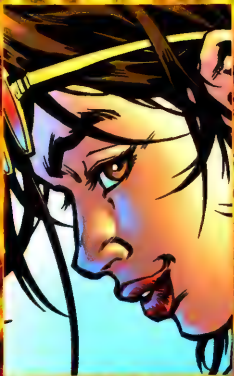


I HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU, JASON.

PACK YOUR BAGS, LAD, WE'RE OFF TO AUSTRALIA.

AWESOME!

TO BE CONTINUED...



Tomb Raider

Issue #42

cover by: Adam Hughes



James Bond

William Tell

John Doe

Tyson Williams

Letters by: Robin Spehar, Dennis Heisler and Mark Roslan

THE SPIRIT WALKER, AN ANCIENT, MYSTICAL ABORIGINE CHARM, STOLEN BY A BRITISH NAVAL CAPTAIN IN 1713. IT WAS HIDDEN SOMEWHERE ON THE SOUTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND...



UNTIL I FOUND IT.

I WAS SENT AFTER THE SPIRIT WALKER BY J. BRADLEY AULGOOD, ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN ON EARTH, WHO ONCE HAD BUSINESS DEALINGS WITH MY LATE FATHER.



AS SOON AS I DISCOVERED THE SPIRIT WALKER, AULGOOD'S MEN TURNED ON ME.



I SOMEHOW MANAGED TO SURVIVE.



THE SAME WAS NOT TRUE FOR OUR NATIVE GUIDE.

MR. AULGOOD NOW HAD A GREAT DEAL TO ANSWER FOR.



THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT
WALKER IS TIED TO AUSTRALIA,
AND AULGOOD INDUSTRIES HAS
CORPORATE OFFICES IN SYDNEY.



SOMETHING TOLD ME
TO START HERE.



SORRY TO
SPRING THIS ON
YOU LIKE THIS
WALLY, BUT...

NO WORRIES,
LARA. BE GLAD TO
HAVE YOU ABOUT.
IT'S BRILLIANT
SNORKELING
WEATHER.

I'M AFRAID MY
VISIT IS STRICTLY
BUSINESS THIS TIME.
AND I'LL NEED SOME
EQUIPMENT, THE
WORKS.

SO IT'S
SERIOUS
BUSINESS THEN,
IS IT?



SORRY, MISS.
SEEMS THE ONLY
THING TAKING OFF
FOR SYDNEY IS A
CARGO PLANE.



A CARGO
PLANE, YOU
SAID?

AULGOOD TOLD ME HE WANTED THE SPIRIT WALKER SO HE COULD RETURN IT TO THE ABORIGINE PEOPLE AS A PUBLIC RELATIONS GESTURE.



I NOW DOUBTED THAT WAS THE CASE.

WHAT BOTHERED ME MOST WAS THE FACT THAT MY FATHER HAD NUMEROUS BUSINESS DEALINGS WITH A MAN LIKE AULGOOD.



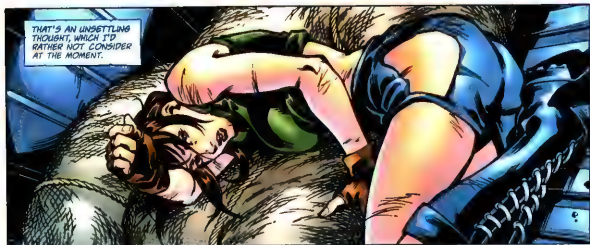
COULDN'T HE SEE AULGOOD FOR WHAT HE WAS?



OR PERHAPS MY FATHER SIMPLY DIDN'T CARE.



THAT'S AN UNSETTLING THOUGHT, WHICH I'D RATHER NOT CONSIDER AT THE MOMENT.





SYDNEY
AUSTRALIA.



I MET WALLY MACALISTER ON MY FIRST TRIP TO AUSTRALIA WHEN I WAS BARELY TWENTY. SINCE THEN, HE'S BECOME SOMETHING OF A BIG BROTHER TO ME.

TOGETHER, WE'VE EXPLORED THE GREAT BARRIER REEF, TRAIPSED THROUGH THE OUTBACK, AND CLIMBED RED ROCK. BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I WOULD BE LEADING HIM INTO REAL DANGER.

WELCOME BACK, SHEILA. BEEN TOO LONG.



IT'S ONLY A SCRAPE. AULGOOD'S MEN MEANT TO KILL ME. BUT I GOT LUCKY.

LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN PUT THROUGH THE WRINGER, EH?

YOU'RE GONNA NEED MORE THAN LUCK TO GO UP AGAINST A BLOKE AS POWERFUL AS AULGOOD.

RIGHT. I TRUST YOU BROUGHT THE GUNS?

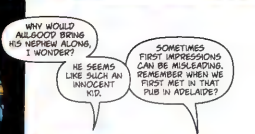
THEY'RE OUT IN THE JEEP.



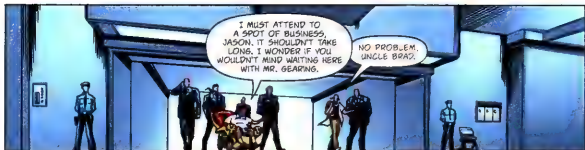
I DID SOME NOSING AROUND. THERE'S AN "AULGOOD INDUSTRIES" CORPORATE JET FLYING IN FROM HAWAII SCHEDULED TO LAND IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES.

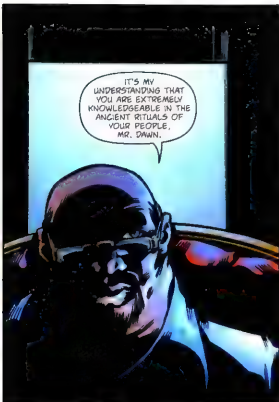
WELL LET'S SEE WHO GETS OFF THAT JET THEN. SHALL WE?









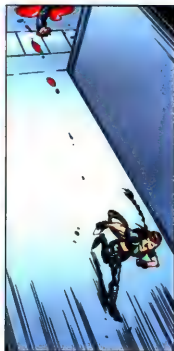
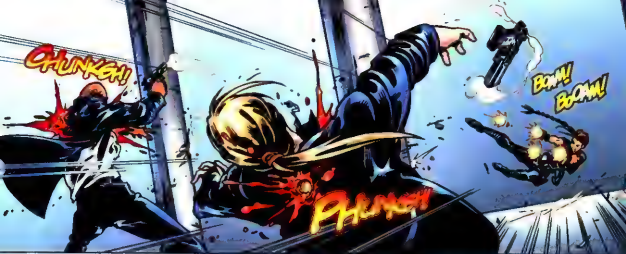
















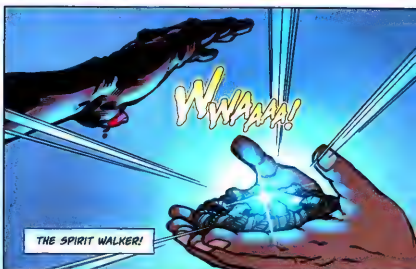
AULGOOD'S BLOOD ON
HIS NEPHEW'S FOREHEAD.



HIS NEPHEW'S
BLOOD ON
AULGOOD'S
FOREHEAD.



IT'S JOINING THE TWO OF THEM
TOGETHER, WITH THE SPIRIT WALKER
IN AULGOOD'S HANDS.



THE SPIRIT WALKER!



W W W A A A A A!



WHAT ARE
YOU...?

W W W A A A A!



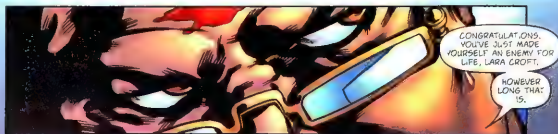
AULBOOD'S NEPHEW IS HIS ONLY LIVING RELATIVE. UPON AULBOOD'S DEATH, JASON AULBOOD WILL INHERIT HIS UNCLE'S ENTIRE CORPORATE EMPIRE.

OR, RATHER, THE PERSON INSIDE HIS BODY WILL.











GOOD ONYA, LARA. BUT YOU'D BEST WATCH YOUR BACK FROM HERE ON OUT.

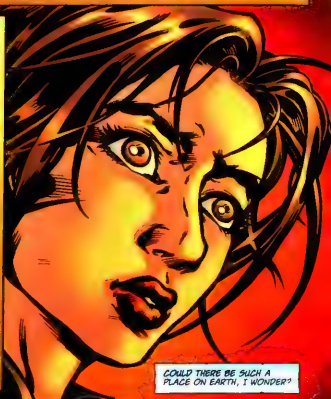
I'LL STAY ON MY TOES, WALLY. SAME AS ALWAYS.



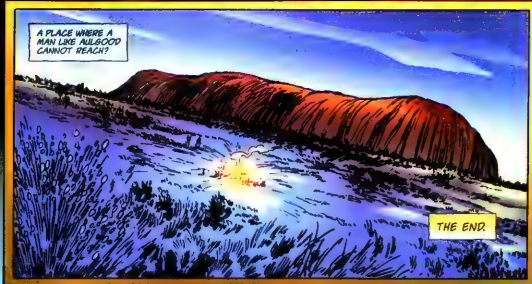
THANK YOU LARA CROFT. THANK YOU FOR RETURNING "THE SPIRIT WALKER" TO OUR PEOPLE.

"MUST BE PROTECTED. AULGOOD MAY ATTEMPT TO OBTAIN IT AGAIN.

WE WILL PUT IT IN A PLACE WHERE A MAN LIKE AULGOOD CAN NEVER REACH IT.



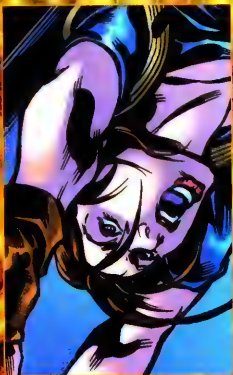
COULD THERE BE SUCH A PLACE ON EARTH, I WONDER?



A PLACE WHERE A MAN LIKE AULGOOD CANNOT REACH?

THE END.

NEXT ISSUE:
TOWER OF SOULS!



Tomb Raider issue #43

cover by: Adam Hughes



art by: James Bunn

script by: Whilce Portacio

inks by: Rick Ross

color by: Tyson Weir

letters by: Robin Spehar, Dennis Heisler and Mark Roslan

COUNTY
OFFALY,
IRELAND

I'VE WANTED TO COME TO THIS PLACE
FOR A VERY LONG TIME. EVER SINCE,
AS A SCHOOLBOY, I HEARD THE TALE
OF THE DOLMEN EMERALD.

AN ANCIENT CELTIC TALISMAN SAID
TO POSSESS POWERS OVER THE
LIVING... AS WELL AS THE DEAD.

AFTER MY RUN IN WITH AILGOOD IN
AUSTRALIA, I DECIDED THERE'S NO
TIME LIKE THE PRESENT, WHILE I
STILL AM AMONG THE LIVING.

WANTING A BIT OF COMPANY, I
BROUGHT ALONG BYRON OWEN,
A LIKEABLE IRISH ROGUE, WHO
FANCIES HIMSELF A WARRIOR POET.

EVEN THOUGH HE'S NEVER BEEN
IN SO MUCH AS A FISTFIGHT, AND
HE'D BE HARD PRESSED TO PEN
ANYTHING MORE THAN A WITTY
LIMERICK, STILL, HE OWED ME A
FAVOR, SO I CALLED IN THE CHIP.

"DON'T... TELL
YOU OFFALY WAS
LOVELY TH'S... ME
1ST YEAR LADDA?"

"IF I'D WANTED
SUNSHINE, BYRON...
WOULD HAVE STAVED
IN SYDNEY."

"BESIDES, 'HIS
'S PERFECT"
WEATHER TO VISIT
A HAUNTED CASTLE
WOULDN'T YOU
SAV?"



IT'S BAD LUCK TO BE MAKING JOKES. IF YOU'VE HEARD WHAT I'VE HEARD ABOUT LOTTE CASTLE...

WHAT I'VE HEARD TELL IS THAT THE DOOMEN EMERALD MIGHT BE HIDDEN SOMEWHERE INSIDE. GHOST STORIES DON'T REALLY INTEREST ME ALL THAT MUCH.

WOULD IT MATTER IF I DID OBJECT?

NOT A BIT.

STILL, I HOPE YOU WON'T OBJECT IF I HAVE A FEW PINTS OF LIQUID COURAGE BEFORE WE VENTURE FORTH

HERE NOW, D'D I HEAR VS. MENTION LOTTE CASTLE?



YOU DID INDEED, MY GOOD MAN. NOW I WILL HAVE A PINT OF YOUR FINEST ALE, AND THE LADY WILL BE HAVING...

YOU DON'T WANT TO BE GOING ANYWHERE NEAR LOTTE CASTLE. NOT IF YOU'RE IN YOUR RIGHT MIND.

OH, REALLY? AND WHY IS THAT?

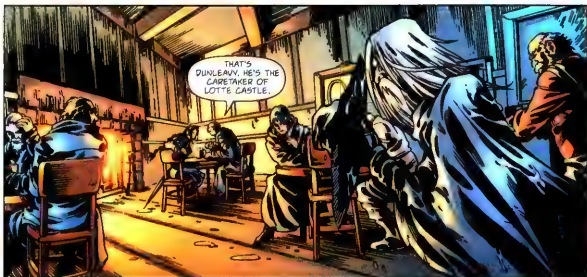


BECAUSE I'D A PLACE OF PURE EVIL, LASS.

TAKE MY ADVICE. LEAVE HERE. NOW.



BRRR-BOOMMM!



THAT'S DUNLEAVY. HE'S THE CARETAKER OF LOTTE CASTLE.



MR. DUNLEAVY, GOOD OF YOU TO COME OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS. I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO LARA CROFT. SHE'S THE ONE I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT.

THE ADVENTURE SEEKER, EH?

WOULDN'T YOU JOIN US, MR. DUNLEAVY?



SO YOU'RE WANTING TO PAY A VISIT TO LOTTE CASTLE ARE YA?

YES, IF IT'S NOT TOO MUCH OF AN IMPOSITION.

WHY DO YOU WANT TO GO THERE?

I'M SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING. THE DOLMEN EMERALD EVER HEARD OF?

CAN'T SAY I HAVE.




I'VE BEEN THROUGH EVERY NOOK OF THAT OLD CASTLE. THERE'S NOTHING THERE OF VALUE. NOT ANYMORE.

WELL THEN, YOU WOULDN'T MIND IF WE HAD A LOOK AROUND, WOULD YOU, MR. DUNLEAVY?

THAT'S LOTTE CASTLE YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, GIRL! IF YOU WANT TO GO POKIN' AROUND IN THERE, THEN YOU'D BEST KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GETTING INTO. THOSE ANCIENT STONE WALLS HAVE SEEN MORE THAN THEIR SHARE OF BLOODSHED AND MISERY.

AND I'M SURE THEY'RE YEARNING TO SEE MORE.



LOTTE CASTLE IS SAID TO BE THE MOST HAUNTED CASTLE IN ALL OF IRELAND. A LEGEND NO DOUBT EARNED FROM ITS LONG AND BLOODY HISTORY.

IT BEGAN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, WHEN LOTTE WAS A STRONGHOLD OF THE POWERFUL O'CONNOR FAMILY. UPON THE DEATH OF THE CHIEFTAIN, MULROONY O'CONNOR IN 1563, A FIERCE RIVALRY ERUPTED WITHIN THE FAMILY.

TWO BROTHERS VIED FOR POWER. ONE WAS A PRIEST. THE OTHER WAS THE CRUEL AND TREACHEROUS IAN O'CONNOR.

ONE NIGHT IN THE CASTLE'S CHAPEL, THE BROTHER PRIEST WAS SAYING MASS. AS HE WAS CHANTING THE HOLY RITES, HE WAS ATTACKED WITH A SWORD WIELDED BY IAN O'CONNOR, AND SLAUGHTERED ON THE ALTAR.

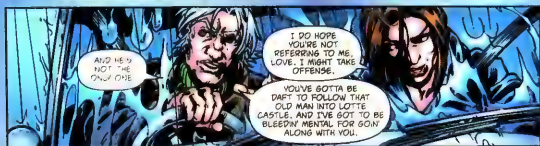
"THE ROOM HAS BEEN KNOWN AS THE 'BLOODY CHAPEL' EVER SINCE."


AS THE LOCAL CHIEFTAIN, IAN O'CONNOR'S REPUTATION FOR CRUELTY KNEW NO BOUNDS. PRISONERS OF CLAN WARS AND ENEMIES OF THE FAMILY MET THEIR FATE IN THE CASTLE'S DUNGEON, WHERE THEY SUFFERED UNSPEAKABLE TORTMENTS.

BUT DEATH DID NOT END THEIR MISERY.

IT'S SAID THEIR TORTURED SPIRITS STILL HAUNT THE CASTLE CORRIDORS, BOUND TO LOTTE FOR ALL ETERNITY. BUT THERE IS ANOTHER, MORE FRIGHTENING PHANTASM WITHIN THE STONE WALLS OF LOTTE CASTLE.

IT'S KNOWN AS THE ELEMENTAL-- A HELLISH MANIFESTATION, BORN OF PURE EVIL AND THE DARK ENERGIES OF HUMAN SUFFERING. TO ENCOUNTER IT IS TO BE DRIVEN TO EDGE OF MADNESS.





BYRON HAD A POINT. IT'S AS IF THE
VERY STONES OF LOTTE CASTLE ARE
PERMEATED BY EVIL— AS IF THEY
ABSORBED IT OVER THE MANY YEARS OF
TORTURE, TORMENT, AND BLOODSHED.

BUT THE DOLMEN EMERALD
IS QUITE POSSIBLY HIDDEN
SOMEWHERE INSIDE, AND
I'M KEEN TO FIND IT,
GHOSTS OR NO GHOSTS.



AAAAEEEEEEAAAEEEE!

THAT SOUNDS
LIKE A WOMAN'S
SCREAM, BUT... IT
CAME FROM
THE SKY.

IT'S THE
WAIL OF THE
BANSHEE



IT MEANS...
SOMEONE WILL
DIE TONIGHT.



HONESTLY,
BYRON, I NEVER
KNEW YOU WERE SO
BLOODY
SUPERSTITIOUS.



THE BANSHEE'S
CRY IS A FAMILIAR
SOUND 'ROUND THESE
PARTS, NEARLY AS
COMMON AS THE CROW
OF A ROOSTER.

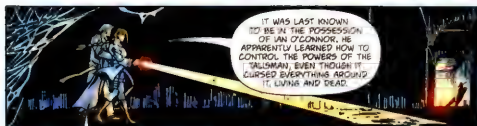
I LIVE OVER
THERE IN THE
GATEHOUSE. I'VE BEEN
EMPLOYED AS
CARETAKER HERE FOR
GOIN' ON TWENTY
YEARS NOW.

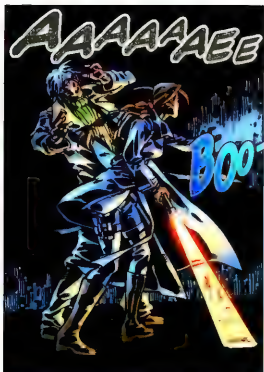
EMPLOYED
BY WHOM,
SIR?

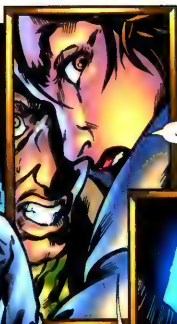
UH... THERE'S A
TRUST FUND FOR THE
CARE AND UPKEEP OF
"O" THE CASTLE. IT'S A
WATERCOURSE.



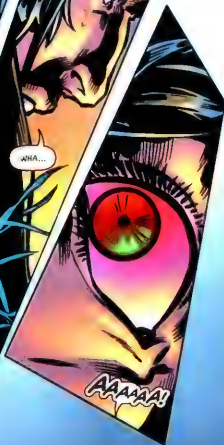


















WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED
BYRON TO PANIC LIKE THAT?
AND WHY HAS THIS DOOR
BECOME SEALED SHUT?

IT SEEMS I'LL HAVE TO
FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT.



BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED IN
LEAVING JUST YET, DESPITE
WHAT HAPPENED TO POOR
BYRON. I CAME HERE FOR
THE DOLMEN EMERALD, AND
I'M GOING TO FIND IT.



NO MATTER WHAT
STANDS IN MY WAY!



HELLO
THERE. WHAT'S
YOUR NAME
DEAD?



WEE-ASH!

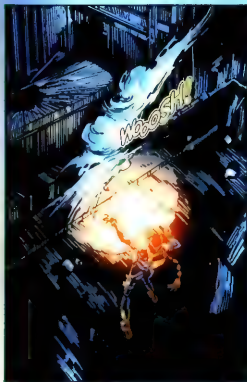
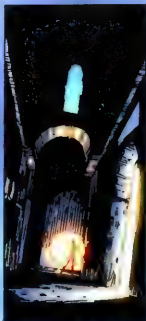
IT SEEMS THERE'S A SHRED OF
TRUTH TO DUNLEAVY'S GHOST
STORIES. EITHER THAT...

OR I'M BEGINNING
TO SEE THINGS.

AARRGGRR!

BOOM!
BOOM!

REAL OR NOT, THEY'LL HAVE
TO DO BETTER THAN THAT TO
MAKE ME TURN TAIL AND RUN.





THE
BLOODY
CHAPEL.




BUT THE BLOOD
IS STILL FRESH.



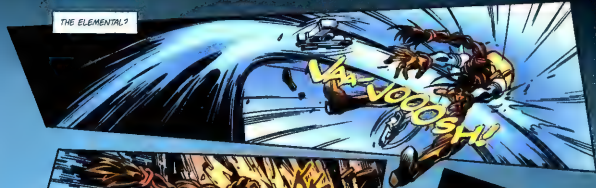
HOW COULD
THAT BE? HOW
COULD ANY
OF THIS BE?

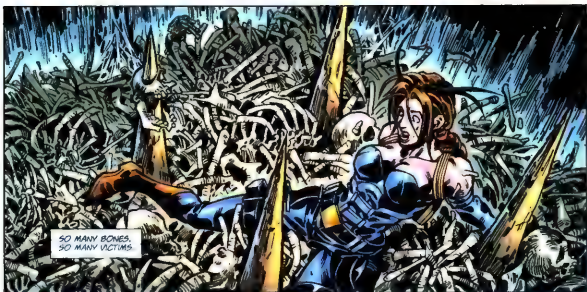


IT SUDDENLY SMELLS LIKE
ROTTING FLESH. THERE'S
SOMETHING IN HERE WITH
ME. I CAN FEEL IT.



BUT IT'S NOT ANOTHER
SPIRIT. THIS FEELS
DIFFERENT. COULD IT BE?

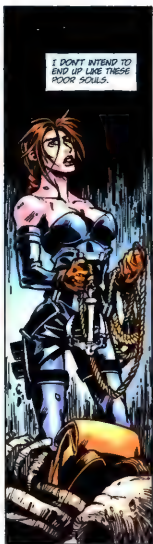




SO MANY BONES.
SO MANY VICTIMS.



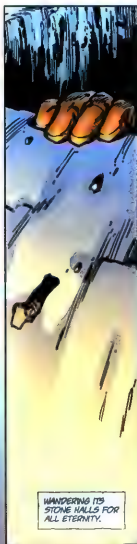
IT SEEMS THE
KILLINGS AREN'T
CONFINED TO
THE PAST.



I DON'T INTEND TO
END UP LIKE THESE
POOR SOULS.



A PRISONER OF
THE CASTLE.



WANDERING ITS
STONE HALLS FOR
ALL ETERNITY.

**LET
ME
OUT!**

BYRON?!

TO BE CONTINUED



Tomb Raider Issue #14

cover by: Adam Hughes



written by
James Bond

illustrated by
William Tortosa

edited by
John Tomlinson

introduced by
Tyson Weir

letters by: Robin Spehar, Dennis Heisler and Mark Roslan

LOTTE CASTLE IS SAID TO BE THE MOST HAUNTED CASTLE IN ALL OF IRELAND.

IT WAS THE SCENE OF BLOODSHED AND MISERY FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS, BEGINNING IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, WHEN THE LOCAL CRAFTSMAN, IAN O'CONNOR, TORTURED TO DEATH SCORES OF VICTIMS.

BUT IT'S NOT ONLY THE SPIRITS OF IAN O'CONNOR'S VICTIMS WHICH SUPPOSEDLY HAUNT LOTTE CASTLE.

THERE'S ALSO THE NELLISH MANIFESTATION KNOWN AS THE ELEMENTAL. LEGEND HAS IT THAT TO ENCOUNTER THE ELEMENTAL IS TO BE DRIVEN TO EDGE OF MADNESS.

I CAME TO LOTTE CASTLE TO SEARCH FOR THE POLMEN EMERALD, AN ANCIENT CELTIC TALISMAN, WHICH IS BELIEVED TO POSSESS POWERS OVER THE LIVING... AS WELL AS THE DEAD.

I ENLISTED THE HELP OF BYRON OWEN, A LIKEABLE IRISH ROGUE, WHO CONTACTED DUNLEAVY, THE STRANGE CARETAKER OF LOTTE CASTLE.

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE LOTTE CASTLE CLAIMED ANOTHER VICTIM, BUT BEFORE WE COULD EVEN LOCATE DUNLEAVY'S BODY...

BYRON OWEN MET THE SAME FATE.

NOW I WAS ALONE

AT LEAST, I THOUGHT I WAS.



THE FRIGHTENED YOUNG
GIRL I ENCOUNTERED
IN THE CORRIDOR...



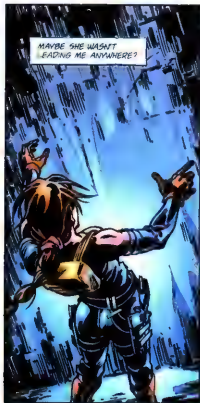
WHY HAS SHE REMAINED
WHEN THE OTHERS VANISHED?

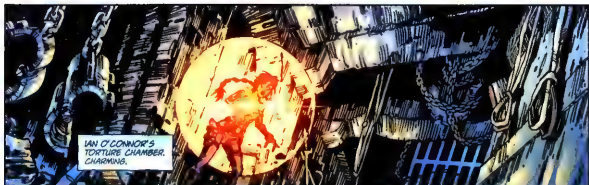


UNLESS SHE WANTS
ME TO FOLLOW HER?



BUT FOLLOW
HER TO WHERE?





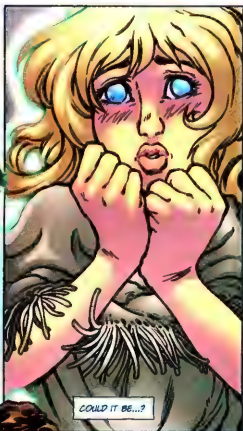
IAN O'CONNOR'S
TORTURE CHAMBER.
CHARMING.



BUT THERE'S
SOMETHING ELSE.



SOMETHING SHE
WANTS ME TO FIND.



COULD IT BE...?



THE SAME THING
I CAME HERE TO
FIND? THE DOLMEN
EMERALD?

THE DOLMEN EMERALD WAS
ORIGINALLY GIVEN TO THE CELTIC
HIGH KING BY A DARK SORCERER

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE
HIGH KING CAME TO REALIZE
IT WAS A CURSE, NOT A GIFT.

THE DOLMEN EMERALD WAS LAST KNOWN
TO BE IN THE POSSESSION OF IAN
O'CONNOR WHO LEARNED HOW TO
CONTROL THE POWER OF THE TALISMAN.

EVEN THOUGH IT CURSED
EVERYTHING AROUND IT,
LIVING AND DEAD.

CRASH!

COULD IT
BE HERE?

WHAT'S IN
THE
GIRL?



OH, THERE YOU
ARE, MR. DUNLEAVY.
I SEE YOU'RE NOT
DEAD AFTER ALL.

OR ARE YOU?
IT'S A BIT HARD TO
TELL AROUND THIS
PLACE.

AWE, LASS, I
CAN STILL COUNT
MYSELF AMONG
THE LIVING.



BUT YOU,
ON THE OTHER
HAND...

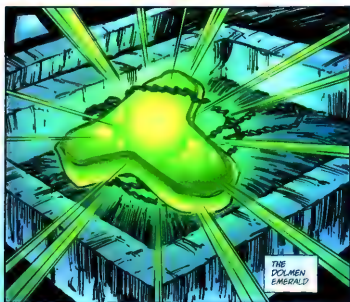
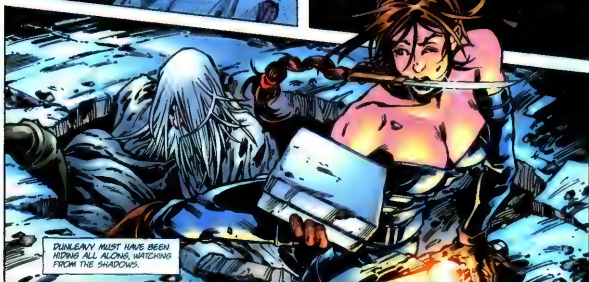



WON'T BE ABLE
TO SAY THE SAME
MUCH LONGER.



AAARRRR!

I WOULDN'T
BE SO CERTAIN
ABOUT "HA"





I CAN FEEL ITS POWER
BORING INTO ME. IT'S
BOTH FRIGHTENING...
AND INTOXICATING.

HOW COULD I HAVE THOUGHT I'D
BE IMMUNE TO ITS POWER? THAT
IT WOULDN'T CURSE ME AS WELL?



MAYBE COMING HERE
WAS A MISTAKE.

THAT SMELL...

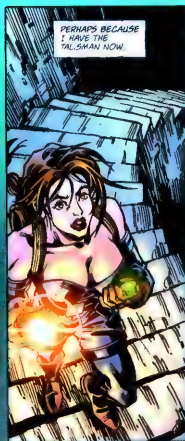


THERE'S SOMETHING HERE WITH
ME. THE SAME PRESENCE I
FELT IN THE BLOODY CHAPEL.



THE ELEMENTAL.

IT WANTS THE
DOLMEN EMERALD.



IF THE DOOR IS
STILL SEALED
SHUT, I'LL HAVE TO
FIND ANOTHER WAY
OUT OF HERE.
WHICH SHOULDN'T
BE TOO DIFFICULT.

BOOM BOOM BOOM!

BOOM BOOM BOOM!

THUD!

THIEVIN'
WENCH!



WERE A "HUMAN"
LEAVING LOT'S
CASTLE WITH MY
POWERS?





WHERE...

YOU'RE AT
PERDITION'S EDGE,
LASS. AND I'LL BE
SENDING YOU OVER
THE SIDE...



...RIGHT AFTER
A PROLONGED
AND AGONIZING
DEATH



A FITTING FATE
FOR A THIEF WHO
TRIED TO STEAL FROM
ME THE GREATEST
TREASURE THERE
EVER WAS.



THE DOLMEN
EMERALD, THE SOURCE
OF "TIR NA NÓG," THE
REALM OF ETERNAL
YOUTH.

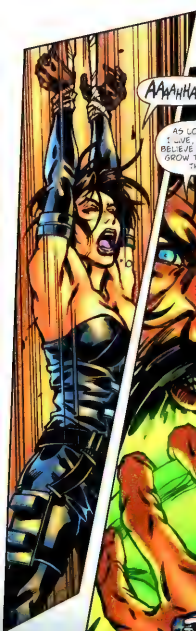
AS LONG AS
I POSSESS THE
TALISMAN, I SHALL
NEVER DIE.



A SHAME THOSE
POOR SOULS YOU
TORTURED TO DEATH MUST
PAY THE PRICE FOR YOUR
IMMORTALITY.

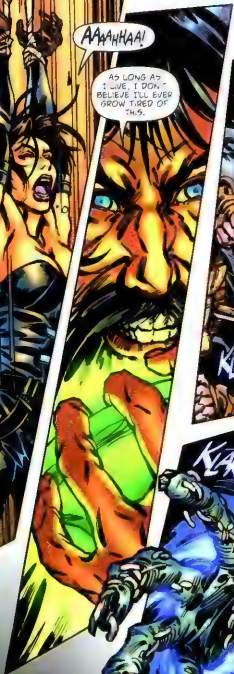
THE TALISMAN
CURSES THEM, DOESN'T
IT? MAKES THEM ETERNAL
PRISONERS OF THIS
CASTLE?





AAAAHHA!

AS LONG AS
I LIVE, I DON'T
BELIEVE I'LL EVER
GROW TIRED OF
THIS.



KAK-KAK!



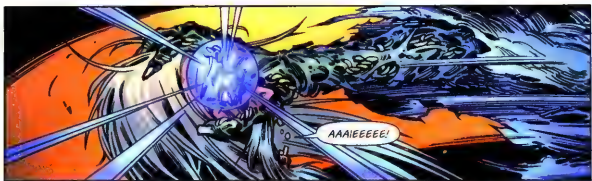
KAK-KAK!

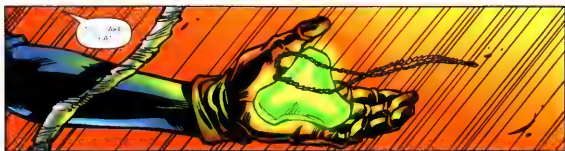
SANTO
HELP ME

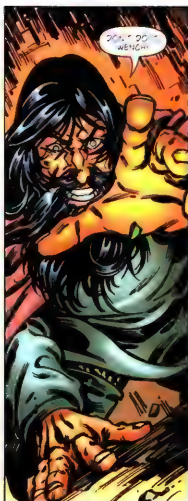
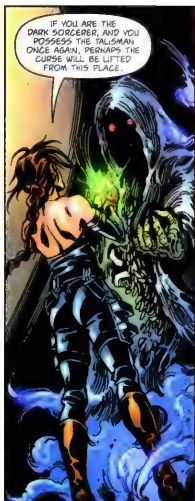


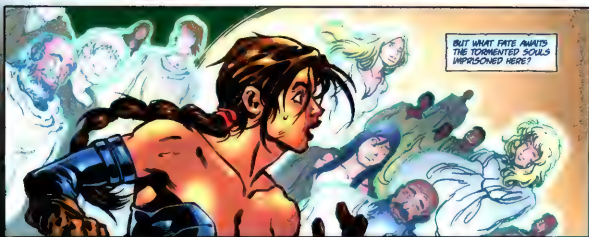
GA GA GA!





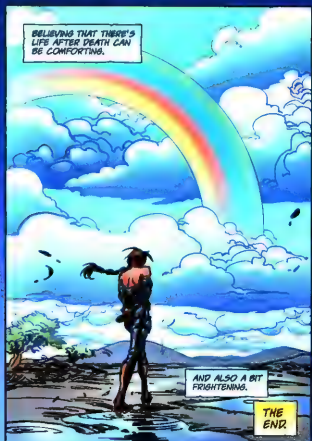














Tomb Raider Issue #43

cover by: Louis Hughes



cover story
James Bond

feature
Michael Chabon

interview
Joe Keatinge &
Brian Winn
and Jay Leisher

column
Tyson Weenke

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heisler

EASTERN MALAYSIA

GOOD AND EVIL.

ARE THEY
OPPOSITE FORCES?

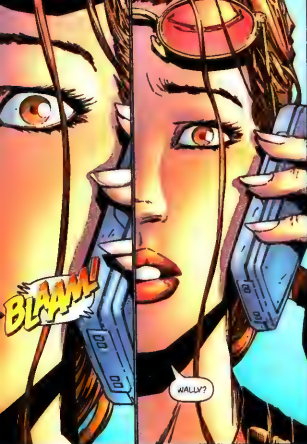
OR TWO SIDES OF
"THE SAME EQUATION?"

OR PERHAPS IT'S ALL
ABOUT BALANCE.

WHICH IS PRECISELY WHAT THE ANCIENT
SHAMANISTS BELIEVED WHEN THEY CREATED
A GOLDEN IDOL THAT BALANCED THE FORCE
OF GOOD AND THE FORCE OF EVIL. THEY
ALSO BELIEVED THE IDOL COULD NEVER BE
TOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS.

I WAS ABOUT TO
PUT THOSE BELIEFS
TO THE TEST.





WALLY?

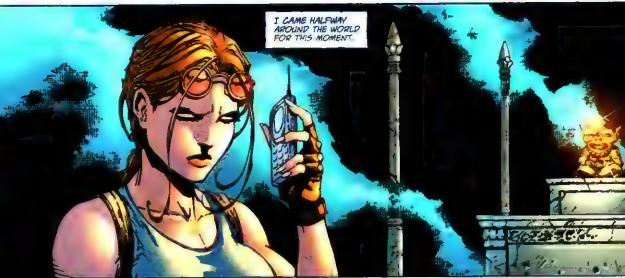


WALLY!

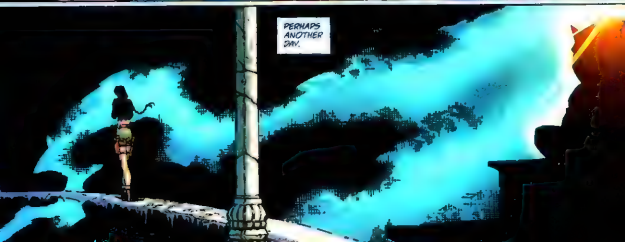


MISS CROFT
MR. ALLGOOD HAS
A MESSAGE FOR
YOU.

WATCH
YOUR BACK.



I CAME HALFWAY
AROUND THE WORLD
FOR THIS MOMENT.



PERHAPS
ANOTHER
DAY.

WESTERN
CAMBODIA.

NOW I WAS TARGETED FOR DEATH BY
AULBOOD, ONE OF THE RICHEST AND
MOST POWERFUL MEN IN THE WORLD.
THERE'S NO PLACE I COULD RUN THAT
HIS OPERATIVES COULDN'T REACH ME.

BUT I HAD NO
INTENTION OF RUNNING.

WALLY MACALISTER WAS A GOOD,
LOYAL FRIEND. HE HELPED ME
TAKE ON J. BRADLEY AULBOOD IN
SYDNEY, AND FOR DOING SO, HE
PAID THE ULTIMATE PRICE.

I INTEND TO TAKE THE
FIGHT TO AULBOOD.

BUT NOT BEFORE
I'M READY.

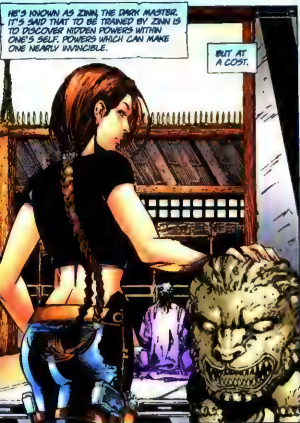
A FIGHT OF THIS
MAGNITUDE WILL
REQUIRE SOME
PREPARATION,
WHICH IS WHY
I'VE COME HERE.

IN MY TRAVELS, I'VE HEARD
STORIES OF A LEGENDARY FIGURE
WHO IS AS SKILLED IN THE ARTS
OF MARTIAL COMBAT AS HE IS IN
THE WAYS OF MYSTICAL POWERS.



HE'S KNOWN AS ZINN, THE DARK MASTER.
IT'S SAID THAT TO BE TRAINED BY ZINN IS
TO DISCOVER HIDDEN POWERS WITHIN
ONE'S SELF. POWERS WHICH CAN MAKE
ONE NEARLY INVINCIBLE.

BUT AT
A COST.



WELCOME, LARA
CROFT. I'VE BEEN
EXPECTING YOU.

EXPECTING
ME? HOW?

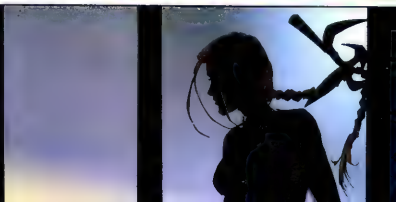
I WAS ALERTED
OF YOUR
APPROACH.

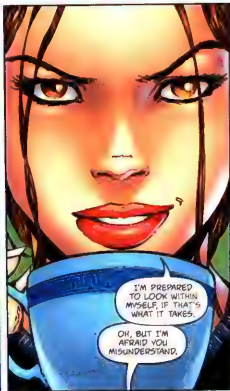


ALERTED...
BY WHOM?

ALERTED
BY YOUR
FEAR









I WASN'T ENTIRELY COMFORTABLE WITH THIS RATHER BIZARRE ARRANGEMENT.

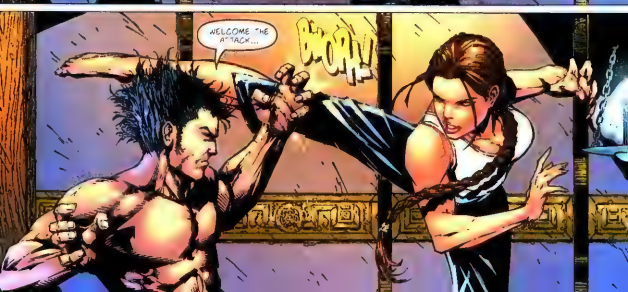


NOT ENTIRELY COMFORTABLE WITH THE PROSPECT OF A MAN LIKE ZINN PEERING INTO THE RECESSES OF MY SUBCONSCIOUS.

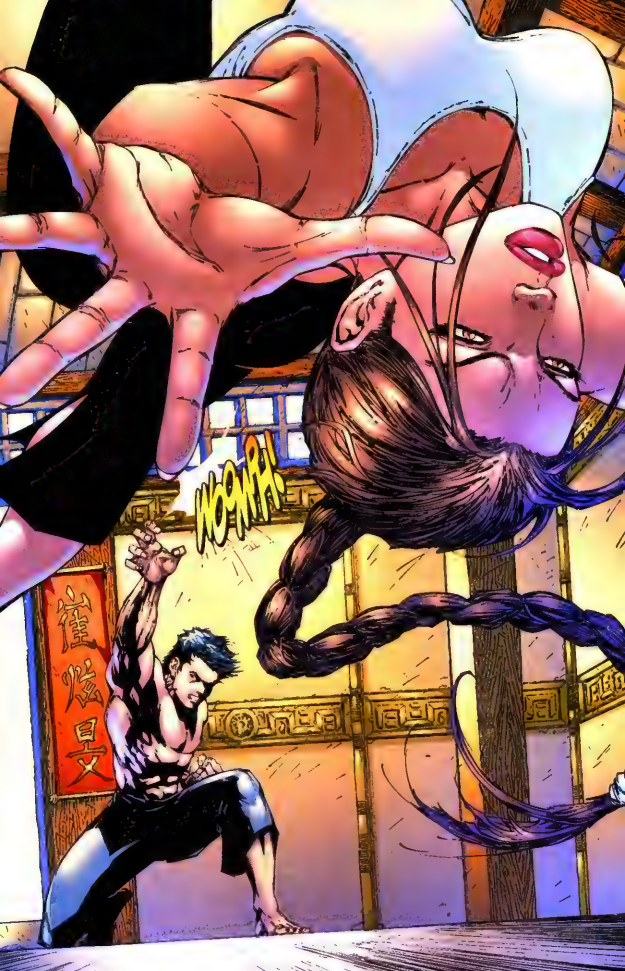
BUT IF THIS IS WHAT IT WOULD TAKE TO GIVE ME AN EDGE OVER MY ADVERSARIES, I WAS WILLING TO GO THROUGH WITH IT.

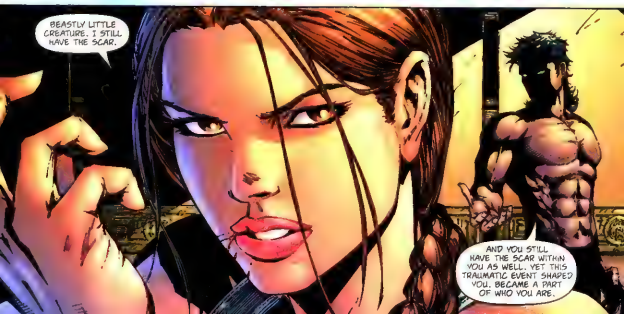


"TRY TO ANTICIPATE MY MOVES WITHOUT DREADING THEM."

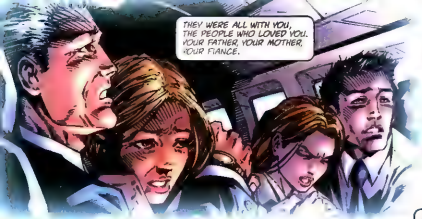


WELCOME THE ATTACK...









THEY WERE ALL WITH YOU,
THE PEOPLE WHO LOVED YOU.
YOUR FATHER, YOUR MOTHER,
YOUR FIANCE.



AND THEY ALL DIED WHEN
THE PLANE CRASHED INTO THE
MOUNTAINS, YET YOU SURVIVED.



WHAT WAS IT THAT SPARED YOU?
THAT WAS THE QUESTION YOU
PONDERED DURING THAT LONELY,
TWO WEEK-LONG TREK THROUGH
THE WILDERNESS.



WAS IT PROVIDENCE?
DESTINY?



FROM THAT POINT ON, YOU KNEW
THAT THIS IS HOW IT WOULD BE. YOU
WOULD MAKE YOUR WAY THROUGH
THE WORLD ALONE, ALONE.



Alone.
Alone.



SUCH
FORCE...

WHERE DID
IT COME
FROM?

CAME FROM
WITHIN YOU, LARA
CROFT



AND THERE IS A
WELL OF POTENTIAL
DEEPER WITHIN YOU
STILL... ASTONISHING
POTENTIAL.

WE NEED ONLY
KEEP DIGGING TO
REACH IT.



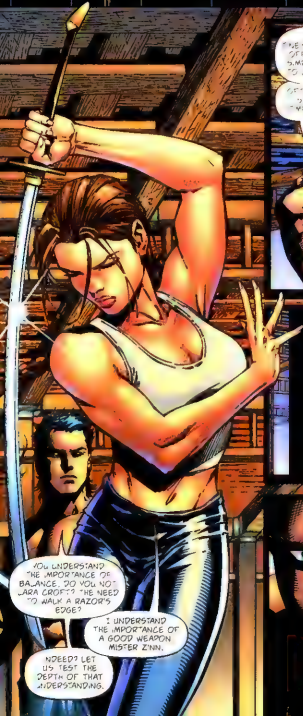
IT'S BEEN THREE DAYS SINCE
I BEGAN MY TRAINING. THEY
BLUR TOGETHER... LIKE THE
MEMORIES IN MY HEAD.

EVEN NOW, I CAN FEEL ZINN
SIFTING THROUGH MY MEMORIES,
AS IF SEARCHING FOR A KEY TO
UNLOCK SOME HIDDEN DOOR.

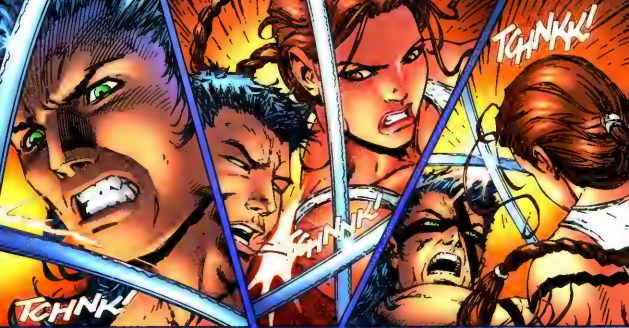
AND IF HE OPENS THAT
DOOR, WHAT WILL HE FIND
ON THE OTHER SIDE?



WHAT WILL I FIND?







THINK!

THINK!

THINK!



CHUNKASH!



I KNEW YOU WERE THE ONE, LARA CROFT. THE ONE I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

YOU HAVE COME HERE TO FULFILL NOT ONLY YOUR DESTINY, BUT MINE AS WELL.



YOU HAVE BEEN WALKING A PATH THAT HAS LED YOU TO ME. WHEN WE HAVE FINISHED, BOTH OF US WILL BE TRANSFORMED.

I THINK I'LL BE GOING NOW, MISTER ZINN.

BUT YOU CANNOT LEAVE. THIS IS THE OPPORTUNITY OF A HUNDRED LIFETIMES.



부전자전

ONCE THE TRAINING HAS BEGUN - MUST CONTINUE TO THE END



WE HAVE
REACHED THE FINAL
STAGE OF THE
TRAINING...



TWO ARROWS
EACH. TWO
OPPORTUNITIES TO
BE VICTORIOUS.



OFTEN IN LIFE A
PERSON HAS BUT A
SINGLE OPPORTUNITY. MISS
IT, AND LIFE CEASES TO BE
OR WORSE BECOMES
"RELEVANT".



AND WHAT
WAS I DOING
AS BE AMING
AT MASTER
ZEN?

I BELIEVE
YOU KNOW THE
ANSWER TO THAT
QUEST ON YOUR
QUEST.





I SENSE YOUR
FEAR MUCH STRONGER
NOW. THE NEW FEAR WHICH
YOU CARRY WITH YOU, THE
ONE WHICH ALERTED ME OF
YOUR APPROACH BEFORE
YOU ARRIVED HERE.

CAN YOU
GUESS WHICH
FEAR I MEAN?



IT'S NOT A FEAR
OF THE WEALTHY MAN
WHO WISHED YOU DEAD.
IT'S NOT A FEAR THIS
MAN OR HIS FORCES.

YOU FEAR
YOURSELF, YOU FEAR
WHAT YOU MIGHT BECOME.
YOU FEAR YOU MAY CROSS A
LINE, ONE WHICH DIVIDES THE
ADVENTURER FROM THE
MERCENARY, THE FIGHTER
FROM THE KILLER.

BUT PERHAPS
YOU CROSSED THAT
LINE LONG AGO, AND
YOU DON'T YET
REALIZE IT.



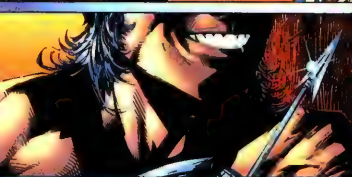
HOW MANY MEN
HAVE YOU KILLED IN
YOUR EXPLOITS, LARA
CROFT? IS THE NUMBER
GREATER THAN THE NUMBER
OF FRIENDS WHO HAVE
BETRAYED YOU?



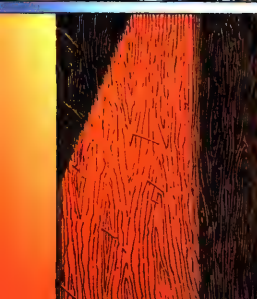
EVEN MORE
TO WAGER



YOU HAVE BLOOD
ON YOUR HANDS, LARA
CROFT. AND YOU SOUGHT
ME OUT TO MAKE YOUR
AIM EVEN DEADLIER.

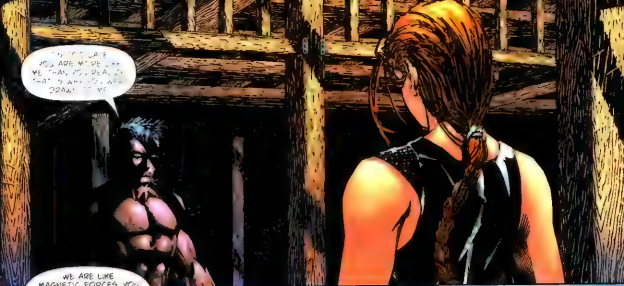


YOU KNEW
WHAT I WAS, AND
YET YOU CAME TO ME
WILLINGLY, WANTING
TO BECOME LIKE
ME.



YOU'RE WRONG.
I DIDN'T COME
HERE LOOKING TO
KILL. I CAME
LOOKING TO
SURVIVE.

AND I NEVER
WOULD WANT TO
BECOME LIKE
YOU.



"I'M NOT A
YOU ARE NOT A
WE CAN JOIN TOGETHER, WE
CAN MERGE OUR ENERGIES,
BECOMING ONE INVINCIBLE
FORCE. I HAVE
FORESEEN THIS."

"WE ARE LIKE
MAGNETIC FORCES, YOU
AND I. WE CAN REPEL, OR
WE CAN JOIN TOGETHER, WE
CAN MERGE OUR ENERGIES,
BECOMING ONE INVINCIBLE
FORCE. I HAVE
FORESEEN THIS."



"YOU MAY HAVE
FORESEEN IT,
MISTER ZINN, BUT
THAT DOESN'T MEAN
IT'S GOING TO
HAPPEN."

"YOU HAVE TWO
CHOICES, LARA
-- JOIN WITH
ME -- OR DIE."

"PERHAPS
THERE IS A
THIRD
OPTION."

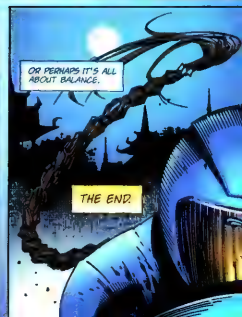
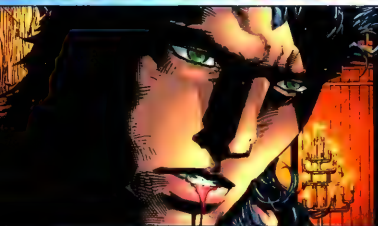


"WATCH!!"

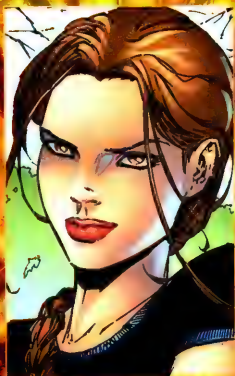
"FENNNCH!!"



"WZZZZ!!"



THE END.



Tomb Raider

Issue #46

cover by: Adam Hughes



scripted by
James Bond

illustrated by
Eric Susskind

lettered by
Mike Hefner

colored by
Tyson Wiggins

lettered by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Helsler



CROFT MANOR,
SURREY, ENGLAND.

TO PARAPHRASE AN OLD ADAGE,
A LADY'S HOME IS HER CASTLE.

AND SOMETIMES A CASTLE
NEEDS TO BE DEFENDED.

AN ATTACK COULD COME AT ANY
TIME, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'VE BEEN
MARKED FOR DEATH BY ONE OF THE
WEALTHIEST MEN ON EARTH.

WHEN
IT DOES
COME.



I'LL BE READY.



SARA PEZZINI, NEW YORK CITY
POLICE DETECTIVE, AND WIELDER
OF THE ANCIENT, MYSTICAL WEAPON
KNOWN AS THE WITCHBLADE.

BREEPBREEP

NOT TO MENTION,
A DEAR FRIEND
WHO I DON'T HEAR
FROM NEARLY AS
OFTEN AS I'D LIKE.

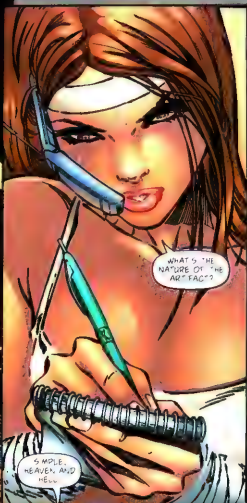
WELL, IF
HIS ON'T AN
UNEXPECTED
TREAT.

YOU MIGHT
WANT TO WAIT TO
HEAR WHY I CALLED
BEFORE MAKING
THAT JUDGMENT
LARA.



SEEMS A
MAN NAMED
TOM JUDGE WAS
MURDERED. THE
LONG AND SHORT OF
IT IS, THE GUY USED
TO BE A CATHOLIC
PRIEST, FELL OFF
THE GOD WAGON
BIG TIME...

...THEN HE
CAME INTO
POSSESSION OF AN
ANCIENT ARTIFACT
KNOWN AS THE
RAPTURE.



WHAT'S THE
NATURE OF THE
ARTIFACT?

SIMPLE.
HEAVEN. AND
HELL.



CHEER UP,
PEZZINI. IT'S JUST
ANOTHER DAY IN
PARADISE.

YOU'RE
A SANE
FOLEY!

WHAT DO YOU
NEED FROM ME
PARAD?

I'LL DO WHAT
I CAN ON MY END.
ANY REASON YOU
NEED THE EXTRA
HELP?

A LITTLE
RESEARCH. THE
SHAPE OF THE ARTIFACT
SEEMS TO HOLD A KEY
TO ITS POWER. I'LL
E-MAIL IT TO YOU.

AFRAID I'VE GOT
MY HANDS FULL HERE.
BUSY SEASON.



ANYWAY,
I SHOULD HAVE
STARTED OUT THIS
CONVERSATION BY
ASKING HOW
YOU'VE BEEN.



OH, LET'S SEE...
I'VE BEEN MARKED FOR
DEATH BY A RICH
INDUSTRIALIST. I FREED HORDES
OF TORMENTED SPIRITS FROM A
HAUNTED IRISH CASTLE. I TRAINED
WITH A DARK MASTER WHO
WANTED TO MELD WITH MY
ENERGY TO BECOME
INVINCIBLE.

ALL IN ALL,
HARDLY WORTH
MENTIONING.

SOUNDS LIKE
WHEN ALL THIS
SHAKES OUT, WE
COULD BOTH USE A
NICE LONG VACATION
TOGETHER.

SPO* ON.
I KNOW A
BRILLIANT
"RAVEL
AGENT."



SERIOUSLY,
LARA, WITH ALL
THAT'S GOING
ON...WATCH YOUR
BACK.


BELIEVE IT OR
NOT, LOVE, YOU'RE
NOT THE FIRST
PERSON TO TELL
ME THAT.




IT WAS LOVELY HEARING SARA'S VOICE AGAIN, AND AS MUCH AS SHE MIGHT THINK ASKING FOR MY HELP WAS AN IMPOSITION, GIVEN ALL THAT'S HAPPENED RECENTLY, I WELCOMED THE DIVERSION.

ACCORDING TO SARA'S E-MAIL, THE KNOWN HISTORY OF THE RAPTURE BEGAN IN NEW YORK CITY, CIRCA 1900. IT SEEMS A MATHEMATICIAN NAMED HORACE GRIMES WAS DETERMINED TO DISCOVER A THEORETICAL FORMULA WHICH WOULD ALLOW HIM ACCESS TO THE FIFTH DIMENSION.

WHETHER OR NOT HE ACCOMPLISHED THAT RATHER DAUNTING TASK IS UNCLEAR, BUT IT WAS AROUND THIS TIME THAT GRIMES IS SAID TO HAVE DISCOVERED THE RAPTURE.



THE NEXT PERSON WHO WAS BELIEVED TO BE IN POSSESSION OF THE RAPTURE WAS TOM JUDGE, THE MAN RECENTLY MURDERED. IT WAS SAID THE ONE-TIME PRIEST FOUND THE AMULET AND AN OLD NOTEBOOK HIDDEN IN HIS APARTMENT, THE SAME APARTMENT ONCE OCCUPIED BY HORACE GRIMES.



THROUGH THE KNOWN HISTORY OF THE RAPTURE SPANS A LITTLE MORE THAN A CENTURY, THE AMULET IS BELIEVED TO BE ANCIENT.



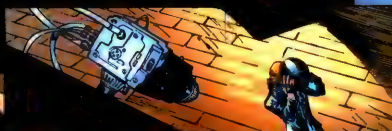
I'LL START BY PAYING A VISIT TO PEOPLE WHO KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT ANCIENT ARTIFACTS.

ROME ITALY



THE SANCTUM ARCHIVES, A DEPOSITORY
FOR RARE AND ANCIENT TEXTS, PRIMARILY
DEALING WITH THE MYSTICAL REALM.



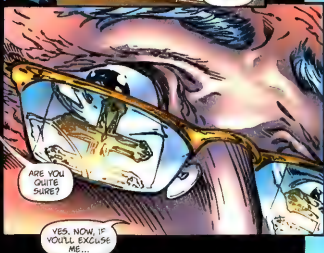


WELCOME
TO THE SANCTUM
ADEN YES, SIGNORNA
-THANK YOU I ASSIST
YOU?

EXCUSE ME
??

I'M LOOKING
FOR INFORMATION
ABOUT A
GUMBALL

GUMBALL?
WHAT GUMBALL
DO YOU
MEAN?





UNLESS MY INSTINCTS ARE COMPLETELY WRONG, I'D SAY THAT MAN IS HIDING SOMETHING. I COULD PRACTICALLY SMELL HIS FEAR WHEN I SHOWED HIM THE SYMBOL.



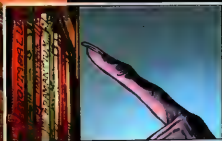
BUT WHEN YOU REACH A DEAD END, YOU HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER PATH.



FORTUNATELY, I ALREADY HAVE ANOTHER PATH IN MIND.













WHEN I WAS A SCHOOLGIRL
ATTENDING GORDONSTOWN,
MY FAVORITE INSTRUCTOR WAS
PROFESSOR ROBERT DREW.

HE SPECIALIZED IN THE STUDY
OF ANCIENT CULTURES.

PROFESSOR DREW MADE THE PAST
TRULY COME ALIVE IN HIS LECTURES,
AS IF WHAT CAME BEFORE WASN'T
DEAD AND TURNED TO DUST BUT
SOMENOW EXISTED ALONGSIDE US.

IT WASN'T UNTIL MUCH LATER THAT
I LEARNED PROFESSOR DREW WAS IN
FACT THE WORLD'S PREEMINENT SCHOLAR
IN THE FIELD OF ANCIENT CULTURES.

PROFESSOR DREW COULD HAVE TAUGHT
AT ANY UNIVERSITY IN THE WORLD. HE
COULD HAVE PUBLISHED BOOKS, OR
LECTURED TO PACKED HALLS.

BUT THE GOOD PROFESSOR
PREFERRED A SIMPLER LIFE.



THE MOMENT
I SPOTTED YOU,
I FOUND MYSELF SUDDENLY
TRANSPORTED BACK TO
GORDONSTOWN, AND I WAS
FACED WITH AN UNSETTLING
THOUGHT. WAS THIS REALITY...
OR THE FIRST SIGN OF
DEMENTIA?

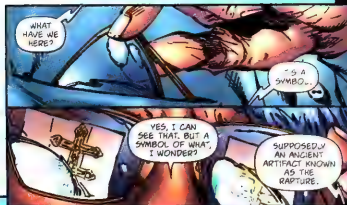
WHICH, AT MY AGE,
IS AN UNPLEASANT
POSSIBILITY.

I APOLOGIZE FOR
DROPPING IN ON YOU LIKE
THIS, PROFESSOR. I WOULD
HAVE CALLED, BUT...

BUT I HAVE
NO TELEPHONE, NO
COMPUTER, NONE OF THE
INFERNAL TIES TO THE SO-
CALLED MODERN WORLD,
WHICH IS JUST THE WAY
I LIKE IT.

BUT I MUST
ADMIT LARA, IT IS A
PLEASURE TO SEE YOU
AGAIN, YOU WERE BY FAR MY
FAVORITE STUDENT, SO
NOUS'VE, SO CURIOUS
ABOUT THE WORLD OF
THE PAST.

I'M AN
PROFESSOR, IN
FACT THAT'S THE
MAIN REASON FOR
MY AGE



WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

"S A SYMBOL"

YES, I CAN SEE THAT. BUT A SYMBOL OF WHAT, I WONDER?

SUPPOSEDLY AN ANCIENT ARTIFACT KNOWN AS THE RAPTURE.



WELL THEN, WHAT YOU HAVE HERE IS THE SYMBOL OF A MYTH, MY DEAR.

I BEG YOUR PARDON?

I BELIEVE THE TERM "URBAN LEGEND" WOULD BEST SUIT. ALTHOUGH THIS IS AN URBAN LEGEND WHICH STRETCHES BACK MANY MANY CENTURES

IN ITS PHYSICAL FORM, THE RAPTURE WAS SAID TO EXIST AS AN ARCAINE AMULET, A DARK VERSION OF THE HOLY GRAIL, IF YOU WILL, SOUGHT AFTER BY ALCHEMISTS, PRACTITIONERS OF THE BLACK ARTS, AND COUNTLESS CRACKPOTS OVER THE AGES.



BUT WHY WAS IT SOUGHT AFTER?

BECAUSE IT WAS BELIEVED THAT THE RAPTURE ALLOWED ITS BEARER TO TRAVEL INTO OTHER DIMENSIONS.

EVEN HELL ITSELF

BUT THERE ARE ALSO LEGENDS THAT TELL OF THE RAPTURE OFFERING THE POWER OF HOPE. SO IT EXISTS IN AN ETHERNAL BALANCE SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HOPE AND HELL.

BUT, OF COURSE, IT'S ALL A MYTH.

EXPECTING A STORY, PROFESSOR?

NOT FOR YEARS.





PROFESSOR
ROBERT DREW
: PRESUME?

A COULD
PRESUME? ON, AND
WHO ARE YOU?

THE NAME'S
DELARCH. CARLOS
DELARCH. THESE ARE MY
ASSOCIATES, MISS FAWN AND
MISS LACEY. WE WOULD
VERY MUCH LIKE YOU TO
COME WITH US.

THAT'S
ABSDURD. COME
WITH YOU
WHERE?

I AM BADLY IN
NEED OF YOUR
KNOWLEDGE AND
EXPERTISE, PROFESSOR. I AM
SEARCHING FOR AN ANCIENT
ARTIFACT KNOWN AS THE
RAPTURE. IF YOU WILL AGREE TO
ASSIST ME IN MY ENDEAVOR
YOU WILL BE HANDSOMELY
COMPENSATED.

I'M NOT
GOING ANYWHERE.
AND I'D LIKE YOU
TO LEAVE ME

I THINK
YOU NEED TO
RECONSIDER
YOUR POSITION
PROFESSOR.
FOR YOUR
SAKE.

YOU HEARD THE
PROFESSOR.



WHETHER YOU
ARE, "I" DOESN'T
MATTER TO ME

I'M LARA CROFT
AND I'M MAKING
MY CONCERNS.

"WAT" WOULD BE
A GREAT MISTAKE
ON YOUR PART
MISS CROFT



TWO AGAINST ONE?

SEEMS FAR.







SARA TOLD ME TO WATCH MY BACK. I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO HER.



HAVING KIDNAPPED PROFESSOR DREW, THE COMPETITION HAD A LEG UP ON ME. I CAN'T LET THEM GET TO THE RAPTURE FIRST.



Woomph! Woomph!

WHAT'S THIS?



Woom! Woom! Woom!

Vump!

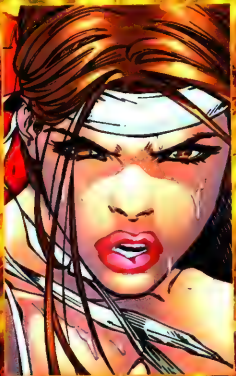
WAS THIS MORE COMPETITION?



MOVE...
AND DIE.

OR SOMETHING
ELSE ENTIRELY?

NEXT ISSUE:
LARA CROFT VS.
the
Mandragora



Tomb Raider

Issue #47

cover by: Adam Hughes



James Bond

Eric Sussman

John Doe

Tyson Wynn

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Helsler

I CAME TO ITALY IN
SEARCH OF ANSWERS.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS,
WHICH I HAD YET TO
FULLY UNDERSTAND.

THE QUESTIONS CONCERNED AN
ANCIENT ARTIFACT KNOWN AS THE
RAPTURE, WHICH HAD SUPPOSEDLY
BEEN IN THE POSSESSION OF A MAN
NAMED TOM JUDGE. BUT SINCE HIS
MURDER IN NEW YORK CITY, THE
ARTIFACT WAS MISSING.

OR PERHAPS IT HAD NEVER
EXISTED IN THE FIRST PLACE.

I CAME HERE FOR ANSWERS, BUT
FOUND ONLY MORE QUESTIONS.

THE BIGGEST QUESTION FOR
ME AT THE MOMENT BEING...

WHO ON
EARTH IS THIS?



WHOOMPH!
WHOOMPH!
WHOOMPH!

TARGET
ENGAGED.

WHAT DID
YOU DO WITH
THE BOOK?

BOOK?
WHAT
BOOK?

"THE BOOK YOU
STOLE FROM THE
SANCTUM ARCHIVES...
RIGHT AFTER YOU
RUNNED DOWN TWO
MEN IN COLD
BLOOD."

I THINK YOU
HAVE MISTAKEN ME
FOR SOMEBODY
ELSE. I'M...

LARA CROFT.
YES, WE KNOW WHO
YOU ARE. AND WE
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
AFTER.

WE?

"THERE ARE
TWO OF US."

ALL RIGHT,
SO YOU KNOW
WHO I AM. BUT
WHO ARE YOU?

THE
MAGDALENA.

I'M GUESSING
THAT'S NOT YOUR
NAME.

IT'S WHO
I AM.

I'M GOING TO TRY
TO MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND.
I WAS HERE VISITING A FRIEND
OF MINE, PROFESSOR ROBERT
DREW, WHEN HE WAS SUDDENLY
ABDUCTED BY A MAN AND
TWO WOMEN.

I WAS PURSUING
THEM WHEN YOU HIT
ME WITH THAT...

SPEAR

IT LOOKS
ANCIENT.

THE SPEAR
TRANSCENDS TIME, IT
TRANSCENDS THIS
WORLD. IT IS A HOLY
RELIC, AN INSTRUMENT
OF HEAVEN ON
EARTH.

LOOK,
WHOEVER
IT'S ARE...

I'M THE
MAGDALENA. AND
I'M HERE TO STOP
YOU.

YOU'RE STOPPING
ME FROM SAVING AN
INNOCENT MAN'S LIFE. IS
THAT WHAT YOU'RE HERE TO
DO? IS THAT WHAT YOU
WANT TO DO?



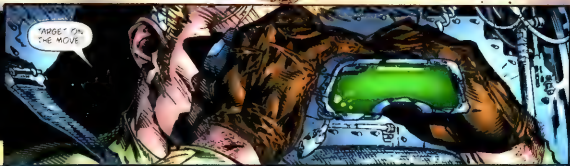
YOU HAVEN'T STOPPED ME. YOU'VE MERELY DELAYED ME.



YOU COULD BE PUTTING THE WORLD IN DANGER!











THE MAGDALENA
SAID SHE WAS
SENT TO STOP ME.

SHE SAID I
WAS PUTTING
THE WORLD
IN DANGER.

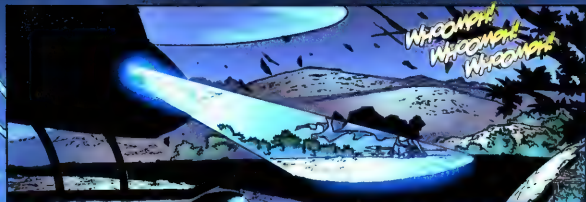
WAS IT ALL
RELATED TO
THE REASON
I CAME
HERE?

WAS IT ALL TIED
TO THE MISSING
ARTIFACT KNOWN
AS THE RAPTURE?

Shut Down!

THAT'S WHAT
I HAD TO
FIND OUT.

RIGHT AFTER
I FIND
PROFESSOR
DREW AND
THOSE WHO
KIDNAPPED HIM.



WHAT ENCE?



WHY DO YOU
WEEP?

BECAUSE OF
WHAT YOU FAILED
TO DO?

NO VOICE
BECAUSE OF
WHAT I KNOW
I MUST DO

NAPLES
ITALY

"ARE WE FEELING ANY
MORE COOPERATIVE NOW
PROFESSOR DREW?"

HARDLY

PERHAPS YOU
FAIL TO GRASP "HE
GRAVITY OF YOUR
SITUATION."

I AM A PATIENT
MAN, BUT I'M
ACCUSTOMED TO
GETTING WHAT
I WANT.

AND I WANT
THE RAPTURE

"THE RAPTURE...
IS A MYTH. IT
DOESN'T EXIST"

FORGIVE ME
FOR SAYING SO,
PROFESSOR, BUT
IN THIS MATTER,
I THINK I KNOW
BETTER.

THE RAPTURE
DOES EXIST, AND
ONE WAY OR
ANOTHER, YOU ARE
GOING TO HELP
ME END -

HOW...?



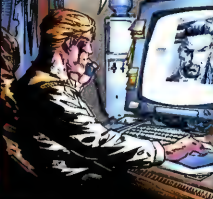




"CARLOS DELARCH, MISS CROFT, IS A VERY DANGEROUS CHARACTER. NEED."

BORN IN MADRID IN 1947, DELARCH BECAME A MAJOR PLAYER IN THE EUROPEAN UNDERWORLD IN THE LATE SIXTIES AND EARLY SEVENTIES.

HE WAS BEHIND THE KILLINGS OF MANY EQUALLY UNSAVORY FIGURES, AND HE WAS ALSO LINKED TO THE 1981 ASSASSINATION OF EGYPTIAN PRESIDENT ANWAR SADAT.



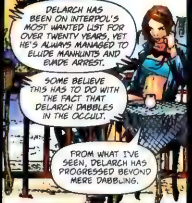
SINCE THEN DELARCH HAS BECOME AN INTERNATIONAL ARMS SMUGGLER WHO'S HAD BUSINESS DEALINGS WITH REBEL GROUPS AND TERRORIST ORGANIZATIONS AROUND THE WORLD.

THEN WHY IS HE STILL A FREE MAN, INSPECTOR CASTLEBERRY?

DELARCH HAS BEEN ON INTERPOL'S MOST WANTED LIST FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS, YET HE'S ALWAYS MANAGED TO ELUDE MANHUNTS AND BLADE ARREST.

SOME BELIEVE THIS HAS TO DO WITH THE FACT THAT DELARCH DABBLES IN THE OCCULT.

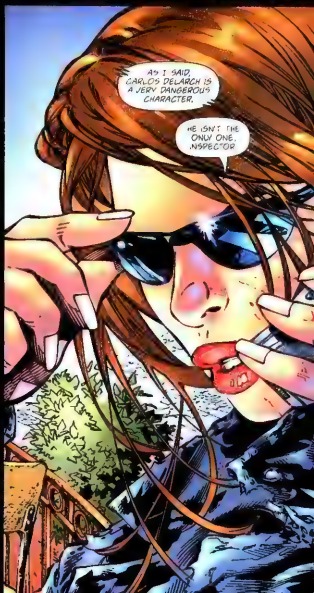
FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN, DELARCH HAS PROGRESSED BEYOND HERE DABBING.



THERE IS AN UNCONFIRMED REPORT THAT DELARCH WAS SPOTTED IN NAPLES THREE WEEKS AGO.

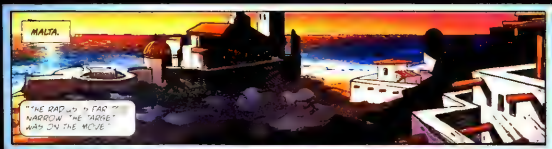
WELL, SINCE I'M HERE IN ITALY, AND SINCE NAPLES IS LOVELY THIS TIME OF YEAR, I'LL SEE IF I CAN'T CONFIRM THAT FOR MYSELF.

YOU'D BE WISE TO PROCEED WITH CAUTION, MISS CROFT...



AS I SAID, CARLOS DELARCH IS A VERY DANGEROUS CHARACTER.

HE ISN'T THE ONLY ONE, INSPECTOR.



THE SEERS ARE SEARCHING FOR THE LOCATION OF THE TARGET. YOU MUST BE READY TO MOVE AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

SHE WAS A NAME, YOU KNOW

EXCUSE ME?

"THE 'ADSE' SHE HAD A NAME

IT WOULD BE BEST IF YOU DIDN'T PERSONALIZE THIS MATTER, PATIENCE. THE 'TARGET' IS A DANGEROUS THING, WHICH NEEDS TO BE DEALT WITH.

IS THAT HOW I SHOULD THINK OF HER, KRISTOFF? AS A THING? A POISONOUS BUG THAT SHOULD BE SQUASHED?

SHE'S SEARCHING FOR THE RAPTURE. IF SHE FINDS IT... IT COULD VERY WELL BE THE BEGINNING OF THE END. THE ALGURIES HAVE FORESEEN THIS.

AND THAT JUSTIFY KILLING HER?

SHE'S KILLED ALREADY, PATIENCE. THE TWO MEN GUNNED DOWN AT THE SANG'UM ARCH'JES

SHE TOLD ME SHE'D DO IT.

AND I BELIEVE HER.


I LOOKED INTO HER HEART, KRISTOFF. I SAW NO EVIL THERE. SHE'S STRUGGLING TO STAY ON THE RIGHT PATH, JUST AS WE ALL ARE

EVEN A PURE HEART CAN BE A DANGEROUS JEROME

THERE ARE STILL MANY THINGS YOU DO NOT YET COMPREHEND, PATIENCE. BUT WITH MY GUIDANCE YOU WILL BECOME

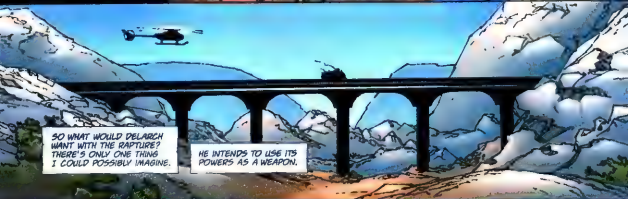
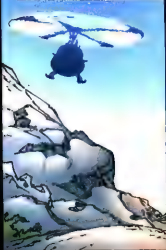
THE SEERS HAVE SPOTTED THE 'TARGET'.

THEY'RE HEADING TOWARD NARLEN



WHAT WOULD A MURDEROUS
ARMS DEALER AND PRACTICING
WAGLOCK WANT WITH THE
RAPTURE, I WONDER?

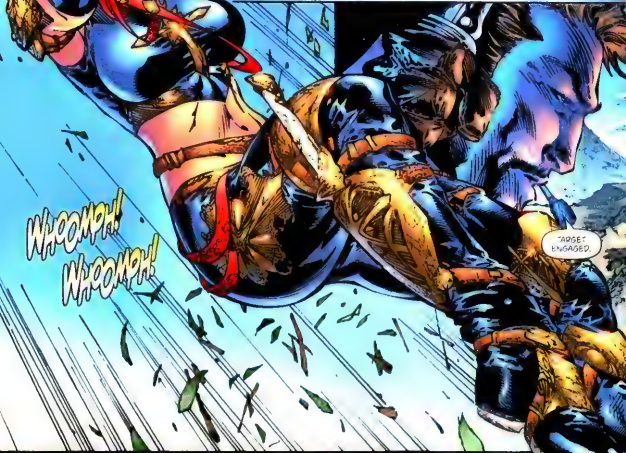
IT'S SAID TO BE AN ARCAIC AMULET
WHICH HAS THE MYSTICAL POWER TO
OPEN DOORWAYS TO OTHER
DIMENSIONS, EVEN HELL ITSELF.



SO WHAT WOULD DELARCH
WANT WITH THE RAPTURE?
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING
I COULD POSSIBLY IMAGINE.

HE INTENDS TO USE ITS
POWERS AS A WEAPON.





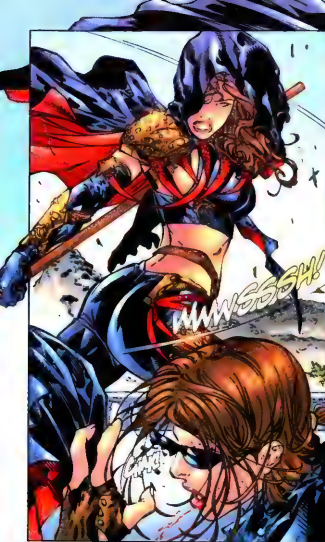


I COULD SEE THE
DETERMINATION IN
HER YOUNG EYES.

FOR HER, IT WASN'T A
QUESTION OF WANTING
TO DO ME HARM...

IT WAS ALL ABOUT
NOT FAILING HER DUTY.

AND THAT MADE HER
EVEN MORE DANGEROUS.





ANYONE
THANK
ME



"ADOLE" IS
MY NAME



WAVE YOUR
HANDS ON THE
CONSCIENCE
THANK YOU



NO!





JUPP 27



TARGET...
HAS ESCAPED



AND YOU'RE
QUITE CERTAIN IT
WAS A VOLUNTARY
DECISION?



VERY WELL,
KRISTOF. I SHALL
SEE TO "HUNGS".



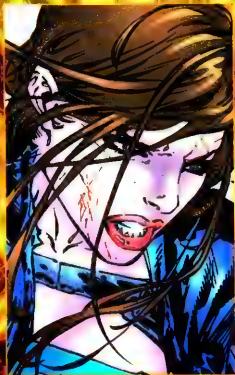
"M. AFDA" THERE
IS AN EXTREMELY
TROUBLING
DEVELOPMENT TO
REPORT."



THE
MAGDALENA
HAS BECOME
A ROGUE.

TO BE
CONTINUED

NEXT ISSUE: GUEST
PENCILER LEONARD KIRK
TAKES ON TOMB RAIDER!



Tomb Raider

Issue #48

cover by: Adam Hughes



James Bond

Leonard Kirk

John Maynard Keynes

Tyson Weir

letters by: Robin Sperhar and Dennis Heisler



LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO, THIS YOUNG WOMAN IN THE REMARKABLE OUTFIT WHO NOW SHARES MY MOTORCYCLE WAS QUITE INTENT ON KILLING ME.

IT WASN'T SOMETHING SHE WANTED TO DO, IT WAS HER MISSION.



AS I'VE ONLY RECENTLY LEARNED, HER NAME IS PATIENCE, AND SHE COMES FROM A LONG LINE OF WOMEN, DESCENDANTS OF THE HOLY BLOODLINE, STRETCHING BACK 2000 YEARS—ALL OF WHOM HAD TAKEN ON THE SAME ROLE THAT PATIENCE NOW HOLDS.

THE MASHALENA—WARRIOR AND PROTECTOR OF THE CHURCH, AND WIELDER OF THE SACRED SPEAR OF DESTINY.

PATIENCE HAD BEEN SENT TO STOP ME BEFORE I COULD LOCATE THE RAPTURE, AN ANCIENT ARTIFACT, WHICH ALLOWS ITS BEARER ACCESS TO OTHER DIMENSIONS, EVEN HELL ITSELF.

BUT PATIENCE TURNED HER BACK ON HER MISSION, AND IN DOING SO, SHE TURNED HER BACK ON THOSE SHE SERVED—THOSE WHO TRAINED HER TO WIELD DEADLY, AND SOMETIMES MYSTICAL FORCES, IN AN ON-GOING FIGHT AGAINST EVIL, BOTH HUMAN AND SUPERNATURAL.

NOW, PATIENCE AND I WERE ON THE SAME ROAD... YET NEITHER OF US COULD BE SURE WHERE IT WOULD ULTIMATELY LEAD.

NAPLES
ITALY

HE'S OUT
THERE...
SOMEWHERE.

WHO?

CARLOS DELARCH,
INTERNATIONAL ARMS
DEALER AND PRACTICING
WARLOCK. HE KIDNAPPED MY
FRIEND, PROFESSOR DREW, AND
HE'S QUITE LIKELY BEHIND THE
MURDERS AT THE SANCTUM
ACHIVES.

SO THEN HE'S
THE ONE WHO
STOLE THE BOOK...
THE ANCIENT TEXT
WRITTEN ABOUT THE
RAPTURE AMULET.

WHICH WOULD
EXPLAIN WHY HE
KIDNAPPED PROFESSOR
DREW. DELARCH NEEDS HIM
TO DECIPHER THE BOOK SO
HE CAN USE IT TO TRY TO
RETRIEVE THE RAPTURE

AND WE
HAVE TO
STOP HIM.

I WAS
SENT TO
STOP YOU...
TO KILL
YOU.

IF I
HAD...

IF YOU HAD, THEN I
WOULDN'T BE AROUND
TO TRY TO STOP DELARCH
FROM OBTAINING THE
RAPTURE... WHICH, I BELIEVE,
HE INTENDS TO USE AS A
WEAPON.

SO, ALL THINGS
CONSIDERED, IT'S
GOOD YOU HAD A
CHANGE OF HEART
PATIENCE

AND IT'S QUITE
A RELIEF THAT
YOU'RE NO LONGER
POINTING THAT
SPEAR AT ME.

I'M MORE THAN A
LITTLE FREAKED RIGHT NOW,
LARA. I'VE TURNED AWAY FROM
MY CALLING. THAT'S GOTTA HAVE
SOME PRETTY HEAVY
REPERCUSSIONS.

YOU CAN BET
THEY'LL COME AT
US FAST AND
HARD.

IF THEY
DO WE'LL
FACE THEM
TOGETHER

I'M REALLY
SORRY ABOUT
THAT. I THOUGHT
I WAS DOING THE
RIGHT THING YOU
KNOW?

MALTA.

WE SHALL
DESCEND LIKE
THE ANGEL OF
DEATH...

SWIFT AND
SURE WILL BE OUR
RESPONSE TO THIS
BLASPHEMY.

PERHAPS PATIENCE
HAS DONE WHAT SHE'S
DONE FOR A REASON KNOWN
ONLY TO HER. PERHAPS SHE'S
SECRETLY TRYING TO GAIN LARA
CROFT'S TRUST IN HOPES THAT
SHE'LL LEAD HER TO THE
RAPTURE... AND THEN SHE'LL
ACT IN OUR INTEREST.

YOU ARE HER
SHEPHERD, KRISTOF. YET
PATIENCE NEARLY KILLED
YOU WHEN SHE BROUGHT
DOWN YOUR HELICOPTER...
BROUGHT IT DOWN WITH
THE SACRED SPEAR,
NO LESS.

NO, KRISTOF,
THERE CAN BE NO
EXCUSE FOR WHAT
THE MAGDALENA HAS
DONE. SHE MUST BE
DEALT WITH. AND THAT
WILL REQUIRE
OVERWHELMING
FORCE.

THANKFULLY, WE
ARE BLESSED TO HAVE
SUCH FORCE AT OUR
DISPOSAL.

THE ELITE
SQUAD OF THE
SWISS GUARD.



BUT YOU CAN'T
HAND DOWN A
DEATH SENTENCE
BEFORE ALL OF THE
FACTS ARE KNOWN!

WE'RE NOT IN A
COURT OF LAW,
MR. STOP. WHAT WE ARE
DEALING WITH GOES
BEYOND THE WORLD
OF MAN.

AND IF LARA
CROFT OBTAINS
THE RAPTURE, THE WORLD OF
MAN COULD SOON COME
TO AN END. THE AUGURIES
HAVE FORESEEN THIS.

THE AUGURIES
ARE NOT INFALLIBLE.
CERTAINLY THEY FAILED
TO FORESEE THIS TURN
OF EVENTS.



THE SEERS HAVE
A FIRM LOCK ON THE
"TARGET"... AND THE
ROGUE



BOTH ARE N.
HARLES

VERY GOOD
THEN, IT'S
TIME...



WHOOOMP!
WHOOOMP!
WHOOOMP!

... "ME TO LET"
FED "THE ANGEL
OF DEATH."





FINALLY FOUND
SOMETHING HAVE WE
PROFESSOR?

MY GOD
THAT'S...

YES, I BELIEVE
I HAVE.
SOMETHING QUITE
EXTRAORDINARY IN
FACT.

WELL, DON'T
LEAVE ME IN
SUSPENSE. DO
SHARE.

IT'S AN INCANTATION,
WRITTEN IN AN ARCAN
LANGUAGE. IF THIS TEXT IS TO
BE BELIEVED, SPEAKING THE
INCANTATION UNLOCKS A MYSTICAL
DOORWAY, REVEALING A HOMOING
VORTEX, WHICH LEADS DIRECTLY TO
THE RAPTURE, WHEREVER IT
EXISTS... EVEN IF IT'S LOST IN
ANOTHER DIMENSION.

BUT HOW
CAN SUCH A
THING BE
POSSIBLE?

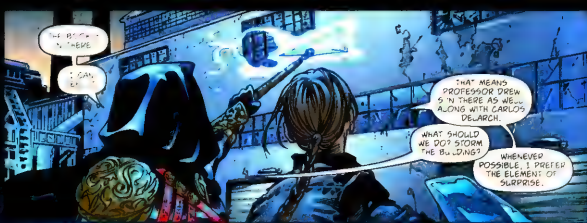
OH, MY DEAR
PROFESSOR, THERE ARE
MORE THINGS POSSIBLE
THAN EVEN YOUR MIND COULD
GRASP. THINGS WHICH WOULD
MAKE YOUR HEAD
EXPLODE. LITERALLY.

THIS IS THE FINAL
KEY. SOON I'LL
POSSESS THE RAPTURE...
AND IN MY HANDS IT WILL
BECOME THE GREATEST
WEAPON THE WORLD HAS
EVER KNOWN.

I NEVER BELIEVED
THE RAPTURE ACTUALLY
EXISTED. NOW THAT I
KNOW I WAS WRONG, I'LL
NOT HELP YOU ANY LONGER
NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO
TO ME, DELARCH.

OH THAT'S
QUITE ALL RIGHT,
PROFESSOR, BECAUSE
I NO LONGER REQUIRE
YOUR HELP.





THE BOMB
IS THERE
I CAN
EX...

THAT MEANS
PROFESSOR DREW
IS IN THERE AS WELL
ALONG WITH CARLOS
DELAUNCH.

WHAT SHOULD
WE DO? STORM
THE BUILDING?

WHENEVER
POSSIBLE, I PREFER
THE ELEMENT OF
SURPRISE.



NO MUCH FOR
THE ELEMENT OF
SURPRISE



FRIENDS OF
YOURS, BY ANY
CHANCE?

WELL,
THEY'RE
CERTAINLY
WELCOME
TO TRY.

THEY'RE THE
WHITE SQUAD OF
THE SWISS
GUARD.

WHICH MEANS
THEY'RE HERE
NOW.



PATIENCE SAID THERE WOULD BE SERIOUS REPERCUSSIONS. IT APPEARS SHE WAS RIGHT.

BOAM!

IN CHOOSING NOT TO KILL ME, PATIENCE MAY HAVE SEALED HER OWN FATE.

BLAM!

WHICH PROVES THE OLD ADAGE THAT NO GOOD DEED GOES UNPUNISHED.

BLAAM!

BOAM!

BLAMM!

BOOM!



BULLETS ARE USELESS AGAINST THEIR SHIELDS. YOU'LL NEED THIS.



GHEEM JOE



TIME TO UNLOCK THE DOORWAY.

TIME TO PUT MY RECENT TRAINING TO THE TEST.

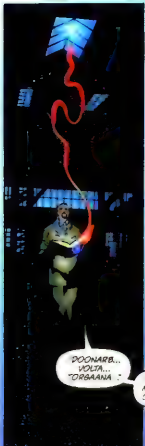


THE DOORWAY WHICH WILL LEAD TO THE RAPTURE, AND MY DESTINY.

ALTRA... KAANFA... BORRATILIA...



QUOR'A NEUTORB... FOWAAGNA.



DOONARB... VOLTA... TORGAANA.



RUSORF MEGAFEE ORDAN'E.

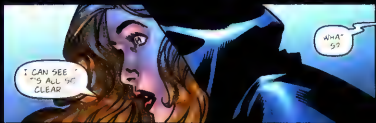




THAT
WORKS,
TOO.



PATIENCE,
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?



I CAN SEE
IT'S ALL SO
CLEAR

WHAT?
9?



WE CAN TALK
ABOUT IT LATER.
RIGHT NOW, WE'VE GOT
TO STOP DELARCH. IF WE
DON'T... NOTHING ELSE
WILL MATTER

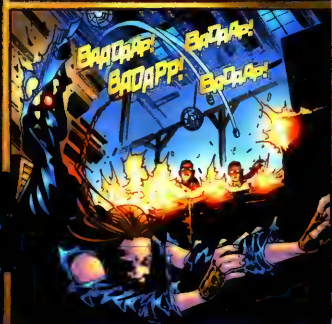
WE'RE DONE
WITH THE WHOLE
ELEMENT OF
SURPRISE THING
RIGHT?

YES THAT
WOULD SEEM TO
BE A GOOD
POINT.



KA-
VAA-
SH!







WOOOSH!

WE'VE GOT
TO DESTROY
THE BOOK

NOW

I BELIEVE THE
VOLT ON IS IN
YOUR HANDS

SO
CLOSE...



HAND OVER
THE BOOK...
OR D.E.



NO!

NO ONE WILL
STOP ME! I'M GOING
TO BE THE MOST
POWERFUL MAN IN
THE WORLD!





UWOOGH!

DE

UWOOGH!

AAAAAA!

AAAIIIEEEE!

KUHO-KOOGH!

FEVSH!

KLANK-

KNK!



USUALLY, WHEN I GO AFTER AN ARTIFACT, I FIND IT.

PERHAPS I'M LOSING MY TOUCH.

YOU HELPED PREVENT THE END OF EXISTENCE, LARA. JUST LOOK AT THAT SUNRISE AND TELL ME IT WASN'T WORTH IT. BESIDES, THE RAPTURE WILL SURFACE AGAIN, IT ALWAYS DOES.

POINT WELL TAKEN, LOVE.

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU ON THE ROOF OF THE WAREHOUSE, PATIENCE? AFTER THAT MYSTICAL ENERGY SHOT THROUGH YOU AND TOOK OUT THE SWISS GUARD, YOU SAID IT WAS ALL SO CLEAR TO YOU. WHAT DID YOU MEAN?

IT WAS POWERFUL, DARK ENERGY. IT WAS DRAWN TO ME. IT WANTED TO TAKE HOLD OF ME. BUT I PUSHED IT AWAY. I WAS STRONGER THAN IT WAS. STRONGER THAN I EVER REALIZED.



BUT IT DID MAKE ME SEE A PART OF MYSELF THAT WAS HIDDEN FROM ME. I ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT I HAD ONLY ONE PATH TO FOLLOW. BUT IN A FLASH, I SAW THAT THAT WASN'T TRUE.



I NEVER REALLY HAD A LIFE OF MY OWN. I WAS RAISED IN AN ABBEY, SECLUDED, TAUGHT TO BE DISCIPLINED, TO FOLLOW ORDERS. I RAN AWAY ONCE, WANTING TO SEE THE WORLD WITH MY OWN EYES. BUT THAT TASTE OF FREEDOM WAS ALL TOO BRIEF. THEY TRACKED ME DOWN AND BROUGHT ME BACK TO SERVE THEIR NEEDS.

"ME," THEY TRIED TO KILL YOU.

AND THEY'LL TRY AGAIN. THAT'S THE ONLY THING I CAN BE CERTAIN OF RIGHT NOW.



WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW?

OH, I DON'T KNOW. BESIDES TRYING TO STAY ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THOSE WHO WANT TO SEE ME DEAD, I GUESS I'LL FOLLOW MY OWN PATH, SEE WHERE THAT LEADS.

I CAN COMPLETELY RELATE TO THAT.

YOU KNOW, I'VE ONLY HAD ONE REAL FRIEND IN MY LIFE... AND SHE ENDED UP BETRAYING ME.



WELL, THAT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN THIS TIME.



WE MET AS ADVERSARIES.
WE PARTED AS FRIENDS.

WE WERE BOTH
FOLLOWING OUR
OWN PATHS...

AND NEITHER OF US COULD
BE SURE WHERE THEY WOULD
ULTIMATELY LEAD.

THE
END



Tomb Raider

Issue #49

cover by: Adam Hughes



scripted by:
James Bond

scripted by:
Tyler Krichan

scripted by:
Mike Rook

colored by:
Tyson Wengert

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Heisler

THE BRAZILIAN
RAINFOREST

IT FEELS GOOD TO
"E" BACK TO BASICS.

THIS ODYSSEY BEGAN WITH A SINGLE E-MAIL
MESSAGE. IT WAS FROM KURTIS TRENT, A
GENTLEMAN WITH A RATHER COLORFUL PAST
WHOM I GROSSED PRITS WITH ABOUT A
YEAR AGO. WE MADE QUITE AN IMPRESSION
ON ONE ANOTHER IN A VERY SHORT TIME.

BUT KURTIS WASN'T CONTACTING ME FOR
ANY SOCIAL OCCASION. AS FANTASTIC AS IT
SEEMED, HE CLAIMED THAT HE HAD STUMBLED
UPON THE REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT AZTEC
TEMPLE DEEP WITHIN THE BRAZILIAN RAINFOREST,
FAR FROM THEIR LAND OF ORIGIN. HIS E-MAIL
PROVIDED ITS EXACT COORDINATES.

KURTIS WANTED HELP EXPLORING THE
LOST TEMPLE, AND I WAS MORE THAN UP
FOR THE CHALLENGE. I THOUGHT IT
WOULD BE A NICE WAY FOR THE TWO OF
US TO GET REACQUAINTED. AFTER ALL...

...A GIRL'S ENTITLED TO
A BIT OF EXCITEMENT
NOW AND AGAIN.



AS MUCH AS I TRUSTED KURT'S JUDGMENT, I WAS STILL A LITTLE SKEPTICAL ABOUT HIS CLAIM, BUT NOW THAT I SEE THE TEMPLE WITH MY OWN EYES, IT'S EXACTLY AS HE DESCRIBED IT.

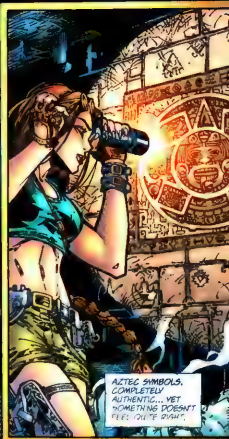
YET THE DANTALIZING QUESTION REMAINS... HOW DID IT GET HERE?



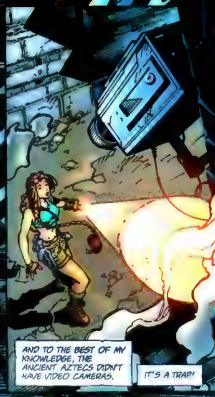
A TEMPLE LOST FOR CENTURIES IN THE MIDDLE OF A RAINFOREST... BUT THERE'S NOT A TRACE OF MOSS ON THE NORTH WALL? CURIOUS.



KURT'S



AZTEC SYMBOLS, COMPLETELY AUTHENTIC... YET SOMETHING DOESN'T FEEL QUITE RIGHT.



AND TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE, THE ANCIENT AZTECS DIDN'T HAVE VIDEO CAMERAS.

IT'S A TRAP!



KLAANNG!

WELCOME, MRS. CROFT. WELCOME TO JUDGMENT DAY.

I KNOW THAT VOICE. IT BELONGS TO J. BRADLEY AULBOOD, ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN IN THE WORLD... AND MY MORTAL ENEMY.

I DO APOLGIZE FOR THE MULEADIN - MAIL MESSAGE

BUT I'VE BEEN PLANNING THIS LITTLE EVENT FOR MONTHS...

AND YOU CANT THROW A SURPRISE PARTY WITHOUT A BIT OF SUBTERFUGE.

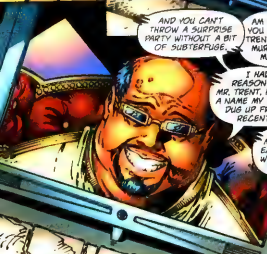
AM I TO ASSUME YOU KILLED KURTIS TRENT JUST AS YOU MURDERED WALLY MACALISTER?

I HAD NO REASON TO KILL MR. TRENT. HE'S SIMPLY A NAME MY OPERATIVES DUG UP FROM YOUR RECENT PAST.

AS FOR MACALISTER... HE EARNED MY WRATH WHEN HE ASSISTED YOU IN SYDNEY.

YES, HE HELPED ME STOP YOU FROM MURDERING YOUR NEPHEW... AFTER YOU SWAPPED BODIES WITH HIM BY USING THE SPIRIT WALKER CHARM.

A MINOR SETBACK, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.





AS FOR YOU, YOUR FATE WILL BE DECIDED HERE, IN MY OWN PRIVATE TEMPLE OF DOOM. AFTER MONTHS OF CONSTRUCTION, AT GREAT PERSONAL COST, THE TIME WAS RIGHT TO LURE YOU HERE.

SURELY A SHIPPER'S BULLET WOULD HAVE BEEN FAR SIMPLER, NOT TO MENTION MORE THRIFTY.

IF I'D SIMPLY WANTED TO KILL YOU, MISS CROFT, YOU'D BE DEAD ALREADY. I FULLY INTEND TO ALLOW YOU A CHANCE TO SURVIVE. THERE IS BUT ONE WAY OUT OF HERE. FIND IT, AND YOU MAY LEAVE WITH MY BLESSING.

IT WON'T BE EASY, HOWEVER. JUST LIKE MR. WONKA'S FABLED CHOCOLATE FACTORY, THERE ARE SURPRISES AROUND EVERY CORNER.

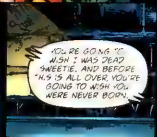
NEED? KILLER OOMPA-LOOMPAS?

HARDLY, BUT THERE IS ONE HUMAN OBSTACLE IN THE MIX, AND I BELIEVE YOU TWO KNOW EACH OTHER.



HEY THERE PRINCESS. JOIN ME NO? WELL, YOU'RE ALWAYS IN MY DREAMS.

LADY JASMINE WELL, I'M NOT A DOUBLE TREAT. I THOUGHT YOU'D BE IN ARIZONA.



YOU'RE GOING TO WISH I WAS DEAD SWEETIE. AND BEFORE IT'S ALL OVER YOU'RE GOING TO WISH YOU WERE NEVER BORN.



SO WITHOUT FURTHER ADO...




THAT'S ENOUGH, LADIES. IT'S GOOD TO GET YOUR BLOOD UP BEFORE THE COMPETITION... BUT I TROWN ON TOO MUCH RASH TALK.




LET THE GAMES BEGIN

WOOSH!



AFTER MY ENCOUNTER WITH J. BRADLEY AULGOOD IN AUSTRALIA, I KNEW HE WAS SERIOUSLY UNBALANCED.

BUT I HAD NO IDEA HE WAS THIS DEMENTED.



JUST LOOK AT HER, THE INTREPID EXPLORER JEN'DERING BOLDLY INTO THE GREAT UNKNOWN. DOESN'T IT JUST GIVE YOU GOOSEBUMPS?

ENOUGH FOREPLAY. LET'S GET THE PARTY STARTED, ALL-BAD.

PLEASE, L.J., YOU KNOW HOW I ABHOR THAT NICKNAME.



WWSHWSH!

DEMENTED OR NOT...



WWSHWSH!

I SUPPOSE AULGOOD DESERVES CREDIT FOR CREATIVITY.



FEELS LIKE I'M CAUGHT IN
A BLOODY VIDEO GAME.

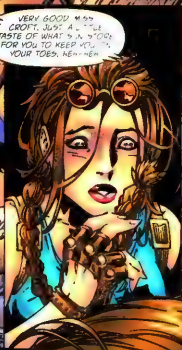
WWSHVSH!

WWSHVSH!

WWSHVSH!



VERY GOOD MIND
CROFT. JUST A LITTLE
TASTE OF WHAT'S A B'DOR
FOR YOU TO KEEP YOU
YOUR TOES. NEHEHEH

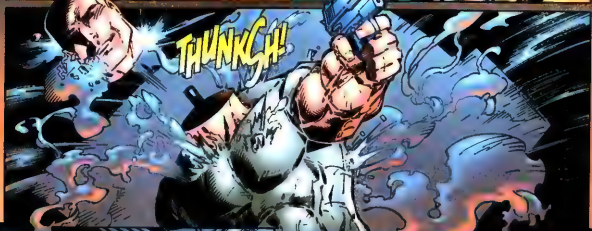


THE ONE THING GUARANTEED
TO KEEP ME ON MY TOES IS THE
PROSPECT OF FINDING AULGOOD...



...AND GIVING HIM A TASTE
OF HIS OWN MEDICINE.







I WANTED TO MAKE THIS A CHALLENGE FOR YOU, MISS CROFT. PROVIDE YOU WITH OPTIONS, SUCH AS...

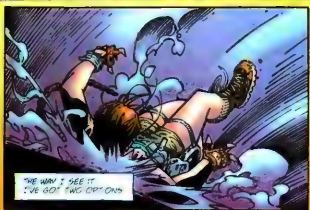
TWO DOORS. ONE LEADS TO THE LADY. ONE LEADS TO THE TIGER. YOU MAY CHOOSE.

I THINK I'D PREFER THE TIGER.

BORRBRORRBR!

GRRRRRRRR!

ON SECOND THOUGHT...



"THE WAY I SEE IT
"I'VE GOT TWO OPTIONS"



"I COULD TRY MY
BEST TO GET PAST
THIS HUNGRY CAT..."

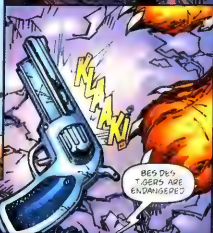


"...AND CONTINUE ON MY
MERRY WAY THROUGH
AULLGOOD'S FUNHOUSE..."



"...OR I CAN TRY TO
CHANGE THE RULES."







WELL, WHAD'VA
KNOW ABOUT THAT?
LOOKS LIKE WE MAKE A
PRETTY GOOD TEAM,
PRINCESS.

I GUESS IT'S LIKE
"HA" OLD ADAGE... A
JUNGLE TIGER MAKES
FOR STRANGE
BEDFELLOW.

LET'S GO
AND FIND OUT
THE CAUSE.

AS SOON AS WE
GET SOME DISTANCE
BETWEEN US AND
FLUFFY...

WE CAN THEN
COOPERATE AND
BACK TO BEING WORTHY
ENEMIES?

ACTUALLY I WAS
GOING TO SAY I COULD
USE A SMOKE, BUT THAT
WORKS FOR ME TOO

GO
GO

AWA

WAAAAAGH!

WAAAAAGH!

WAAAAAGH!



YOU SAVED
ME.

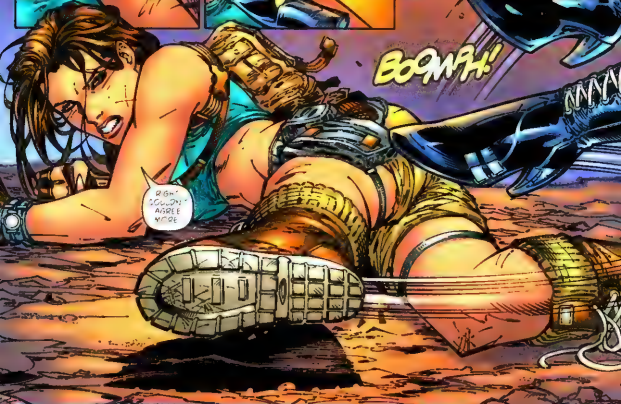


BOOM!



NOW DON'T
GO SOFT ON ME,
SISTER. JUST
BECAUSE I DIDN'T LET
YOU GET CHARBROILED
DOESN'T MEAN I
WON'T KILL YOU
MYSELF.

TIME TO
GET BACK TO
BASICS.



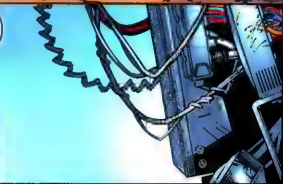
RIGHT
SOULON!
AGREE
MORE

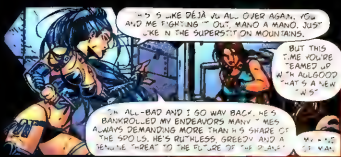
BOOM!



AS MUCH AS
I LOVE A GOOD
CATFIGHT, IT'S TIME TO
F--- TWO BIRDS WITH
ONE STONE

GO DARTER
WITH A BULLET
OR BOMB
GAS





"I S LIKE DÉJÀ VU ALL OVER AGAIN, YOU AND ME FIGHTING 'TIL ONE OF US DIES. JUST LIKE IN THE SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS."

BUT THIS TIME YOU'RE TEAMED UP WITH AULGOOD. THAT'S A NEW "LAST"

"IN ALL-BAD AND I GO WAY BACK. HE'S BANKROLLED MY ENDEAVORS MANY TIMES. ALWAYS DEMANDING MORE THAN HIS SHARE OF THE PROLS. HE'S RUTHLESS, GREEDY AND A GENUINE "THREAT" TO THE FUTURE OF THE PLAN."

MY NAME IS MAN



SOUNDS LIKE YOU "WO APE MEAN" FOR EACH OTHER.

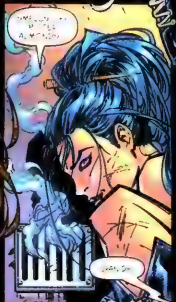
HE'S NOT MY "JOKE"

NOW YOU ON THE OTHER HAND..



WHOOOMP!

INTERFERED



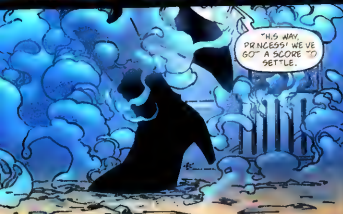
"I'M NOT A MACHO"

OH, SO

"SORRY" HAD TO END THIS WAY. L.L., BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'VE GOT YOUR EDGE.



"I MAY BE ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN ON EARTH, BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE LARA CROFT COME OUT OF THIS ALIVE. I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND."



"THIS WAY, PRINCESS! WE'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE."



"IT WAS THE PRINCESS! SHE WAS THE ONE WHO GAVE ME THE KEY!"

"YOU PROVIDED ME WITH AN ALL-ACCESS PASS, AULGOOD?"

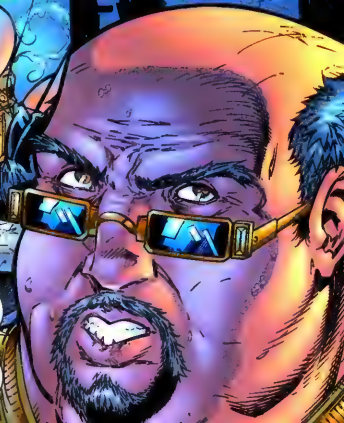


"THAT BLOATED BACK-STABBING BASTARD OF BLE. I'LL SHOW HIM AND'S LOST THEIR EDGE."

"TERRIBLE WHEN A 'RUSTED OLD TUN' OH, YOU."

"IT'S HAPPENED TO YOU, HAS IT?"

"ONCE OR TWICE."





I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WOULDN'T BE EASY TO ELIMINATE YOU TWO CHICKEN LADIES NOT WHEN YOU WERE WORKING AS A TEAM

I THOUGHT WE WERE ON THE SAME TEAM. ALL-HAD WHAT GIVES?

I HANDED YOUR BARED TONGUE TO THE GUARDPOST ON MOUNTAIN... AND... AND... SAME MESS. EMPTY-HANDED

IT'S NOT IN MY NATURE TO FORGET THAT SORT OF THING

WELL, WE BEEN TO BE MAKING A MESS OF MY CONTROL ROOM, BUT I DON'T NEED THE INNER WORKINGS OF THE TEMPLE TO FINISH THE JOB AT HAND

AND I DON'T NEED BULLETS

SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE FR ENDS

POSSSH!
VOO

POSSSH!
VOO

BAA-DAP!

BAA-DAP!

BAA-DAP!

BAA-DAP!
BAA-DAPP!



GRRRAAAARRLL!

SOUNDS LIKE
FLUFFY GOT HIS
DIN-DIN.

WELL, AT
LEAST SOMETHING
GOOD CAME OUT
OF THIS

YOU PULLED
ME OUT OF THE
LINE OF FIRE UP
HERE.

SEEMED THE
FAIR THING TO DO
GIVEN THE FACT THAT
YOU SAVED ME FROM
GETTING FRIED.

BUT I
SUPPOSE I'LL
LIVE TO
REGRET IT.

NO, I THINK
THAT JUST ABOUT
SQUARES US,
CROFT.

YOU'RE QUITE
SURE ABOUT THAT?
WE COULD BATTLE
TO THE DEATH OUT
HERE.

NAH, I THINK
IT'S TIME TO LET
BYGONES BE
BYGONES.

WORKS
FOR ME.

YOU'RE SO
BLOODY
PREDICTABLE

CRASH!

CAN I
BLAME ME FOR
THIS?

IT'D BE
DISAPPOINTED IF
YOU HADN'T.





NOT AT ALL WHAT
I EXPECTED FROM
THIS TRIP...

BUT THEN AGAIN, I SELDOM
ENCOUNTER THE EXPECTED IN
MY TRAVELS, WHICH IS JUST THE
WAY I LIKE IT. AFTER ALL...

...A GIRL'S ENTITLED TO
A BIT OF EXCITEMENT
NOW AND AGAIN.

THE END

THANKS TO JIM BONNY FOR 19
GREAT AND ACTION-PACKED ISSUES
OF TOMB RAIDER! NEXT MONTH:
WRITER DAN SLOTT AND THE #50
ANNIVERSARY EXTRAVAGANZA!



Tomb Raider

Issue #50

cover by: Adam Hughes



scripted by:
James Bond

story by:
Frank Maraped

scripted by:
Mike Roper

colors by:
Tyson Winters

letters by: Robin Spehar and Dennis Hetsler

Welcome to the
Croft Museum.

Before entering, we ask
that you please turn off
all recording devices...

...and deposit any food
or beverages in the
nearby receptacles.



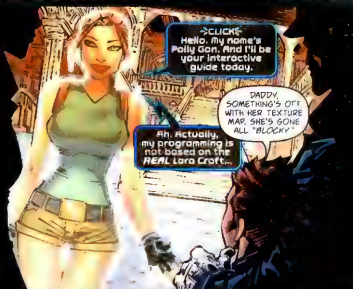
A holographic tour guide
will be with you shortly. We
hope you enjoy your visit.



CLIQUE
Hello. My name's
Polly Gon. And I'll be
your interactive
guide today.

DADDY,
SOMETHING'S OFF
WITH HER TEXTURE
MAP. SHE'S GONE
ALL "BLOCKY."

Ah. Actually,
my programming is
not based on the
REAL Lara Croft...

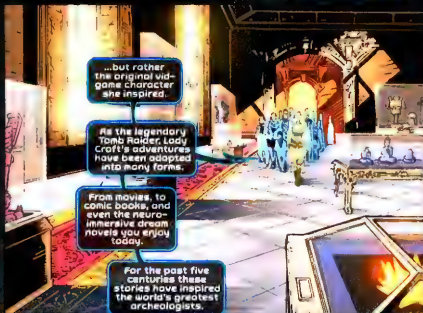


...but rather
the original vid-
game character
she inspired.

As the legendary
Tomb Raider, Lady
Croft's adventures
have been adopted
into many forms.

From movies, to
comic books, and
even the neuro-
immersive dream
novels you enjoy
today.

For the past five
centuries these
stories have inspired
the world's greatest
archeologists.



But as for
what inspired
Lara, herself?

That would probably
be **THIS**, her **FIRST**
treasure. The Lotus
of Lakshmi.



She acquired it while on an expedition with her parents.

A landslide in an Indian mountain range had unearthed a hidden temple...

...dedicated to Vishnu, God of generosity, and his love, Lakshmi, Goddess of wealth and good fortune.

The Jeweled Lotus was the most impressive find of the excavation.

And what made that even MORE incredible, is that the person who discovered it...

LARA? WHAT IS THAT? WHAT DO YOU HAVE THERE?

...was only eight years old at the time.

LARA WHERE DO YOU GET THAT?
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NOT TO TOUCH ANYTHING!

What was that?

DR. DANJAB

LORD AND LADY CROFT! I WARNED YOU NOT TO BRING THAT CHILD IN HERE!

WHO KNOWS WHAT KINDS OF BOOBY TRAPS ARE IN THIS PLACE!

What are those? The Crofts don't know what they're doing!

KUK-KUK!

--LEVER, OH NO.



THE
ROOF!

ANDREA

DON'T WORRY!
ABOUT ME! GRAB
LARA--



--AND
RUN!



BOOM!



THE TEMPLE! IT IS
DESTROYED! ALL THOSE
TREASURES, LOST FOR
THE AGES!

NOT ALL OF
THEM, DOCTOR.
LARA? DO YOU STILL
HAVE THAT
FLOWER?

YES,
FATHER.

GOOD SHOW,
LARA. MUMMY AND
DADDY ARE VERY
PROUD OF YOU.

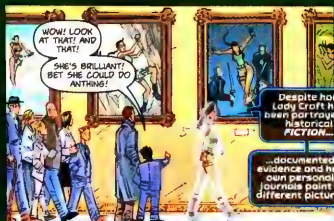


MUM?

YES,
DEAR?

THINK I KNOW
WHAT I WANT TO
BE WHEN I
GROW UP.

And so began a
lifetime of adventure.

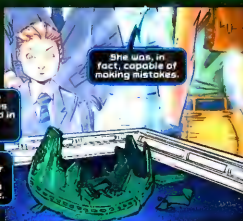


WOW! LOOK AT THAT! AND THAT!

SHE'S BRILLIANT! BET SHE COULD DO ANYTHING!

Despite how Lady Craft has been portrayed in historical fiction...

...documented evidence and her own personal journals paint a different picture.



She was, in fact, capable of making mistakes.



Sometimes, very COSTLY ones.

Case in point: in her teens, Lara had occasion to visit Hong Kong...

SLL! BOYS...



HOW WILL YOU EVER GET THIS BACK IN ONE PIECE...

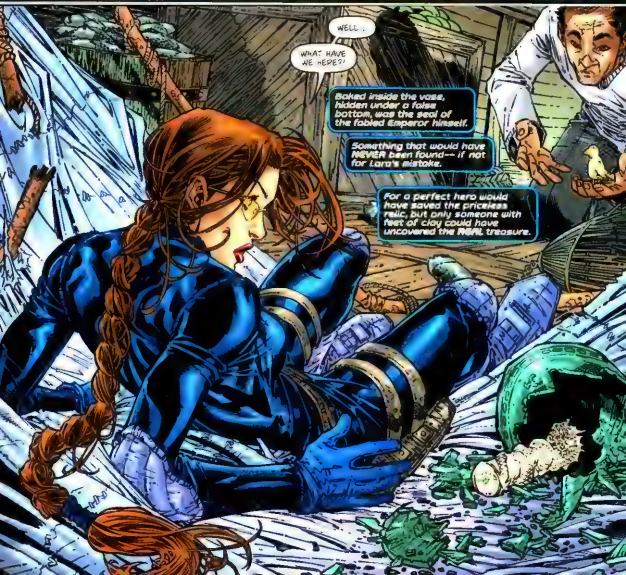
...IF YOU KEEP SHOOTING AT ME?

(NO ONE STEALS FROM THE CHIN TONG AND LIVES!)

WELL THERE'S THAT

...where she had uncovered a vase from the Shang-Ti Dynasty.

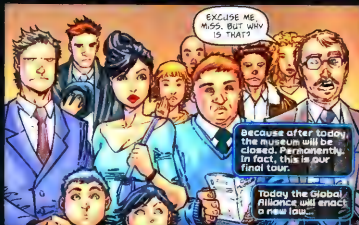






And here it is.
On view with the
rest of the Craft
Collection....

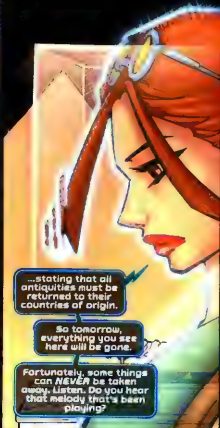
For one
last time.



EXCUSE ME,
MISS. BUT WHY
IS THAT?

Because after today,
the museum will be
closed. Permanently.
In fact, this is our
final tour.

Today the Global
Alliance will enact
a new law...



...stating that all
antiquities must be
returned to their
countries of origin.

So tomorrow,
everything you see
here will be gone.

Fortunately, some things
can NEVER be taken
away. Listen. Do you hear
that melody that's been
playing?

It's Schubert's Eight
Symphony. One of Lady
Craft's most favorite
pieces... of treasure.

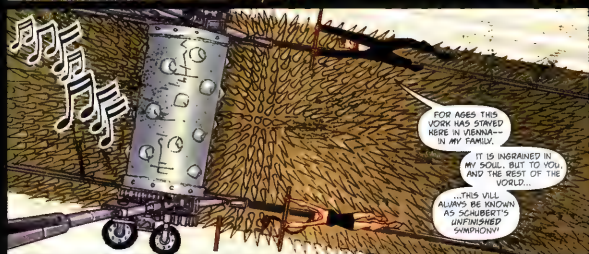
QUITE THE
MUSIC BOX YOU'VE
BUILT FOR YOURSELF
VON BRUIN.

THE FIRST TWO
MOVEMENTS? LOVELY.
THOUGH SOMETHING
TELLS ME THE THIRD
WILL BE ONE TO DIE
FOR.

Musical notes floating in the air.

YOU SHOULD
NOT HAVE
FOLLOWED ME
DOWN HERE, DR.
CROFT.

THIS SONG
IS MINE! FOR
MY EARS
ALONE!





GUESS I'LL
JUST HAVE TO
PLAY IT BY EAR
THEN.



IMPOSSIBLE!



THERE'S NO WAY
YOU SHOULD HAVE
MADE IT! I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!

BELIEVE
WHATEVER YOU
LIKE, LUV.
EITHER WAY...

...I'M PINCHING
THAT SHEET
MUSIC.



B-BUT
HOW DID
YOU...?

REMEMBER
OUR FIRST
EVENING
TOGETHER?

JA?



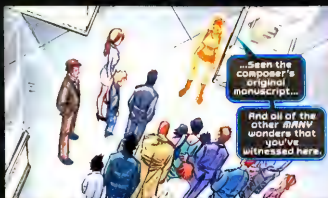
YOU HUM
IN YOUR
SLEEP.

WHAK!

Through the ages many
have branded the Tomb
Raider as a thief.

But Lara never hoarded any
artifacts. She uncovered them.
She shared them with the world.

It's ~~BECAUSE~~ of her
adventures that the
people of our century
have heard this music.



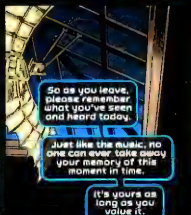
...Seen the composer's original manuscript...

And all of the other *MANY* wonders that you've witnessed here.



She brought these things up out of the tombs for US.

For *ALL* of us.



So as you leave, please, remember what you've seen and heard today.

Just like the music, no one can ever take away your memory of this moment in time.

It's yours as long as you value it.



Thank you for visiting the Croft Museum. I was Polly Gon, your tour guide. Goodbye.



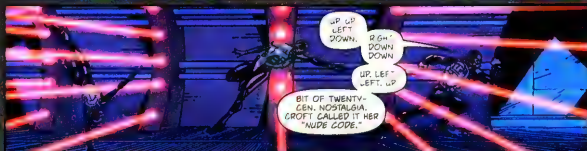
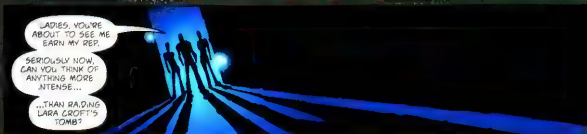
"HOUGH" THEY'D NEVER LEAVE.

ONE OF YOU TWO GIVE ME A PER METER SWEEP.



"THERE WE ARE. FAR WALL, BEHIND THE PORTRAIT OF HER PARENTS."

HLIKI



"TAKE THIS TRINKET,
FOR INSTANCE..."

"...A LITTLE PIECE OF BOOBY THE
TOMB RAIDER RECOVERED FROM
AN UNCHARTED AREA OF THE
ARABIAN SEA..."

"...ALSO KNOWN AS
"THE EDGE OF THE WORLD!"

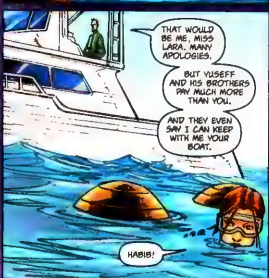


I AM MOST
SURPRISED! I DID
NOT THINK YOU
WOULD FIND IT...



...BUT THERE IT
IS, THE TREASURE
QUEST OF THE
LEGENDARY SINBAD!
PITY YOU WON'T BE
KEEPING IT, NO?

YUSEFF,
THOUGHT I LOST
YOU IN KARACHI. HOW
ON EARTH DID YOU
FIND ME?

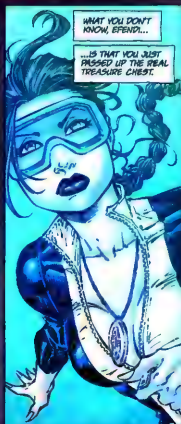
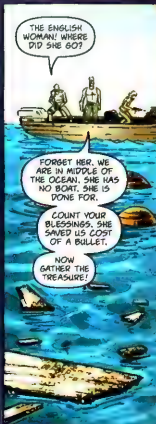
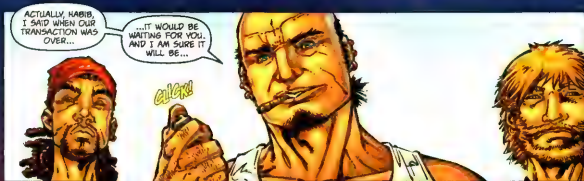


THAT WOULD
BE ME, MISS
LARA. MANY
APOLOGIES.

BUT YUSEFF
AND HIS BROTHERS
PAY MUCH MORE
THAN YOU.

AND THEY EVEN
SAW I CAN KEEP
WITH ME YOUR
BOAT.

HABIB!



"SEE, MY PETS, THE WILY LADY CROFT HAD ALREADY STASHED THE BEST PART OF THE TAKE ON HER VERY AMPLE PERSON."

AMHH!

"SINBAD'S VERY OWN ASTROLABE."



"AN ANCIENT MARINER'S DEVICE FOR GETTING ONE'S BEARINGS AT SEA. AND THIS ONE?"

"THIS ONE COULD PULL OFF QUITE A TRICK OR TWO— GIVEN YOU KNOW THE RIGHT 'MAGIC WORDS.'"



قطعة أرض

"SURE IT WAS A LONG SWIM, BUT LARA WAS IN GOOD SHAPE, HAVING SWUM THE CHANNEL A TIME OR TWO."



"BREAST STROKE. OR SO I'M TOLD."

"OKAY, THAT LAST BIT WAS JUST A LAFF. SERIOUSLY THOUGHT?"

"THIS SWEET NUMBER GOT HER SAFELY TO LAND..."

"...WHILE YUSEFF AND HIS BROTHERS WERE LOST AT SEA, NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN."

"BET THAT MADE THEM FEEL RIGHT STUPID FOR BLOWING UP A BOAT FULL OF HI-TECH NAV EQUIPMENT."



"ANYWAYS, THIS HERE WAS ALWAYS ONE A' LARA'S FAVORITES."

"SUPPOSEDLY SHE'D SAY THE GREATEST TREASURE OF ALL— WAS ALWAYS HAVING A DIRECTION."

"SLATE? I THINK THE LABEL ON THIS ONE'S OFF. SAYS IT'S THE YETI'S CLAW. BUT I'VE SEEN THE YETI'S CLAW AND THIS AIN'T IT."





"AH, I KNOW THE ONE YOU MEAN, DARLING. IT'S GOT A JEWEL-ENCRUSTED HANDLE..."

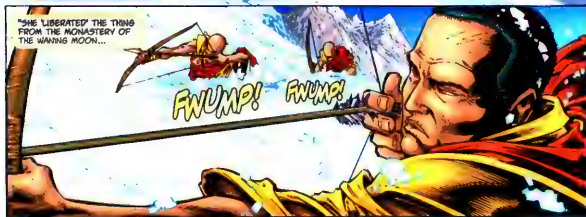
"CURRENTLY ON DISPLAY AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM..."



"ON LOAN FROM TIBET OR SOMEWHERE, RIGHT?"

"WELL, STORY GOES OUR LARA HAD HER HANDS ON THAT ONE TOO..."

"EASY... ALMOST THERE..."

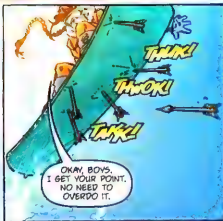


"SHE 'LIBERATED' THE THING FROM THE MONASTERY OF THE WAXING MOON..."

FWUMP! FWUMP!



"A HOLY ORDER OF WARRIOR MONKS WHOSE SOLE PURPOSE IN LIFE..."



OKAY, BOYS. I GET YOUR POINT. NO NEED TO OVERDO IT.

"...WAS TO ENSURE THAT THAT CLAW WOULD NEVER FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS."

POOM!

IT'S A FAIR COP, YOU GOT ME. HERE, YOU CAN HAVE IT BACK.

FOR YOUR SAKE, TELL ME THERE IS NO SCRATCH.

IT'S FINE. REALLY. GOOD AS NEW.

NOT ON THE CLAW, GIRL, ON YOU. THE CLAW OF THE LAST YETI BEARS A TERRIBLE CURSE IF IT SCRATCHES YOU.

IT DOOMS ONE TO LIVE OUT THEIR LIFE IN INTERESTING TIMES.

FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE AND TRANQUILITY, WE MUST KEEP IT AWAY FROM ALL LIVING THINGS.

PLEASE FORGIVE THE NECESSITY OF OUR ATTACK.

NO HARM DONE.

NICE FELLOWS. GOOD SHOTS, TOO.

MMM. I COULD TRY TO GET THE THING LATER. FALL BACK ON MY USUAL 'PLAN B.'

BUT HOW WOULD I LIVE WITH MYSELF AFTER?...







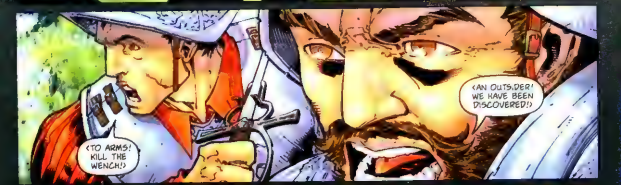
THOUGH I HAVE TO ADMIT, AFTER SLOGGING IT FOR A FEW HOURS, I COULD DO WITH A BITE MYSELF.

SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT MAP I STOLE FROM VARGAS WAS A FAKE.

EITHER THAT OR MY SPANISH IS A LITTLE...



...RUSTY?



(TO ARMS! KILL THE WENCH!)

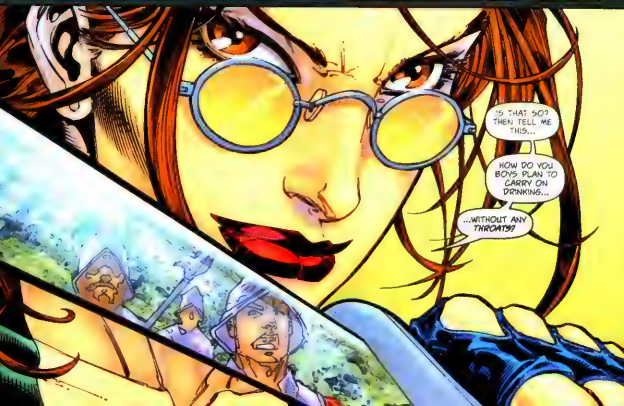
(AN OUTSIDER! WE HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED!)



BANG!

NO. NO NEED FOR A BERLITZ REFRESHER

I UNDERSTOOD "HAT" QUITE WELL ENOUGH, THANK YOU.





WAIT!
EVERYTHING I'VE
BEEN TELLING
YOU... ALL THESE
STORIES...

THEY'RE SECRETS
THAT'VE STAYED IN MY
FAMILY FOR AGES!

"SO HOW COME
YOU KNOW ABOUT
THIS ONE AND I
DON'T?"



BECAUSE I DIDN'T
JUST BRING THAT JUG
BACK, LUV. I DRANK
FROM IT TOO.

UNFLIPPIN'-
BELIEVABLE, MATE!
YOU'RE LARA
CROFT?

YOU MEAN TO
SAY YOU'RE MY
GREAT, GREAT, GREAT,
GREAT GRAN?!!



IN THE FLESH, AND
SAD TO SAY, WITH A
FEW MORE 'GREAT'S
THROWN IN.

BUT WHY? WHY
SNEAK INTO MY CREW?
AND WHY HELP ME RAID
YOUR OWN TOMB?

FOR THREE VERY
GOOD REASONS,
SLATE...



ONE: TO SEE IF
YOU COULD PULL IT
OFF. TO SEE IF THERE'S
ANY OF THE CROFT
BLOOD IN YOU.

AND THERE IS,
SON. MADE AN OLD
TOMB RAIDER
PROUD.



AND THEN
WE COME TO
TWO.

WHILE SOME
TREASURES WE SHARE
WITH THE WORLD, WE HAVE
TO MAKE SURE THAT
OTHERS NEVER FALL INTO
THE WRONG--

HOLD ON,
I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!

KRAASHH!

WAS
WONDERING
WHERE I LEFT
THESE

WHAT IS YOUR
PLAN? THERE GOES
MY SPOONING ALARM
IN THE PLACE!

RIGHT! AND NOW
WE'RE GOT TO FIND
A WAY OUT.

WHICH BRINGS US
TO THREE, THE REAL
REASON WE DO THIS, AND
AND I'M GOING TO KEEP ON
DOING THIS FOREVER
AND EVER...

BECAUSE
IT'S FUN!

NEVER
THE END...







ALTERNATE COVER
AND PINUP GALLERY



Indy Park 93
JD SMITH



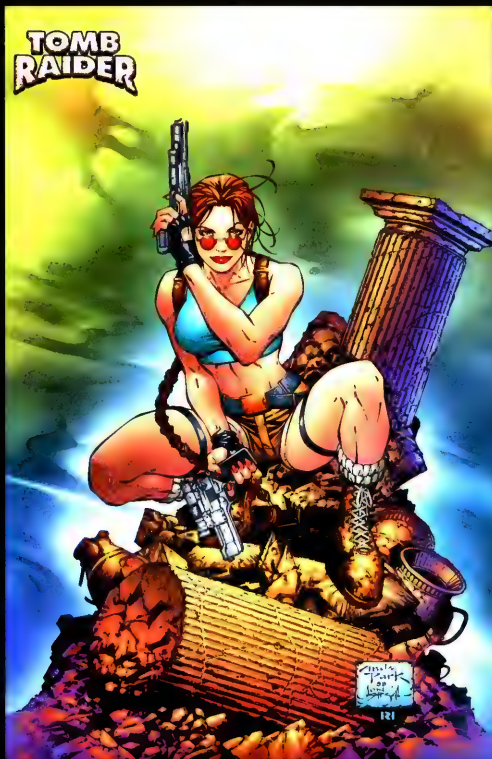
MICHAEL
TURNER
JOE SMITH
1999





FINCH
WEDS
JOHN
11.1

TOMB RAIDER



Small
Tomb
Raider
comic
book
cover

121



"Léontine" Amnès

Issue #1

Cover alternate











And it's out
Victor LAMAS
SME







JD SMITH '01



Handwritten signature
JD SMITH '01







Star Trek: Voyager
Issue #17
Boston cover variant



JD SMITH '01





TOMB RAIDER • TWENTYFIVE

ENDGAME

LARA CROFT

TOMB
RAIDER

#1



ANDY WARRENART.COM



LARA CROFT TOMB RAIDER



Tomb Raider

Issue #32

Cover alternate-A

LARA CROFT TOMB RAIDER



Final Fantasy

Issue #32
Cover alternate-B





Tony
David
03

tw

The logo for the video game 'Lara Croft Tomb Raider' is prominently displayed at the top. It features the name 'LARA CROFT' in a small, white, sans-serif font above the word 'TOMB' in a larger, white, sans-serif font. Below these, the word 'RAIDER' is written in a very large, stylized, metallic-looking font with a 3D effect and a blue-to-white gradient. The background of the entire page is a dark, textured surface with a yellow, swirling, smoke-like or lava-like pattern on the right side. A red, spherical object, possibly a gem or a piece of fruit, is visible in the lower-left foreground.











Small Novels
"Chibi" cover
from issue #31

トゥーンブ レイダー



MHAN
243

Stephanie
Ledniak









Angel Studios
Gallery Plus



EST.
AROX™
ETC.E

















Female: Amador
Gallery pinup
-Mark Pajaronillo-









VS
TOR
WEEKS
JDSMITH
2000



TOMB RAIDER

SAGA OF THE MEDUSA MASK











**Check these other trade paperbacks
available now!**



Freshmen!

collects *Freshmen* vol. 1 issues #1 - #6,
plus the *Freshmen* Yearbook and more!
co created by Seth Green and Hugh Sterbakov!
This edition features an all new bonus story by
writer Hugh Sterbakov!
(ISBN # 1-58240-593-X) US \$16.99

"Super powered teens, angst, action and
comedy...I don't get it."

—*Joss Whedon*

Arcanum: Millenium's End

collects *Arcanum* issues #1-8,
plus issue #1/2!
(ISBN: 1-58240-538-7) US \$16.99



Also available from Top Cow Productions & Image Comics:



The Witchblade Compendium vol. 1

written by:
**David Wohl, Christina Z.,
Paul Jenkins**

pencils by:
**Michael Turner, randy Green
Keu Cha and more!**

From the hit live action television series, to the current Japanese anime, *Witchblade* has been Top Cow's flagship title for over a decade. There's nothing like going back to the beginning and reading it all over again-- Issue #1-50 collected into one massive trade paperback. See how the Witchblade chase Sara and threw her into the chaotic world of the supernatural. Get the first appearances of Sara Pezzini, Ian Nottingham, Kenneth Irons and Jackie Estacado in one handy tome!

(ISBN: 1-58240-634-0) \$59.99

The Darkness Compendium vol. 1

written by:
**Garth Ennis, Paul Jenkins,
Scott Lobdell**

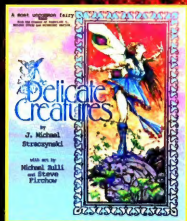
pencils by:
**Marc Silvestri, Joe Benitez
and more!**

On his 21st birthday, the awesome and terrible powers of the Darkness awaken within Jackie Estacado, a mafia hitman for the Franchetti crime family. There's nothing like going back to the beginning and reading it all over again-- Issues #1-40, plus the complete run of the *Tales of the Darkness* series collected into one trade paperback. See how the Darkness first appeared and threw Jackie into the chaotic world of the supernatural. Get the first appearances of The Magdalena and more!

(ISBN: 1-58240-643-X) \$59.99



Also available from **TOP COW**® & Image Comics:



J. Michael Straczynski's *Delicate Creatures*

art by: Michael Zulli and Steve Firchow

(ISBN: 1-58240-225-6) US \$16.95

An original hardcover graphic novel by a master
storyteller.

Ask your retailer about our catalogue of trade paperbacks, digests and collected editions:

Arcanum: Milleniums End
(ISBN: 1-58240-538-7)

Aphrodite IX: Time Out of Mind
(ISBN: 1-58240-372-4)

Battle of the Planets: Trial By Fire

(ISBN: 1-58240-289-2)

Battle of the Planets: Trial By Fire Digest

(ISBN: 1-58240-337-6)

Battle of the Planets: Blood Red Sky

(ISBN: 1-58240-323-6)

Battle of the Planets: Destroy All Monsters

(ISBN: 1-58240-332-5)

Battle of the Planets: Destroy All Monsters Digest

(ISBN: 1-58240-384-8)

Common Grounds

(ISBN: 1-58240-436-4)

Cyberforce: Assault with a Deadly Woman

(ISBN: 1-887279-04-0)

Cyberforce: Tin Men of War

(ISBN: 1-58240-190-x)

The Darkness: Coming of Age

(ISBN: 1-58240-032-6)

The Darkness: Spear of Destiny

(ISBN: 1-58240-147-0)

The Darkness: Heart of Darkness

(ISBN: 1-58240-205-1)

The Darkness: Resurrection

(ISBN: 1-58240-349-x)

The Darkness: Flesh and Blood

(ISBN: 1-58240-538-7)

Kin: Descent of Man

(ISBN: 1-58240-224-8)

Magdalena: Blood Divine

(ISBN: 1-58240-215-9)

Midnight Nation

(ISBN: 1-58240-460-7)

Myth Warriors

(ISBN: 1-58240-427-5)

Obergeist

(ISBN: 1-58240-243-4)

Rising Stars: Born in Fire

(ISBN: 1-58240-172-1)

Rising Stars: Power

(ISBN: 1-58240-226-4)

Rising Stars: Visitations

(ISBN: 1-58240-268-x)

Rising Stars: Fire and Ash

(ISBN: 1-58240-491-7)

Rising Stars, deluxe edition hardcover w/slipcase

(ISBN: 1-58240-489-5)

Rising Stars, deluxe edition hardcover

(ISBN: 1-58240-488-7)

Proximity Effect

(ISBN: 1-58240-375-9)

Tom Judge: The Rapture

(ISBN: 1-58240-389-9)

Strykeforce vol. 1

(ISBN: 1-58240-471-2)

Tokyo Knights

(ISBN: 1-58240-428-3)

Tomb Raider: Saga of the Medusa Mask

(ISBN: 1-58240-164-0)

Tomb Raider: Mystic Artifacts

(ISBN: 1-58240-202-7)

Tomb Raider: Chasing Shangri-La

(ISBN: 1-58240-267-1)

Tomb Raider/Witchblade: Trouble Seekers

(ISBN: 1-58240-279-5)

Wanted hardcover Edition

(ISBN: 1-58240-480-1)

Wanted softcover edition

(ISBN: 1-58240-497-6)

Witchblade: Origins

(ISBN: 1-887279-65-2)

Witchblade: Revelations

(ISBN: 1-58240-161-6)

Witchblade: Prevailing

(ISBN: 1-58240-175-6)

Witchblade: Distinctions

(ISBN: 1-58240-199-3)

Witchblade: Obakemono

(ISBN: 1-58240-259-0)

Witchblade/Darkness: Family Ties

(ISBN: 1-58240-030-x)

Witchblade: Blood Relations

(ISBN: 1-58240-315-5)

Witchblade/Darkminds: The Return of Paradox

(ISBN: 1-58240-376-7)

Witchblade Vol. 2: Revelations

(ISBN: 1-58240-458-5)